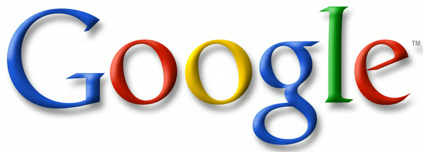

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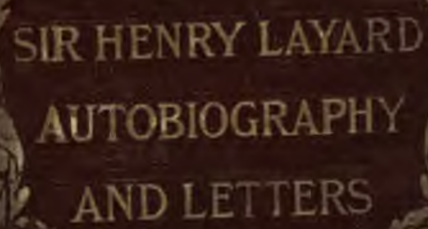

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PREFACE

HENRY AUSTEN LAYARD was born in Paris on the 5th March 1817, and died in London on the 5th July 1894. This wide span of years was singularly full of adventure and of manifold activities. He won distinction as traveller, archæologist, politician, diplomatist, student of the Fine Arts. Before he was twenty-three, he had, with the scantiest means and without the aid of railways, travelled widely in France, Switzerland, and Northern Italy, and had visited Denmark, Sweden, and St Petersburg; had made friends with young Cavour, seen Benjamin Disraeli in boxing-gloves, and been admitted to the intimate circle of Henry Crabb Robinson. Before he was twenty-five, he had accomplished the most adventurous and perilous of his many travels, and, as the guest and friend of the Chief of the Baktiyaris, had taken part in the armed resistance of those tribes to the tyranny of Persia. In later years, besides his well-known Assyrian discoveries, he was the faithful henchman of Sir Stratford Canning during the most brilliant period of that statesman's career at Constantinople; he saw the Crimea during the War, India during the Mutiny, and Italy in the

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end. He may naturally have considered that he had said enough about that part of his life; but the absence of an account of his doings from 1852 to 1869, the period of his Parliamentary career and of his exhaustive study of Italian Art, is much to be regretted. He has left a full account of his two important embassies to Madrid and Constantinople; but he expressed the desire that this work should only be published "when the public interest will permit, and those who might be injured or offended by it have passed away."

That time has not yet arrived, and it has therefore been judged expedient to terminate the present work in 1869 on the eve of his departure for Madrid. The gaps left by him in his story down to that date have been to some extent supplied by extracts from his correspondence; and a sketch of his career as a Member of Parliament is made the subject of a separate chapter from the pen of his valued friend and colleague, the Right Honourable Sir Arthur Otway.

It remains to acknowledge the extent to which the labours of the Editor have been lightened owing to the careful preparation and arrangement of the materials by Lady Layard, by whose authority these memorials of her distinguished husband are now published.

W. N. BRUCE.

November 1902.

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CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	FAMILY HISTORY AND CHILDHOOD (1817-1833)	1
II.	LEGAL STUDIES AND INTERLUDES (1834-1839)	43
III.	OVERLAND JOURNEY TO CONSTANTINOPLE (1839)	102
IV.	JOURNEY THROUGH ASIA MINOR (1839)	154
V.	THROUGH SYRIA (1839)	210
VI.	SYRIA AND PALESTINE (1840)	251
VII.	ALEPPO TO MOSUL (1840)	283
VIII.	MOSUL TO BAGHDAD (1840)	322

SIR A. HENRY LAYARD

G.C.B., D.C.L.

SIR A. HENRY LAYARD

CHAPTER I

FAMILY HISTORY AND CHILDHOOD

1817—1833

AS my life has been, in some respects, an eventful one, I have thought that an account of it may not be without interest to those who may hereafter bear my name. I have therefore determined to employ the leisure which I now enjoy in writing. Unfortunately, except during some of my early journeys in Europe and the East, I have not kept a journal or diary. I have often begun one, but have soon found the task too irksome, or have been too much engaged with other matters, to continue it. I shall therefore be obliged to have recourse to my memory for much that I may have to write, should I live to complete these memoirs, and to such notes and correspondence as I may have preserved.

My family, as the name denotes, is of French origin. It claims to be of a very ancient stock, and to have descended, like many others, in a somewhat mythical way from Raymond of Toulouse. Be that as it may, it came, I believe, originally from that part of France, and appears to have been allied to many noble and ancient houses. A pedigree

compiled, I know not exactly how, for my great-grandfather, commences with a certain Raymond Calo di Calominti, who married Yaffenda Raymond de Toulouse in the middle of the eleventh century.[1]

The English Barony of Clifton Camville in Staffordshire was conferred upon a member of this family in the thirteenth century. My great-grandfather put forward a claim to the title, which, however, he failed to establish. Some of my ancestors, moreover, if any reliance can be placed upon the pedigree to which I have referred, quartered the three Leopards of England in their arms.

According to a family tradition, how far supported by documentary or other evidence I am unable to say, there lived at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes three brothers of the name of Raymond, who belonged to the Huguenot party. They were men of wealth and distinction in the South of France, whose ancestors had suffered in the massacre of St Bartholomew. One of them, Jean Raymond, became a martyr to his religion. The others escaped his fate and fled. In their flight they were separated. The eldest, who was disguised, and was seeking to conceal himself, was recognised by a person evidently of high rank and authority, though he refused to reveal his name. This person, from motives of humanity, or for some other reason, conducted my ancestor in safety to the Dutch frontier, and enabled him to pass through the guards who were lying in wait there for Huguenot fugitives.[2]

[1] My brother, General Frederic Layard, has occupied his leisure hours in collecting materials for the pedigree and history of the Layard family.

[2] I remember well reading in my boyhood a MS. account written by this Raymond of his adventures, which was then in the possession of my uncle, the Rev Brownlow Layard. I do not know what has become of it. The writer, after describing the antiquity of his family and their possessions, remarks that he had not left this record in order to encourage his descendants to seek and recover what their ancestors

The fate of the other brother was never known. But my father, when in Ceylon in the early part of this century, chanced to read in a London newspaper an advertisement which had been inserted by a certain Monsieur Raymond, who was in search of the descendants of a Frenchman of that name, who had taken refuge in England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The communications between England and her Eastern possessions were not, in those days, as rapid and frequent as they now are. Before my father could call the attention of his relations at home to this advertisement, its author had died, leaving the property which he possessed, and which was said to have been not inconsiderable, to a tradesman over whose shop he lodged in Bond Street. He is believed to have been the last descendant of the lost Huguenot.[1]

In the exemplification of arms which was granted by the Heralds' Office to my great-grandfather in the year 1799, it is stated that "Daniel Peter Layard, only son and heir of Peter Layard formerly of Sutton Fryers in the city of Canterbury Esquire, by Mary Anne eldest sister and coheir of James Crozé, children of John Crozé by Susanna daughter and sole heir of James Samuel Belaire, had represented to the Deputy Earl Marshal of England, that his said father Peter Layard was born at Montflanquin in the Province of Guienne in 1666, and that he quitted France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and fled

had lost, or to boast of their lineage, but to remind them that they bore an honourable name, belonging to an illustrious family, which they should be careful not to dishonour. At least, such is my recollection of his admonition.

[1] In the genealogy compiled by my brother, General Frederic Layard, from the few family papers that he was able to obtain, this romantic story does not appear. In it the descent is traced through Jacques Mompart de Caumont, Duc de la Force, who became a Marshal and Peer of France, and whose brothers Armand de Caumont and François de Caumont, Seigneur de Castelnau, were killed in the massacre of St Bartholomew.

into Holland from whence he attended King William III., and was a Major in the army; that his grandfather was by tradition descended from an antient and respectable family in Italy of the surname of Raymond, but the troubles in which the Protestants in France were involved at that period having deprived his family of the estates and ancient documents, he was desirous of having his armorial bearings exemplified with those of Crozé, anciently Croissy and Belaire."

They were consequently thus exemplified, as is duly recorded in a parchment document signed by the proper officers of the College of Heralds.

The brothers Haag, in their History of the French Protestants ("La France Protestante"), state that the family of Layard, which took refuge in England from religious persecution, was descended from a certain Antoine Lajard, "Contrôleur Général des Fermes du Roi," who resided in the seventeenth century at Montpelier. This name, they write, was subsequently corrupted into Layard. But these writers had evidently been misinformed, and they admit that they cannot account for the fact that at the commencement of the seventeenth century (?) the family was already known in England as Raymond de Layard, or Layarde.[1] The name of Raymond was borne by my great-grandfather, with that of Layard or Layarde, which was probably derived from an estate, or from the place where his ancestors were settled. Amongst the children of the "Contrôleur Général," who, according to the Messieurs Haag, emigrated to England, there is not to

[1] "La branche de cette famille qui alla chercher la liberté de conscience dans les pays étrangers dut s'éteindre de bonne heure; c'est le seul moyen d'expliquer l'adoption du nom de Layard par une autre famille refugiée, celle de Raymond, qui le portait dès les premières années du 17me. siécle, et qui l'avait pris selon toute apparence, à la suite d'un mariage" ("La France Protestante," *in voce* "Layard").

be found one with the Christian name of Peter, which had apparently become even at that time hereditary in the family, having been that of my great-great-grandfather, probably even of his forefathers, of my great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and my second brother.

My great-great-grandfather, Peter Raymond de Layarde, whose father is mentioned, in this exemplification of arms, as coming from an ancient family in Italy, left France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and settled in Holland. He came to England with King William III., became a Major in General Verey's Regiment of Foot, and was present at the Battle of the Boyne, where, I believe, he distinguished himself. He married the daughter of M. Jean Crozé, a French refugee like himself, and a member of an ancient and noble family which had attached itself to the Huguenot cause.

Major Raymond de Layarde had settled at Canterbury, where many French refugee families resided, and where they formed a separate community, being allowed to use a part of the crypt of the Cathedral for their worship. Some of their descendants may still be found in the city, and the French Protestant service is still celebrated in the place allotted to their ancestors. He had twelve children. In the register of baptisms belonging to this chapel I find recorded, under the date of 1725, that of "Gaspard son of M. Pierre de Layard Mayor."[1] One of his daughters, Mary Anne, married the last Duke of Ancaster.

My great-grandfather, Daniel Peter Layard, or, as he called himself, Raymond de Layarde, was his third son, and was born in the year 1720. He studied medicine, became a physician of eminence, and was attached in that capacity to the household of the Princess of Wales, the

[1] It seems doubtful whether "Mayor" means here "Major," the military rank of the father, or whether it denoted his office in the French Protestant community.

mother of George III. He was a member of the Royal Societies of London and Göttingen, and of the Society of Antiquaries; published treatises on the cattle-plague, on the bite of a mad dog, and on other scientific subjects; and was sufficiently distinguished for his name to find a place in English biographical dictionaries.

Dr Layard wasted the fortune which he had made by his profession in endeavouring to prove his right to the Barony of Clifton Camville. With this object he collected a number of documents relating to his family, and to his supposed ancestors, with a view to proving his descent from the last owner of the title, which lapsed or became dormant at the beginning of the fourteenth century. But after spending his money and giving himself a great deal of trouble in this idle pursuit, he failed to establish his claim. He was obliged to content himself and to satisfy his ambition by causing his portrait to be painted, and to be engraved with his name and title of "Daniel Peter Raymond Baron Camville of Clifton Camville in the County of Stafford," and by obtaining from the Heralds' College "the exemplification of arms" to which I have referred.

The numerous documents which Dr Layard collected to prove his claim, which, although they failed to do so, might have been of some interest in connection with the history of his family, were, I have been told, destroyed by one of his sons—a General[1] in the British Army, who, provoked by the manner in which his father had squandered his patrimony in a silly pursuit after a title, was resolved that none of his descendants should be encouraged by their possession to follow his example. Such as escaped destruction were made use of by my brother, General Frederic Layard, in compiling the genealogy of the family.

[1] General John or General Anthony Layard.

Dr Layard married the daughter of Colonel Louis Chevalleau de Boisragon by a Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, a member, like himself, of an ancient and noble French family, and a Huguenot refugee. He died in the year 1803, leaving three sons, two of whom, Anthony and John, rose to the rank of General in the army. The third entered the Church, became Prebendary of Worcester and one of the Chaplains-in-Ordinary of King George III., and died Dean of Bristol. He possessed some influence in the Church in consequence of having been tutor to the Marquis of Conyngham, and it was generally believed that he was about to receive a Bishopric, when he died of gout in the stomach. He was a Divine of undoubted orthodoxy, had a reputation for learning, was a Member of the Royal Society, and published a prize poem on Charity, a poetical essay on Duelling, and a volume of sermons, which have long been forgotten, if they were ever read. He was, however, chiefly known at Bristol, when Dean, by an incident which gave rise to much local excitement, and to a large amount of that polemical literature in the shape of pamphlets and verses which was the fashion of the day. He sold the bronze eagle which served as a reading-desk in the Cathedral, in order to find funds for some necessary repairs of the edifice. He was accused of "vandalism," and even, I believe, of something worse. The controversy between his supporters and his opponents was carried on with great heat and vigour, and was still remembered not many years ago in the city. I have seen a collection of cuttings from newspapers, printed slips, pamphlets, and poems relating to it, made by one of the inhabitants of the place, who, no doubt, had taken an active part in the affray. Such was the violence of the assailants of the Dean, that I believe they actually had the indecency to hang so high a dignitary of the Church in effigy. The eagle itself was purchased by a patriotic citizen, who presented it to one of

the churches of Bristol, where it is, I understand, still preserved.

Dean Layard left three sons and several daughters, one of whom married the Earl of Lindsey, part-heir of the Duke of Ancaster who had married her aunt. His second son, Henry Peter John, born 15th July 1783, was my father. The Dean appears to have lived like orthodox clerical dignitaries of his day. He frequented good society, enjoyed a good dinner, and drank freely of old port—which probably brought on the malady that caused his death. He seems to have cared little for his children. His sons were apparently a trouble and an embarrassment to him. He placed them, when very young, with decent country families—farmers, I believe, or persons in that station of life—to be brought up in a healthy fashion without much regard to learning. My father was sent to a Mr Christian at Ramsgate, with whom he passed his boyhood. I am ignorant of this gentleman's occupation or profession. He must have had some acquaintance with English literature by which his pupil or ward profited, as my father, although no "scholar" in the usual sense of the term, had a good knowledge of English literature, in which he took great delight, and was well versed in the works of the best English authors, and had a refined taste.

He appears to have been entirely neglected by his father, who must have been a man of a proud, selfish, and overbearing character. I remember to have heard him say that he never received a letter from the Dean, whom he rarely saw, and that he never went home for the holidays. He was accustomed to compare the treatment of children in his boyhood, even belonging to families in the social rank of that of my grandfather, with the improved care and education bestowed upon them some fifty years ago. The contrast would be still greater now.

In 1796 the island of Ceylon had been ceded to England by the Dutch. The Dean, probably through the influence of the Conyngham family, succeeded in obtaining appointments in the Civil Service of our new possession for two of his sons—my father and his younger brother, Charles. It was then believed that the island was an El-Dorado, in which those who were lucky enough to receive Government employment were sure to make a rapid fortune. My father, who was a mere lad when he was sent there, filled several official appointments, but after some years the state of his health compelled him to retire from the service with a small pension, but without the expected fortune. He returned to England, and shortly afterwards married my mother. She was the daughter of Mr Nathaniel Austen, a banker at Ramsgate. They had been playmates when they were children. My father used to say that, even when a boy, he had made up his mind to make her his wife, should she still be free when he returned from the far East.

My mother possessed considerable personal attractions. She was small in stature, her complexion was clear and transparent, and she had beautiful blue eyes. Her voice was sweet and soft, and her manners very gentle. She was the kindest, the most unselfish, and the most generous of women. Her amiable disposition, her readiness to help those who were in need, and an entire absence of all propensity to gossip or to speak or think ill of her neighbours, endeared her to all who knew her. She was a truly pious Christian, without show or affectation. Whilst a conscientious believer in her own religion, which was that of the Church of England, she was liberal in her opinions and tolerant to others. Unfortunately, although generally cheerful, she was naturally of a nervous and anxious disposition, which, with an over-sensitiveness and susceptibility, was the cause of unhappiness to herself

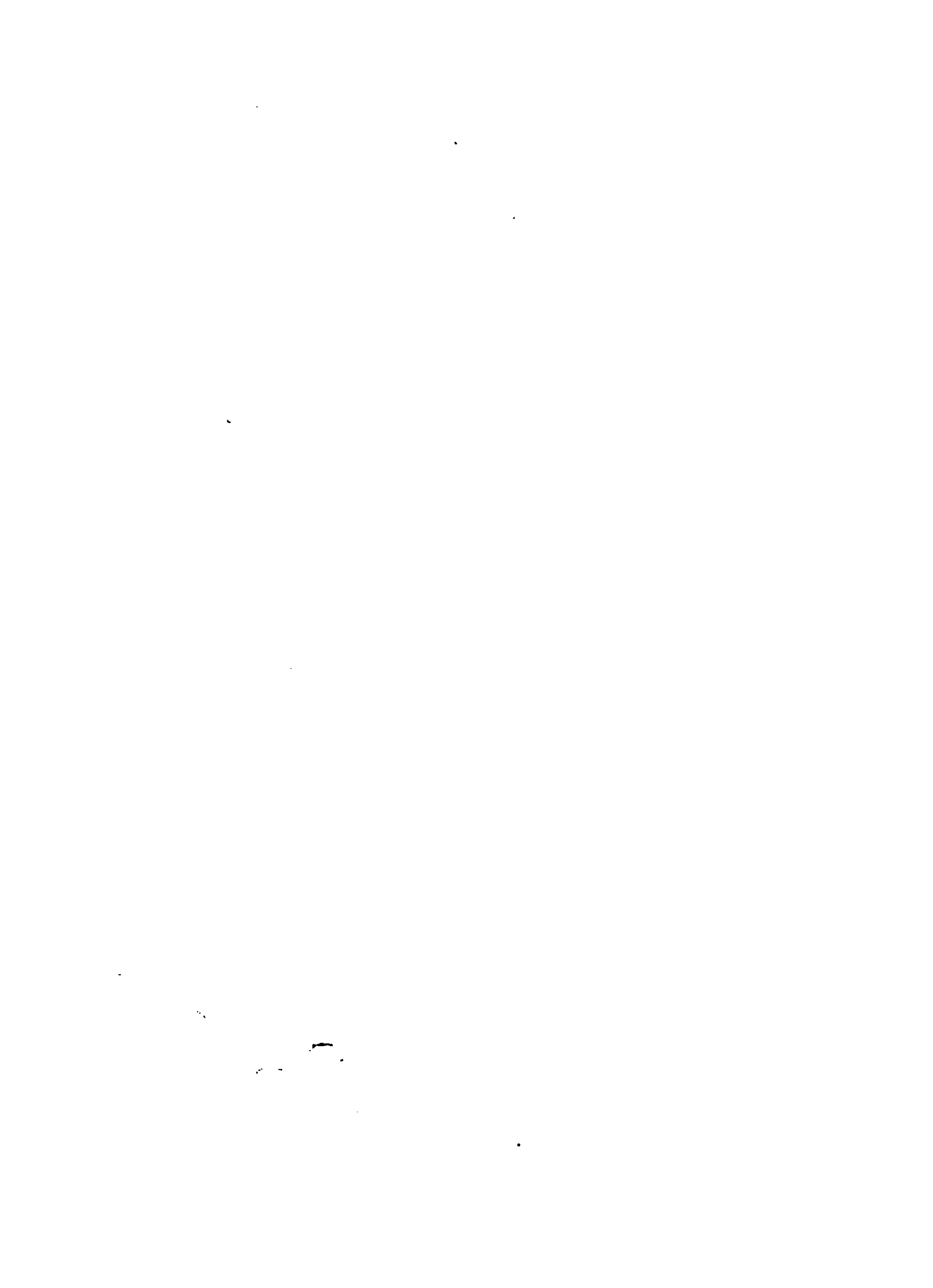
and very trying to my father. I have inherited, to some extent, her constitutional infirmity. She was devotedly attached to her children, and ready to make any sacrifice to promote their welfare. Her memory, to the end of her days, was excellent. She was a great reader, and rarely forgot anything she had read. She delighted in history, biography, and travels, and there were few works published on those subjects with which she was not acquainted. She was a good and constant letter-writer after the fashion of the days of her girlhood. She retained all her faculties up to the time of her death at the advanced age of eighty-six years.

Soon after his marriage, my father, like many of his countrymen, took advantage of the restoration of peace to travel on the Continent. He spent some time at Brussels, when the Battle of Waterloo and the fall of Bonaparte were still topics of absorbing interest. He then went to Paris, where I was born on the 5th of March 1817, at an hotel in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. Returning to England, he established himself at Bath, where my mother had two more sons. He suffered greatly from chronic asthma contracted in Ceylon. As the air of England was not favourable to his complaint, he was recommended by his physician to try that of Italy, and to go to Pisa. He followed this advice, and he left his native country with his family in 1820.

My earliest recollections are connected with our journey to Italy. I was then a little more than three years old. I can still remember that I was taken at Paris to the Jardin des Plantes, and was there shown a lioness with her cub, which I resolutely took into my arms, to the astonishment and alarm of my nurse, whilst my brother Frederic, terrified at the sight of the animal, set up a lusty howl. We were at Geneva during an eclipse of the sun, and I have perfect recollection of being shown

Seymour Kirkup del. Walker & Cockerell ph. sc.

Mrs. Layard.



it through a piece of smoked glass and reflected in a bucket of water. I also well remember crossing the Simplon and travelling through Italy to Florence by *vetturino*, the places where we stopped and slept, and the abundance of fruit that we everywhere saw, and which made, it would seem, a great impression upon my childish imagination. I can even now see in my mind's eye the piles of grapes and figs that were heaped up on the roadside stalls.

My father, who had suffered much during the journey, found no relief from the air of Pisa, but, during the few days he had spent at Florence on the way, he had been free from asthma. He determined, therefore, to take up his residence in the latter city. During the many years he lived there he was entirely free from his distressing malady. When he moved away, even to a short distance, it returned to him.

Soon after we had settled in Florence I was sent to a day-school for very young children, kept by an English lady. I used to be led there in the morning, carrying a small basket containing my dinner, by an old Frenchman named Pachot, who had been a soldier in Napoleon's army and had been wounded and made prisoner at Waterloo. My father had found him at Brussels, and had taken him as a servant. He lived with us for many years, and only left my mother after my father's death, when he was too aged to serve any longer. She allowed him a small pension, and he lived for the rest of his life at Brussels, where he had a daughter who was a reader to the Queen of Belgium. He was an honest, faithful, and simple-minded creature, devoted to his master and mistress, and looked upon their children as his own. He and a black poodle, called "Mouche," who carried a lantern in his mouth when we went out after dark, and performed various amusing tricks, were my earliest companions.

I learnt little at my school except the alphabet. I was, I believe, very idle, self-willed, and troublesome, and I know that I passed the greater part of my time in the corner, or lying on the floor with a back-board—a punishment I much disliked and resented. I had the reputation, however, of being a good-natured and amiable, but somewhat quick-tempered, boy. My happiest moments were when on a holiday I went wandering with an old nurse on the hillsides round Florence, or gathering flowers in the Boboli Gardens or in the hedgerows on the Poggio Imperiale. I was very fond of birds; but I remember that my mother did not like me to keep them, as our Italian man-servant put their eyes out in order to make them sing—a cruel and barbarous practice still prevailing in Italy.

My father, on settling himself at Florence, began to cultivate the taste for Art which he naturally possessed. He was in the habit of taking me with him to picture galleries and museums, and would point out to me the things best worthy of notice in them, and explain their merits. I trace to his teaching and example that ardent love for Italy and the Fine Arts which I have preserved through life, and which has been to me the source of much enjoyment and happiness.

I can now remember but few incidents of this period of my childhood. But amongst them is a visit I was taken to pay to the old Countess of Albany, the widow of the "Pretender," who was living in the house which she had inhabited with the Poet Alfieri, on the Lung 'Arno. A Miss Masterton (that was, I think, her name), who was her lady-in-waiting, or her *dame de compagnie*, came a good deal to our house, and I recollect listening to her stories about the Countess.

My mother had three more boys born to her whilst living at Florence. Two died in their infancy and were buried—permission having been obtained from the Roman

Catholic ecclesiastical authorities—in the cemetery of a small church[1] standing upon a hill over-looking the city, between the Poggio Imperiale and S. Miniato. A small marble slab with an inscription still records the place of their interment.[2] The third, my brother Edgar, survives. He has passed his life in various official employments in the far East, is now H.M. Consul in the French penal settlement of New Caledonia, and has earned distinction as a naturalist.

My mother's relations were unwilling that her sons should be brought up in a foreign land. They urged my father to return to England to superintend the education of his children. Yielding to their remonstrances, although he was convinced that the state of his health would not permit him to live in his native country, he quitted Florence, and finally took a house at Ramsgate, where my maternal grandmother resided. I was placed at a preparatory school, kept by two old maiden ladies of the name of Schuckborough, in an ancient red-brick house in the High Street of Putney. I there learnt, I suppose, what was taught at that time in institutions of this nature, which was not much. When I left it I should probably have been a disgrace to the smallest village school of the present day. Fortunately, I had acquired during my residence abroad a smattering of Italian and French.

The sufferings of my father from asthma were so great that he was again advised to leave England. He was told by his physician that the climate of Moulins, the principal town of the Bourbonnais, in the centre of France, was not less favourable than that of Florence to his complaint. He accordingly went there with my mother and brothers to save the inconvenience and expense of the longer journey.

[1] S. Lorenzo.

[2] The slabs were removed about 1894, when the church was restored, and were built into the wall in the interior of the new church.—ED.

I was left at school in England until he had settled himself with his family. I was then sent for. Young as I was, being only eight years old, one of my maternal uncles, who had the charge of me, considered me sufficiently intelligent to perform the long journey alone. Children were not then so well looked after, or so nervously cared for by their parents, as they now are. I was forwarded by a stage-coach to a relative at Ramsgate, who placed me on board a steamboat going to Calais. Thence I was sent, like a parcel, by the diligence to Paris, where I was met by a French gentleman with whom my father was acquainted. He took me to an hotel, the name and site of which I entirely forget. All I remember about it is that it was near the Tuileries, that the landlady was very kind to me, and that she had a little daughter whom I thought very pretty, whose bed I shared, and who was my companion in rambles about the city, and in seeing sights attractive to children—especially the soldiers on parade before the Royal Palace. I well recollect, too, asking for a bottle of champagne, which my father, to his amazement, found charged in the bill.

At Paris I was handed over to the *conducteur* of a diligence for Moulins. He was a rough, good-natured fellow, and took excellent care of me. The journey was a long and fatiguing one, but I was a healthy boy, and was greatly delighted and interested by what I saw on the way. I arrived late in the night at our destination. I can remember now as vividly as if it only occurred yesterday the scene in the yard where the diligence stopped; the high-booted postillions dismounting, the passengers getting down, the stable-boys running about with lanterns, and the steaming horses moving off to their stables. In the crowd I recognised my father, who was waiting for me.

It had been arranged that I was to be received as a

day scholar at a college in the town. As I was the only English boy there, it was thought that I would speedily learn to speak French fluently. I certainly did learn something of the language, but at the cost of no little suffering. The feeling of hatred and contempt which the long wars of Napoleon had engendered between the English and the French had not yet been removed by the peace. It extended to the rising generation, and, being an English boy, I was a victim of it. Both my nationality and my religion were hateful to my fellow-pupils, and, I doubt not, to my masters, who always gave me a double share of punishments that I might, or might not, have deserved. There was no abuse that was not heaped upon me. I was denounced as a Protestant and a heretic. A popular amusement in the college was to make a cross with white chalk upon the filthy floor, and then to endeavour to force me to kiss it. When I resisted with all my might, I was held down by main force, and beaten on the head and elsewhere with the wooden shoes, or *sabots*, which many of the boys even at that time wore. They never succeeded in doing more than rubbing my nose on the sacred symbol, and I have since considered that I have a better right and title than most people to the credit of having been a martyr for my religion's sake.

One day, when I was walking in the town with some of my school-fellows, we met the Host borne in procession to a sick person, and I was required by them to kneel down. I sturdily refused, and, taking to my heels, ran down the street. I was pursued, caught, and dragged to the river, in which, had it not been for the interference of a gentleman who fortunately happened to be on the spot, I should probably have been thrown, without much chance of escaping from the rapid current of the Allier.

Although the boys who thus persecuted and ill-treated

me were much older than myself, they looked upon me with some respect for my independence and daring. So much so, that when they wished to revenge themselves upon a hated writing-master—who, amongst other cruel tortures he had devised and practised upon us, had the habit of holding our fingers together in an iron grasp, and then rapping the ends of them with a heavy ruler, causing us excruciating pain—they consulted me as to the best way to carry out their intention. I explained to them that, in English schools, boys were in the habit of resisting such ill-usage by rebelling against the author of it, and pelting him with books and any other missiles that might be at hand. I suggested the same mode of punishing our tyrant. My suggestion was highly approved, and it was agreed unanimously that it should be carried out. It was arranged that at our evening class, at a given signal, the *professeur* was to be assailed by a shower of books and other objects. When the moment arrived for action, I seized one of the small leaden inkstands, which were inserted in the desk at which we sat, and hurled it at the head of the obnoxious master, fortunately, however, missing it. There was a dead silence. I looked around, and saw my co-conspirators to all appearance intently engaged in their studies, not one of them taking his eyes off his book, as if perfectly innocent and unconscious of the whole business.

The professor's back was turned towards me. As soon as he had recovered from the amazement which the passage of the leaden ink-stand close to his head had caused him, he instinctively came to the conclusion that *ce cochon d'Anglais*—as I was usually called—could alone have been the author of this audacious act of insubordination. He came straight to me, dragged me from my seat by the collar of my jacket, and, holding me suspended by it in the air, inflicted summary chastise-

ment upon me with a heavy ruler. I was then reported to the head-master, who ordered me to be locked up in a kind of cellar known as the *cachot*, and much dreaded by the boys. It was below the level of a street, whence a dim light was admitted through a small aperture at the top of one side of this dungeon. There I was kept for twenty-four hours, with nothing to eat but a repulsive mixture of greens and hot water, known as *soupe-maigre*. My parents were informed that I was a rebellious and unmanageable urchin, who was corrupting the whole college, and were given the choice of either withdrawing me from it or of acquiescing in my punishment. I could not clearly make up my mind as to whether my companions and co-conspirators had purposely led me into a trap, or whether they had deserted me at the last moment because their hearts failed them. But, whatever might have been the reason or excuse for their conduct, I was intensely indignant and disgusted with it, and, as an Englishman, thought it only worthy of "frog-eating" Frenchmen.

As it may be supposed, after this proof of my revolutionary tendencies, I did not rise in the esteem of my masters. My school-fellows, too, either wishing to curry favour with them by showing disapproval of my reprehensible conduct, or fearing to compromise themselves by appearing to be my accomplices, bullied me even more than they had done before. At last, the ill-treatment to which I was subjected—which culminated in one of the boys cutting my face open with the stiff leather rim of his *casquette* — induced my father to remove me from the college.

Whilst we were at Moulins, my uncle and aunt, Mr and Mrs Austen, passed through on their way to Italy and remained a short time with us.[1] They were accompanied

[1] This must have been the summer of 1825.

by Benjamin Disraeli, then a youth. I still retain a vivid recollection of his appearance, his black curly hair, his affected manner, and his somewhat fantastic dress. He had already commenced "Vivian Grey," the romance which not long after first made his reputation. Having overworked himself, I believe, he was advised by his physicians to leave England for the time, and to make a journey on the Continent. My relatives, with whom he was on very intimate terms, agreed to take him with them on a tour through France and Italy.

The air of Moulins did not give the promised relief to my father. His attacks of asthma were so frequent and severe that he determined to leave France and to try the climate of Switzerland, which had been recommended to him. He lived for a short time at Geneva, where he placed me at a boarding-school, and spent the following summer at Interlaken, which was then but a small village with a solitary hotel.

My unruly spirit got me into constant scrapes with my new master. I especially resisted being ordered about and scolded by his son, *mon fils*, as he was called, a young man who sought to interfere in the management of the school, and to lord it over his father's pupils. I had various struggles with him, and as he was much the stronger of the two, I got considerably the worst of it, being reduced to kicking his shins, for which he properly punished me with a shower of blows. When I could no longer fight, I would denounce him as *chien de mon fils*, and had even the audacity to write up this epithet in chalk on the wall of the class-room, for which I received well-merited chastisement.

On one occasion I managed to buy some gunpowder with my few sous pocket-money, to fire off some small cannons, which belonged to my school-fellows. It blew up through our carelessness, singed my eyebrows, and very

nearly caused serious injury to one of my companions, who, the master declared, were led into all manner of mischief by the English boy. He, however, rather admired my spirit and independence, and was much kinder to me than I deserved, unlike the professors of the Moulins College, whom I considered a set of tyrants and sneaks. He would treat me and the other pupils, on fête days, with open fruit tarts, which I considered delicious, and with white acacia flowers fried in butter, which I thought equally good. I have never forgotten either.

The boys in this school were taken every afternoon to bathe in the lake. One of their favourite feats was to swim to a huge boulder, which then seemed to me at an immense distance from the shore, but which, when I visited the spot many years after, I found to be quite close to it. Determined not to be outdone by my companions, I attempted, before I had sufficiently learned to swim, to do what they were in the habit of doing. I had scarcely reached half-way, when my strength failed me. I sank, and should inevitably have been drowned, had not the usher who accompanied us thrown himself into the water and rescued me.

In the summer the head-master took me and half a dozen of my companions, who did not go home for the holidays, on a walking tour in the mountains. We ascended the Salève, and went as far as Chamounix. Our enjoyment was as great as the exercise and air were healthful to us. We collected butterflies and plants, drank fresh milk, and slept on straw in *châlets*. This custom of taking the pupils on such excursions then, I believe, prevailed in many Swiss schools. It is one to be much commended on every account.

The only anecdote which I can recall as indicating my character at that time, was one which my father used often to tell. I had taken a walk alone, and had crossed a sus-

pension bridge. I had paid for so doing a small copper coin, the only one I possessed. When about to return, I found, to my dismay, that I could not re-cross without again paying the toll. Whilst I was revolving in my mind what I should do, I perceived an old gentleman approaching the bridge. I went up to him, and addressing him, said: "Will you lend me a sou? I am Henry Layard. Every one knows me." He was so struck by my assurance, or rather impudence, that he gave me the coin I asked for, and I made my way home. He afterwards called on my father, whose address I had given him, and related what had occurred, expressing his conviction that I had qualities by which I should get on in the world. "Ce garçon-là ira loin!" were his words.

As the air of Switzerland did not suit my father better than that of France, he resolved to return to Florence, the only place where he could breathe freely and have relief from his constant sufferings. We travelled by *vetturino* in a roomy carriage with seats, or dickies, before and behind—a large party, consisting of my father and mother, four boys, a tutor of the name of Didier, who had been engaged for us at Geneva, two English maids, and our French servant Pachot. I walked much of the way when crossing the Simplon, and when our cumbrous landau crept up hill. My brothers and I caught butterflies, a pursuit usually congenial to active children, for which we had a very pronounced taste. My brother Edgar subsequently became a very distinguished naturalist, and collected butterflies and insects for a more worthy object than mere amusement.

I recollect experiencing the utmost delight when we descended by Domo d'Ossola and the beautiful valley of the Toce into Italy, and saw the Lago Maggiore, a lake for which I have ever since had the greatest love.

We passed through Milan, Bologna, and other cities,

my father taking me to picture galleries, museums, and similar places of instruction. I well remember spending some pleasant and useful hours in looking with him through the valuable collection of MSS. in the Ambrogiana at Milan, and examining with the greatest interest the letters of Lucretia Borgia and other celebrated persons.

My father, having determined to establish himself permanently at Florence, endeavoured to find a convenient house suitable to his income, which was not large. He was fortunate enough to light upon the first floor of the Rucellai Palace in the Vigna Nuova, built in the fifteenth century by Alberti, the greatest architect of his time, and considered one of his greatest works. I was taken to see it, and my advice as to engaging it was asked. I was captivated by the appearance of the principal rooms, the walls of which were covered with damasked silk, and hung with old pictures in carved Florentine frames. I gave a decided opinion in favour of securing at once so desirable a residence. At that time many of the old families of Florence—and the Rucellai were amongst the most ancient and illustrious, having been celebrated even before the Medici were known—were almost reduced to poverty, and were glad to let the principal part, if not the whole, of their magnificent palaces. They retired to the upper floor, where they lived economically, if not meanly, on their slender incomes.

My father agreed to pay one hundred louis d'or a year for this fine suite of furnished apartments—a sum which in these days will appear absurdly small. He and my mother established a friendship with the owners of the palace, who lived above us, and their children became the playmates of my brothers and myself. The change which has taken place in the economic condition of Italy, since she has achieved her unity and independence, has enabled

Italian landholders to dispose to greater advantage of the produce of their estates than they were formerly able to do, and the Rucellais now occupy the stately palace built by their ancestors.

Although the Rucellai family agreed to give the whole of the first floor over to us, there was one room, opening into my mother's bedroom, of which the key was not delivered to my father, and which I was told it was forbidden to enter. My curiosity was naturally greatly excited as to the contents of this mysterious chamber. I had read the story of "Blue Beard," and fancied that there must probably be some such ghastly remains as those contained in the cupboard in which that worthy concealed the bodies of his slaughtered wives. One day, when my father and mother were away on a visit to some friends in the country, I coaxed our old French servant, Pachot, into making the attempt to unlock the prohibited door. He produced a large bunch of keys, and, after many trials, one was at last found, to my great delight, to fit the lock.

I entered, trembling, into a dark room fitted up as a chapel. Above the altar in a glass case lay the dead body of a lady richly dressed, her brown and shrivelled features crowned with a wreath of artificial flowers. Pachot and I were equally terrified at the sight, and, beating a hasty retreat, closed the door again. What I had seen made so strong an impression upon my imagination that it haunted my dreams for long after. It was some time before I could muster courage to inform my mother of this act of disobedience. We afterwards learnt that the body was that of a *Beata* of the Rucellai family, who had been embalmed and preserved as an object of veneration on account of her reputed sanctity.

My brothers and I remained for some time under the care of our Swiss tutor, M. Charles Didier, who subsequently acquired some reputation in France as an author.

We liked him, and derived some benefit from his teaching. But he was ambitious of distinguishing himself in literature, and, not liking his position as a tutor, he left us. A day-school for boys had been recently opened in Florence by a Signor Rellini assisted by a priest, one Abate Valori. Amongst their pupils were several boys who belonged to the best Florentine families. One of my brothers and I were sent to join them. Some of our school-fellows—Ubaldino Peruzzi, Fabroni, and others, in their manhood took a distinguished part in the events which led to the unity and independence of their country.

There had been no amendment in my refractory and independent disposition. But although I no doubt caused a good deal of trouble and vexation to my masters, I was, nevertheless, I believe, a favourite with them, although I resolutely refused to kiss the hand of the Abate on entering and leaving the school, as the other boys were obliged to do. It appeared to me a degrading ceremony, to which an Englishman ought not to submit. Amongst some old papers I find a letter addressed by Signor Rellini to his "*Cari amici Enrico e Federigo*," after they had left him and were in England, in which he expresses the affection that he had felt for them from the moment he had known them and they had become his pupils.

I doubt whether I learnt much more at the *Istituto*, as it was called, than to read and speak Italian. There were three or four English boys, besides my brothers and myself, in the school. Amongst them were the two sons of Dr Spence—the author, in conjunction with Kirby, of a well-known work on Entomology—who was then residing in Florence. They had acquired from their father a love for his favourite pursuit. They were as idle as I was, and we preferred passing our days on the hillsides about Fiesole, collecting butterflies and insects, to spending them on learning by heart Latin prayers to be repeated to the Abate

Valori. In our wanderings amongst the gardens and olive-grounds we used to be joined by the children of Walter Savage Landor, who was at that time residing with his wife and family in a villa near Fiesole. A more joyous and happy company of children than we formed could not well be imagined. Even at that early age I had a keen appreciation of beautiful scenery, and an intense love for it. I was never tired, stretched under the shade of an olive tree, of contemplating the glorious view of Florence beneath, with the majestic cupola of Brunelleschi and the graceful Campanile of Giotto rising above the city. With my companions I delighted in the balmy air and the flowers and butterflies, and in the wine and *polenta* that we occasionally obtained in the cottages of the *contadini*. But above all things we enjoyed our liberty and independence, as we roved about amongst the vineyards, until the shades of evening compelled us to return home. In order to spend our days in this pleasant but idle fashion, we had recourse, I am afraid I must confess it, to some little subterfuges and a few fibs. On one occasion, when my father expressed his satisfaction to Signor Rellini at the reports, which I regularly brought from school, of my good conduct and application to my studies, he was informed that I had not appeared there for several days, and that I had explained my absence by declaring that a severe cold had confined me to my bed.

During these happy hours passed on the Fiesole hills I frequently saw Mr Landor, who was always very kind to me, and took much interest in me. The strange life that he was leading, and his eccentric character and quarrelsome disposition, kept him aloof from the English residents at Florence, and neither he nor Mrs Landor came to our house; for my father, who was a good Tory, entertained the greatest dislike for him on account of his religious and political opinions, which were said to be atheistic and re-

AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD AS A BOY.

[To face p. 24.

publican. In bringing up his children, he put in practice certain theories of his own as to education. They were allowed to run wild, nearly barefooted, and in peasant's dress, amongst the *contadini*. Almost before they could lisp, he began to teach them ancient Greek. They were not sent to school, and the only time at which they were subjected to any kind of discipline was when his ungovernable temper was excited by something which they may have done to displease him, when he treated them very harshly. It is not surprising that this mode of bringing up his family should have led to much unhappiness in it. As it is well known, he left his wife soon after the time to which I am referring, and led a solitary and querulous life in England, until shortly before his death, when he returned to Florence, and was, I believe, reconciled to her and his children. Although my father had, for the reasons I have stated, shunned personal intercourse with him, he greatly admired some of his writings and the vigour and purity of his English. He made me read the "Imaginary Conversations," and learn passages from them. I took great delight in them; but they produced one effect which my father little contemplated: I imbibed from them those radical and democratic opinions which I sturdily professed even when a boy. The grand figure and powerful head of Walter Savage Landor, his sonorous voice, when he impressed upon me the beauty of the old Greek language, and the importance of its acquisition in order to speak and write good English, as he was often in the habit of doing, are still present to my memory. Many years after he addressed an Ode to me, which is published amongst his poetical works.

I profited little from my schooling at Signor Rellini's *Istituto*, except that I obtained there that acquaintance with the Italian language which in after days was a source of so much pleasure, and of so much use to me. For such

general knowledge as I acquired, and for the development of a taste for Literature and the Arts, I was indebted to my father. He was fond of reading, and possessed a small, but not ill-selected library. His favourite authors were those of the Elizabethan age. He taught me to appreciate and enjoy the plays of Shakespeare and Spenser's "Faerie Queene." Occasionally he read aloud to me passages from the plays of Ben Jonson, and other dramatists of the time, whose works he did not think it desirable to place in my childish hands. He admired the style of Hume, whose "History of England" I read with him. He was also fond of reciting the verses of "Peter Pindar" to me.

But I had my own favourite books in which I was allowed freely to indulge. Before I had reached my thirteenth year, I had read all the novels of Walter Scott then published. But the work in which I took the greatest delight was the "Arabian Nights." I was accustomed to spend hours stretched upon the floor, under a great gilded Florentine table, poring over this enchanting volume. My imagination became so much excited by it that I thought and dreamt of little else but "jins" and "ghouls" and fairies and lovely princesses, until I believed in their existence, and even fell in love with a real living damsel. I was deeply smitten with the pretty sister of one of my school-fellows. I fancied I had a rival in an English boy of my own age. We quarrelled in consequence, and as we were both taking lessons of a fencing master, we determined to settle our differences in mortal combat with foils without the buttons. How we were prevented carrying out our bloody intentions I now forget.

My admiration for the "Arabian Nights" has never left me. I can read them even now with almost as much delight as I read them when a boy. They have had no little influence upon my life and career; for to them I attribute that love of travel and adventure which took me

to the East, and led me to the discovery of the ruins of Nineveh. They give the truest, the most lively, and the most interesting picture of manners and customs which still existed amongst Turks, Persians and Arabs when I first mixed with them, but which are now fast passing away before European civilisation and encroachments.

My father's natural taste for the Fine Arts had been increased and refined by his residence at Florence. He passed much of his time in the galleries, public and private. I was frequently his companion when he visited them. He took pleasure in pointing out to me the beauties of the works of the great Masters, and in teaching me how to distinguish them by their peculiar style or "manner." I made so much progress under his instruction that I was soon able to make a pretty good guess at the name of the painter of any picture of the Florentine school that was shown to me, and I knew almost every important picture in the Uffizi and Pitti collections. The walls of our apartment in the Rucellai Palace were, moreover, hung with pictures, some of them of merit. Over the bed in which I slept was the fine altar-piece by Filippino Lippi, now in the National Gallery.[1]

I became so fond of pictures that I entreated my father to allow me to become a painter. It was probably only a childish desire, and, had it been gratified, I doubt whether I should have attained any success as an artist.

But my father had other intentions with regard to my future career, and did not encourage my idea. I was allowed, however, to go to a poor and indifferent Italian painter, whose name, I think, was Bossi. He occupied a cell in the Convent of Sta. Croce, and very good-naturedly offered to teach me to draw. He allowed me to copy bad lithographs of human heads and of horses. I suspect that,

[1] The picture still bears the traces of a wound inflicted by the heel of Henry Layard's shoes, flung at his brother in a childish quarrel.—ED.

being an ardent and bigoted Roman Catholic, his principal object was to convert my brother and myself. He was perhaps in league with the monks, who used to frequent his studio. They would describe the rewards in store for good Catholic children, and would appeal to our vanity by telling us, in the words of St Augustine, that we also would be *Angeli non Angli*, if we were but Christians.

But I was truly happy when I was allowed to spend an hour in the studio of Mr Seymour Kirkup, an English painter, whilst he was at his easel. Although he lived at Florence nearly the whole of his life—which reached the great age of ninety-two years—and produced but few pictures, his name is not unknown to those who are acquainted with the history of English Art. He possessed a very refined taste, was an excellent draughtsman, and a good colourist. With many eccentricities, but of a most kindly, benevolent, and generous nature, he was a delightful companion, rich in anecdote of many of the most distinguished men of his time, whom he had personally known, politicians, men of letters, and artists, and possessing an inexhaustible wealth of lore relating to the domestic history, manners, and traditions of the times of the old Florentine Republic and of the Medici. He was especially a student of Dante, of whose works he had many valuable and interesting manuscripts and early editions. His illustrations of the "Divina Commedia," published by Lord Vernon, are well known to the admirers of the great Italian poet. His library contained many rare works illustrating the history, literature, and arts of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. We owe to him the recovery of the portrait of Dante, long believed to be by the illustrious contemporary and friend of the poet, Giotto. He has often related to me how it was discovered. He had convinced himself, from the evidence afforded by some early Florentine records, that it was to be found in

the great fresco representing the Last Judgement, attributed to Giotto, upon the wall behind the altar in the chapel of the ancient palace of the Podesta or Bargello at Florence, then converted into a prison. This fresco, like many other works of the kind, had been covered with whitewash from time immemorial, and it was doubtful whether any part of it was still preserved. Kirkup succeeded, after many earnest representations, in inducing the Tuscan Government to remove a part of the whitewash, with a view of ascertaining whether this portrait was still to be found. His confident predictions were fulfilled. To his inexpressible delight the beautiful features in profile of the immortal bard were discovered in a group of figures representing the Blessed, who were to be received into Heaven. They were still such as the painter had delineated them, with the exception of the eye, which had been partly destroyed by a nail driven into the wall. He wished to make a careful copy of them; but a restorer, employed by the Government—Marini was, I believe, his name—was about to commence his work of destruction, and the authorities refused the permission he asked. Being resolved, however, to have a record of the portrait as it was found, he bribed one of the gaolers to shut him up for the night in the chapel. He made a tracing of the head and an exquisite coloured sketch of it on the fly-leaf of an old book. From this sketch, which he enlarged for me, the Arundel Society published the well-known copy of the portrait. The eye was subsequently badly restored. Some change was then made in the outline of the face to correspond with the new eye. Finally, the Tuscan Grand Ducal Government ordered the dress of the poet, which showed the Italian national colours of red, white, and green, and might consequently encourage revolutionary aspirations, to be re-painted. It was reduced to one

monotonous chocolate colour. But little, therefore, now remains of the original work. For this discovery and for other valuable services, which Kirkup had rendered to the history of Italian art and literature, Victor Emmanuel, when King of United Italy, conferred upon him the rank and title of Baron.

Kirkup's library was famous for its unique collection of ancient books and treatises on magic and the black arts, of which he was an ardent student. He came to be a firm believer in the supernatural, and in all the mysteries of spirit-rapping, table-turning, and the various impositions which were at that time practised upon the weak and credulous by a band of charlatans and impostors, chiefly from the United States, who invaded Europe, and found everywhere ready victims. He fell into the hands, in his old age, of a mother and her daughters, one of whom was a very beautiful creature named Regina. They lived with and upon him, keeping his house. Regina professed to be a "medium." She was no doubt the tool of some designing persons, and befooled him to the top of his bent. She was easily thrown into, or feigned, a mesmeric sleep, and when in this condition, communicated to her willing dupe messages from the other world—chiefly from Dante and the poet's contemporaries, of whom he wished to know. These communications were duly recorded in a book to be shown to her friends, as evidence of this girl's supernatural powers, and of her intercourse with the spirits of the dead. It is scarcely necessary to say that they were, for the most part, the feeble echoes of what she had heard from Kirkup himself. I was present at one or two of these *séances*, and a more transparent case of imposture, in which Regina's sister was an accomplice, it would have been difficult to imagine.

He lived for the greater part of his life, and until he removed to Leghorn, where he died, in an ancient palace

overlooking the Arno, at one end of the picturesque Ponte Vecchio. He occupied several spacious rooms on the first floor, the windows of which opened on the river. The stairs which led to them were dark and dirty. In his latter days he had become very deaf, and after the death of two favourite spaniels, which warned him by their barking when visitors knocked or rang at his door, it was not easy, when the women were out, as they frequently were, to get in.

His own appearance corresponded to the dirt, untidiness, and neglect of his dwelling. His clothes were worn almost to the last thread, and seemed scarcely to hold together. His long white locks hung over his shoulders. His sharply chiselled features, hooked nose, and bright, restless eyes gave him the aspect of one who practised the black arts. When he sallied forth in his battered felt hat to a neighbouring café, where he had his simple meals, the street boys pointed to him as the *stregone*—the magician. Hawthorne has given a lifelike sketch of him in that character in his "Transformation."

The two rooms which he inhabited during the day, and the one in which he slept, were strewed and choked with manuscripts, books, pictures, portfolios containing rare prints and original drawings, armour, tapestries, and all the wares of an antiquary's store. The greater part had not been moved or touched for half a century, and was covered with a thick coat of dust. The furniture consisted of a worm-eaten sofa, and one or two chairs covered with faded silk, upon which it was not safe to sit. The room he usually occupied was further encumbered by an old piano; for he was an accomplished musician. Its keys had long ceased to produce any musical sounds, but it mattered little, as he was too deaf to hear them.

He had much affection for me, having known me from

my childhood. I never passed through Florence in after years without spending some delightful hours with my dear old friend, listening to his quaint and marvellous stories of spirit interviews and communications, and to more profitable matter drawn from his inexhaustible stores of Florentine history and of Art-knowledge. On one occasion, when I called upon him as usual, it was long before the bell was answered. The spaniels were dead, and there appeared to be no one to answer it. At length, when my patience had been almost exhausted, he opened the door himself. He led the way silently, and with a mournful expression such as I had never seen before, into the inner room. There, laid out on the floor, on a black velvet pall, and surrounded by lighted tapers and flowers, lay the body of Regina, dressed in her holiday garments, a cross upon her breast, her beautiful features still unchanged.

The old man pointed to the rickety sofa, and, seating himself by my side, told me how she had died that morning from a wasting malady, from which she had long been suffering, and which he attributed to the constant mental and nervous emotion caused by her relations with the spirits. Her sister and mother were away making arrangements for the funeral, which was to take place that evening. Although, he said, she had received up to her last illness constant messages to him of the greatest importance and interest from the spiritual world, they had of late altogether ceased. But he was in communication with her uncle, who had died some years before, and expected every moment to be summoned by him to learn Regina's wishes. Whilst he was describing to me the particulars of her death, and relating the strange warnings of its approach he had received, and how her spirit and those of others were at that time in the room, he suddenly started from his seat, and directed my attention to what he called "raps." I heard, indeed, a succession of sounds which resembled the

loud ticking of a kitchen clock. Considering his deafness I could not account for their reaching him. "That," he explained, "is the signal for which I am waiting, and her uncle is there," pointing to the closed door of a closet in the opposite corner of the room. He opened it and went in, but returned after a few minutes, much disappointed at not having received the communication he had expected from Regina's uncle, which, I understood him to say, would be written on a sheet of paper placed there for the purpose. I left him soon after, waiting anxiously for another summons.

Regina was buried in the evening, the old man following her on foot to the grave. Some years afterwards, when nearly ninety years of age, he married her sister, in order that she might inherit the little property that she and her family, after years of plunder, had left him.

My father had retained his Indian, or rather Cingalese, habits, and was much given to hospitality. He kept open house, as far as his limited income would allow him, and his friends always found places at his table. Amongst those who were wont to frequent it were Kirkup Saunders, a clever engraver and a man of many acquirements, who is known by a fine line engraving of a great picture[1] by Fra Bartolommeo at Lucca; Morgan, a landscape painter; Trelawny, the friend of Byron and the author of the "Adventures of a Younger Son"; several Italian artists and men of letters—amongst these, Niccolini, the poet and dramatist, and Migliarini, who then had charge of the Archaeological collections in the Uffizi, and many young Englishmen who were travelling in Italy to complete their education as artists. Among the latter was Charles Mathews, afterwards celebrated as an actor, but then studying as an architect. They all took much notice of me, and their conversation tended to develop my

[1] (?) The Madonna della Misericordia.

love of the Arts, and to stimulate my desire to travel. I would listen with bated breath to Trelawny's account of his adventures during the Greek war; how he had married the daughter of a Greek chieftain, and had defended with him a mountain cavern, in which they had taken refuge against innumerable Turks.

As an amusement and occupation, my father employed his leisure hours in illustrating Roscoe's Lives of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo X. With this object he collected portraits of the various statesmen, warriors, painters, and other men of note mentioned in them, and engravings of pictures or other objects of art referred to by the author. In search of them he was in the habit of strolling about Florence visiting book-shops. He succeeded in forming an interesting and valuable collection, which I now possess. He made me read Roscoe's works, and others relating to the same period of Italian history, and encouraged me to help him in his researches. It was my delight to return home in triumph with a torn and soiled engraving, representing some Italian worthy whose name I had found in them, and which I had "picked up" at a book-stall for the fraction of a paul.

I also occupied myself with the histories of the principal Florentine families, and in copying into a book their arms and badges. This amusement added to my knowledge of Italian history. There are few events in that of Florence with which I was not acquainted. I could point out the places where they had occurred, and I possessed a rich store of Florentine traditions, which I had picked up from Mr Kirkup, and during my wanderings in the city. There was scarcely a church or a palace of any importance of which I did not know something, and I was frequently sent by my father as a guide with English travellers, who had brought letters of introduction to him.

My father and mother were in the habit of paying

visits to the villas of their Florentine friends, generally situated in some lovely spot near the city. As I was a favourite with the Italian ladies, I usually accompanied them. We spent two summers at Perga, the country house of a Madame Mancini, at the foot of the hill crowned by the grand old Etruscan city of Cortona. I was allowed to wander about the country alone, or with a *contadino* or gardener, named Filippo, who was my devoted friend, and allowed me to eat grapes and other fruit without stint, notwithstanding the protests of my mother. I was taken to see the excavations carried on in the neighbourhood by which interesting Etruscan remains were constantly discovered. I was shown the ancient walls of the city and its Museum. An excursion that I frequently made with my parents was to the Lake of Trasimeno, not far distant, and to the battle-field on which the Romans under Flaminius were routed by Hannibal. I remember going before daybreak to the ruins of a castle on a hill-top, where I was told that the crow of an invisible cock had been heard at sunrise ever since that fatal defeat. He did not, however, make himself heard on the occasion of my visit, and I had a toilsome walk in the night for nothing. But I was determined to go, and I went. My friend Filippo accompanied me very unwillingly, as the place was known to be haunted by ghosts of slaughtered Romans, upon whom no *contadino* in his right mind would venture to intrude.

At that time Lord Burghersh was the British Minister at the Grand Ducal Court, and Lord Normanby resided at Florence. They were both much given to private theatricals. Lord Burghersh composed operas and ballets which were represented under his direction in the Legation House. Lord and Lady Normanby were accomplished actors, and represented, with the assistance of Charles Mathews, who had not then turned to the stage as a

profession, of Mr Morgan, the painter, and other English residents, Shakespeare's tragedies and some of our standard plays. I was allowed to witness these performances, and used occasionally to appear in them as a page, or in some other subordinate part.

I was also frequently taken to the Opera, where I acquired that love of music which I have retained through life, and to the theatres, where Italian comedies and farces were given. I was fully capable of enjoying the acting of Vestris, then the most popular Italian comedian, and the drollery and satire of "Stenterello," the representative Tuscan buffoon.

My boyish life was a very happy one; but the tastes I was acquiring, and the education, such as it was, that I was receiving, were not calculated to fit me for the career for which I was destined by my parents. One of my maternal uncles, Mr Benjamin Austen, was a well-known and highly-respected London solicitor. He was my godfather, and had agreed to take me as an articled clerk, when I was of age to enter his office, holding out some hope that I might some day become a partner in the firm of which he was the head. It was not surprising that he looked upon the life that I was leading at Florence as bad training for the law. He urged upon my parents the necessity of placing my brother Frederic and myself at an English school. My father yielded to his remonstrances, and it was settled that he should himself take us to England, leaving my mother with my two younger brothers in Italy. We accordingly left Florence, to my great grief, in the spring of 1829. We travelled by post in a *coupé* or light carriage, passing through Turin, and crossing the Mont Cenis. I acted as courier, sitting upon the box the whole way with a bag of money, from which I paid the post charges and other expenses, and fee'd the postillions. My father, who suffered from his complaint

during the whole journey, rarely interfered, leaving everything to my management. He was highly satisfied with the manner in which I performed my duties, and I was not a little proud of the trust placed in me.

We stopped for two or three days at Paris. On one of them we dined with the Count de Noé, who had been in Ceylon, where he had formed a friendship with my father. He had published a work on that island, with coloured illustrations, of which I was very fond. He was the father of the celebrated French caricaturist, who took the pseudonym of "Cham" (Ham, the son of Noah, Noé). After dinner we went to the Tivoli Gardens, then a place of fashionable resort. My father also took me to the gallery of the Louvre. We were accompanied by a rich English traveller, who was a collector, and had the reputation of being a connoisseur of pictures. My father was much pleased by my readiness in attributing to the right masters the pictures he pointed out to me, or the school to which they belonged. He used to relate, as a proof of my perspicacity, that, whilst his friend was unable to name the author of a picture to which he had led him, I had replied, on being asked my opinion, that although I did not believe it of sufficient merit to be by Carlo Dolci, it was so much in his manner, that it must have been painted by one of his pupils. It proved to be by his daughter, Agnese Dolci, who imitated, but was far from equalling, the works of her father.

Soon after our arrival in England, I was placed at a school kept by the Rev. James Bewsher, at Richmond. I found myself among seventy or eighty boys, who had been brought up differently from myself. We had little or nothing in common. I had tastes which seemed repugnant to them, and my head was crammed full of things and ideas which they despised. One of the first questions which I was asked was: "What do you know?" "French

and Italian," I replied. A cuff on the head and a kick behind, with a "Take that, then," was the only mark of approval I received for the acquirements of which I was so proud. The report soon spread through the school that I spoke Italian. I was declared to be an "image-boy" or an "organ-grinder," my school-fellows being persuaded that any one who spoke this foreign jargon must have been employed in carrying about on his head the then popular plaster representations of cats and rabbits, which were offered for sale in the streets, or in turning the handle of an organ. I was so unmercifully teased and bullied on this account, that I did my best to conceal my knowledge of this fatal language, and to avoid all allusion to Italy.

This contempt for foreign languages arose from the prejudice against Frenchmen which survived long after the close of the wars of Napoleon. It no longer, happily, exists in places where boys receive an education to fit them for the liberal professions or for commerce. But, at the time of which I am writing, it prevailed both in public and private schools. It was, however, considered necessary, even in such an establishment as Mr Bewsher's, that there should be a French master. The unhappy wretch, who also taught us writing, was the butt of the boys, and the victim of those practical jokes and of that ingenious mischief which is characteristic of the English schoolboy. As for acquiring French from him—it was simply ridiculous to suppose it possible. There were, indeed, French lessons, and we were each furnished, at the expense of our parents, with a French Grammar and the "Adventures of Telemachus." But no one could learn to speak or even to understand the language from the use made of them. Poor "Mousey," as he was contemptuously called—the British schoolboy form of "Monsieur"—was truly happy when he could take me alone for a walk in the fields, when I could speak French with him, and listen to his stories

about France, without running the risk of being detected and bullied by my school-fellows.

Mr Bewsher was a man of moderate acquirements and without much scholarship. He was, I suppose, about the average schoolmaster of his day. But he was of gentlemanly address, and kind and indulgent to his pupils. I went through the usual "educational course" then pursued in private schools, getting by heart the Eton Latin and Greek Grammars, making Latin verses, and construing one or two Latin and Greek authors. As I was not to go to a public school or to college, my tutors did not, perhaps, take as much interest in my studies of the Classics as they might otherwise have done. Had I been properly taught, and had I received a university training, I might have become a fair scholar, as I was extremely fond of such works of the great writers of antiquity as I was able to master, and I had some aptitude for acquiring languages. With the help of a Latin translation, and with very hard work, I managed to translate a tragedy of Æschylus and one of Euripides into Latin verse, before I left school. They both received the praise of Mr Bewsher, although I believe them to have been very worthless. He even hinted that they deserved to be published—a commendation of which I was not a little vain. I have regretted through life that I was not better grounded in Greek and Latin. I was never able to read either with facility, and soon forgot the former almost entirely. Mr Bewsher did not discourage the taste for Literature and Art that I had acquired in Italy, but he could do little to promote it. He occasionally lent me books from his library, and he praised my English themes, which, he said, showed more general knowledge than those of the other boys.

But, a sound Tory, he strongly objected to my political opinions, which were even then very radical and democratic. I was even accused of preaching sedition and revolution,

and of attempting to corrupt my school-fellows, and to incite them to rebellion. By way of chastising me for insubordination, he would make me stand with my jacket turned inside out on a stool, whilst the boys were at meals, and give cheers for Hunt and Cobbett—the two demagogues of the day whom he held most in aversion. I was not ashamed of my punishment; but was rather confirmed by it in my revolutionary principles, as I was very indignant at what I considered an undue and tyrannical interference with my political opinions.

I was not altogether an idle nor a bad boy, although high-spirited and somewhat disposed to get into mischief and rows, and to resist legitimate discipline. I wanted application in such ordinary work of the school as was not to my taste. But I was naturally quick, and able to do more than most of my school-fellows with less labour, and could work very hard when I liked. So that I not only held my place amongst them, but generally obtained the prizes, and was at the top of my class, when I chose to take trouble to go there.

Nor was I behind my companions in the usual athletic exercises of an English school. I played fairly well at cricket and football, and as boating on the Thames was allowed to the bigger boys, I could row. But I had no passionate fondness for any of these pursuits, like many lads, and although my pride or my vanity led me to wish to be first in them, I would not take the pains required to excel in them.

I remained at school during the summer holidays. The other boys went home, and, as the masters were also away, I was left to do pretty well as I liked with my time. It was chiefly employed in fishing in the Thames and in reading. With my pocket-money of a few shillings I subscribed to a circulating library in Richmond. I devoured the popular novels of the day, and especially

those of Bailie Fraser, which described Oriental life and scenes, such as "The Kuzzilbash," and the "Persian Adventurer," the historical romances of G. P. R. James and Grattan, and other authors of the same class, and books of travel in foreign countries, especially in the East. I was also fond of history, and before I left school I had read the works of Hume, Robertson and Gibbon, and such others as I could obtain from the very limited collection of my circulating library. I thus kept up my taste for literature and adventure, and could indulge it during the holidays without being bullied by my school-fellows. I even convinced myself that I was destined to become an author some day, and actually commenced a romance in the style of G. P. R. James, opening with the customary knight, clad in armour, wending his weary way, as the sun went down, through a romantic valley. But I never got beyond the first chapter or two. I invariably, however, gained the prize for the essays upon historical subjects, which we were occasionally required to write.

I passed my Christmas, with my brother Frederic, at the house of my uncle, Mr Benjamin Austen, in London. I saw there many men eminent in Literature and Art, and their conversation, to which I always eagerly listened, tended still further to develop and increase the tastes that I had acquired in my childhood at Florence. A good deal of my time was spent in the British Museum, which was then in Montagu House, close to where my uncle lived. When at home, in order to prepare me for the study of the law, I was made to read "Blackstone's Commentaries," which I did very unwillingly, a book of travels or some historical work being generally concealed under the volume, and substituted for it when I was not observed.

I was finally removed from school in the autumn of 1833. I had learnt but little at it. Mr Bewsher used afterwards to boast that he had had Lord Canning, who

died Governor-General of India, and myself amongst his pupils. But I doubt whether either of us owed him much. I certainly did not. Of my school-fellows the only one with whom I remained on intimate terms in after-life was Mr Lachlan Mackintosh Rate, with whom I still maintain a fast and enduring friendship.

CHAPTER II

LEGAL STUDIES AND INTERLUDES

1834–1839

On the 24th January 1834 I was articled to Mr Benjamin Austen. My father had just returned to England with my mother and younger brothers, and was living at Ramsgate. He had willingly agreed to my uncle's proposal to take me into his office. The latter was a prosperous lawyer; I was his godson; I had, at his request, changed the order of my Christian names, and had called myself "Austen Henry"; and whilst I was at school, he had acted, in the absence of my parents, as my guardian. My father had, consequently, every reason to believe that Mr Austen had, to a certain extent, adopted me as his heir, and intended to make me the successor to his business, when the time should come for him to retire from it. He was convinced that a successful career was open to me, and that I could not do better in my own interests than to accept the arrangement suggested by my uncle, even when I was but a child. My own tastes and inclinations, as is usually the case with boys, were not considered or consulted; nor was my character and disposition taken into any account. I could not, of course, possess any practical knowledge of the profession in which I was to be brought up; nor could I know whether it was one likely to suit me and to bring me, in after life, contentment and happiness.

I had made up my mind that I was to be a solicitor, because I had been told that I was to be one. I envied my school-fellows who were going to Eton and to college. But I knew that my father was not sufficiently rich to enable him to give his sons similar advantages. I therefore considered it my duty to conform to his wishes, and to do my best to reconcile myself to the career to which he had destined me.

I was only sixteen years of age. Nothing could have been less calculated to prepare me for the dry and monotonous work of an attorney's office and its drudgery than the education—if education it could be called—that I had hitherto received. I had learnt at school very little that could be useful to me in the study of the law. I had indulged a good deal in desultory reading, with no one to guide me. My head was filled with fragments of knowledge on many subjects, which I had picked up by myself, but they were such as to disturb my mind, and to give my thoughts a very different direction from that which the profession I was about to enter required.

My father could not afford to give me more than an allowance of £8 a month, upon which I had to provide myself with lodging, food, clothing, and all other necessaries. My uncle, although he had led my father to believe that he intended "to do something for me," made no addition to it, except by occasionally giving me a small present. A back room was hired for me in a house in New Ormond Street, near the Foundling Hospital, whence I subsequently removed to an apartment on the second floor in Sidmouth Street. My uncle then resided in Guildford Street. I was required to attend every day, from nine o'clock in the morning, at his Chambers in Raymond Buildings (No. 4), and to take my part in the routine business of an attorney's office.

I was expected to give all my time, when not so engaged, to reading Law. Some standard works on the subject, including "Coke upon Littleton," and others equally dry and difficult of comprehension, which were then considered to form an essential part of legal studies, were placed in my hands. That was the only literature then accessible to me, as I could not afford to buy books, nor could I borrow them. The theme of my father's rare letters to me was the absolute necessity of studying "Blackstone." But I could not concentrate my attention upon the "Commentaries" and upon other treatises on Law and Equity which were given to me. The only one which afforded me any pleasure and instruction was De Lorme's "Essay on the British Constitution," a work now antiquated and forgotten.

It soon became evident to me that I should never master the science of law, or take any pleasure in its pursuit. Its study became, indeed, repugnant to me, and all my efforts to persevere in it were vain. During my weary evenings I turned from my law books to my flute, which was my only solace. I had taken some lessons on that instrument when at school; I could play fairly well upon it, and I was exceedingly fond of music. I well remember my uncle's expression of horror and disgust when I told him one day that, when I did my best to read "Coke upon Littleton," my thoughts, in spite of me, would wander to Petrarch and Boccaccio and the hills around Florence.

My life was then a desolate one. I had few friends in London; my only companions were one or two young men from the country, who, like myself, were preparing for their future profession in my uncle's office. Their tastes and pursuits differed from mine, and I saw little or nothing of them out of business hours. They frequented theatres and places of public amusement, which I neither

cared, nor could afford, to do. They were rough, unpolished, but good-natured and jovial fellows, much given to mischief, and, I am afraid, to evil ways, affording a bad example to a lad, like myself, thrown into their company. My chief occupation during the day was to copy legal documents, and to accompany the clerks to public offices, where they had to transact business. I was expected to return to chambers in the evening, but this I generally contrived to shirk doing.

On Sundays, and on some other occasions, I dined with my uncle and aunt, and this was my only relaxation.

My uncle was the surviving member of an old-established firm of solicitors, which was chiefly employed in transacting the London part of the law business of country attorneys. He was a man of influence and position in his profession, and was much esteemed and trusted for his honourable and straightforward character. Without much cultivation or general information, he possessed excellent common-sense, and was a good man of business. Like my father, he was a staunch Tory, and had an orthodox hatred of Radicals, and much contempt for Whigs. His income was sufficient to enable him to live with comfort, and even a certain amount of luxury, and to entertain his friends with hospitality.

His wife, my aunt, was the daughter of a Mr Rickett, of Oundle, in Northamptonshire. She was a woman of more than ordinary talent and of more than ordinary beauty, very ambitious of shining in society, and fond of flattery and admiration. Her accomplishments were many and various. She was a clever musician, a skilful artist, a good judge and critic of literary merit, and an excellent letter-writer. Had she chosen to be an authoress, she would probably have been a successful one. She had succeeded in giving to my uncle, over whom she exercised great influence, a taste for the Fine Arts. Relying upon her advice and

judgment, he formed a valuable and well-selected collection of the works of the best living water-colour painters.

Her remarkable abilities and personal attractions, and his hospitality, led to their acquaintance with many distinguished men of letters and artists, who were constant guests at their table. Amongst those whom I remember were Isaac Disraeli, the author of "The Curiosities of Literature," and his distinguished son, Benjamin, or "Disraeli, the younger," as he then called himself; Samuel Warren; Robert Plumer Ward; Theodore Hook; Kenyon (the poet); Sir Charles Fellows (the traveller); James, a young barrister of great promise, who published a novel called "Cagliostro," and died very young; Henry Crabb Robinson; the painters, Turner, Prout, Sir Martin Shee, Eastlake, Maclise, Harding, Stansfield, Brockeden, Edward Cook, and many others; and several judges and distinguished lawyers.

My uncle and aunt had known Benjamin Disraeli from his boyhood. It is not improbable that my aunt may have had some influence over his future career, as at one time their relations were very intimate. A friendship had long existed between Mr and Mrs Austen and the elder Disraeli. At one time they shared with him a country house at Fyfield in Essex. When he moved to Bradenham in Buckinghamshire, they were frequent visitors there. Although his son Benjamin had been articled to a solicitor in the city, he wished him to spend some of his time in my uncle's office, where he could obtain a more extensive knowledge of business of various kinds. He was accordingly installed in it.

But Mr Austen soon saw that the study of the law was repugnant to him, and that there was no probability of his persevering in it. My uncle on one occasion wrote to his father to warn him that his son took books on other subjects with him to chambers, and had been discovered that very morning reading Chaucer there. He consequently

advised that Benjamin should no longer continue to prepare for the profession of a solicitor in a lawyer's office, but that he should be allowed to follow his own inclination for literature.

My uncle subsequently helped him in many ways, and he passed much of his time in the house in Guildford Street, in which Mr Austen then lived. An intimate friendship was formed between his sister Sarah and my aunt, which lasted until the former's death. She was a woman of strong sense and excellent judgment, not inferior in abilities, her friends believed, to her distinguished brother. She was at one time engaged to be married to Mr Meredith, one of Benjamin Disraeli's companions in a tour in the East.[1] He died of smallpox at Cairo, and she died unmarried.

I well remember the first time I saw Benjamin Disraeli. I must have been between six and seven years old. My aunt had taken me with her to call upon his mother, who was then living in Bloomsbury Square. Mrs Austen asked after "Ben," and was told that he was taking a boxing lesson. He was sent for, and came into the drawing-room in his shirt-sleeves, and wearing his boxing-gloves.

In 1825, after he had left my uncle's chambers in Gray's Inn, and had abandoned the study of the law, he had a severe illness, brought on, it was believed, by overtaxing his brain in writing "Vivian Grey." He was confined for some time in a darkened room. His physician had prescribed complete rest and change. Mr and Mrs Austen proposed that he should accompany them on a tour in Italy.[2] I have already described their arrival at Moulins with him on a visit to my father. They spent the greater part of the summer and autumn on the

[1] His other companion—the party consisting of three—was Mr Clay, afterwards for many years in the House of Commons as Member for Hull.

[2] I received these particulars from Mr Austen's sister, who lived at that time with my uncle and aunt.

Continent, and then returned to London. In the following year he published "Vivian Grey." Much of the book was written under my uncle's roof, and he constantly consulted my aunt during its progress, and profited by her advice and criticisms. How far she may have helped him in its composition I am unable to say. Probably very little, if at all. Her friends were in the habit of attributing to her pen a considerable portion of it. But the insinuation that the work was not all their own has been made in the case of most young and previously unknown authors. She did, I have heard her say, suggest one or two of the characters in his novel to him.

When she was considerably above eighty, and her memory, as is often the case in persons of great age, had failed her as regards recent events, but was still fresh as to those of her youth, I asked her one day, whether it was true that she had helped Benjamin Disraeli in writing "Vivian Grey." She replied that, although some people had said that she had written parts of that book, they were mistaken. He was in the habit, she said, of bringing and reading to her what he had written on the previous day, and of consulting her with respect to it. She had given him advice, and had occasionally induced him to suppress or modify passages, which she considered objectionable in taste, but nothing more—except that she had copied out the manuscript for him.

I constantly met Benjamin Disraeli at my uncle's house, where I passed my Christmas holidays. He excited my wonder—perhaps my admiration—by his extraordinary and foppish dress. He wore waistcoats of the most gorgeous colours and the most fantastic patterns, with much gold embroidery, velvet pantaloons, and shoes adorned with red rosettes. I thought him conceited and unkind because he would not answer the questions about his Eastern travels which I had the impertinence to put

to him, and because I thought he treated me with contempt. I remember one day being especially annoyed by his treatment of me. I had ventured to express to him the admiration with which I had read his descriptions of Corfu and of its orange groves, that had greatly excited my imagination, and to ask him whether he still considered that island the most beautiful spot in the world. He replied, with a mocking laugh, that he really did not know what he had written, having written so much, nor could he remember whether or not there were orange groves in the Ionian Islands.

Although he thus "snubbed" me—and no doubt very properly—I was nevertheless an enthusiastic admirer of his works, especially of "Vivian Grey," "Contarini Fleming," and "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy." I looked upon him, moreover, as a great traveller in Eastern lands, which had a mysterious attraction for me, and with which my earliest dreams were associated. He occasionally read his MSS. aloud before my uncle and aunt and one or two friends. I recollect his declaiming the first canto of his "Revolutionary Epic"—a turgid and now forgotten poem—in a bombastic manner and tone. When he had left the room, Samuel Warren, who was an excellent mimic, sent the company into fits of laughter by imitating his voice and manner, and reciting a number of heroic verses, which might well have been taken from the Epic itself, but were arrant nonsense, invented as he went on.

My aunt was wont to relate that on one occasion, when hotly engaged in a political argument, he said, with great warmth, "When I am Prime Minister, I shall do so and so," at which there was a general laugh. He was walking excitedly up and down the room, and advancing to the chimney-piece, struck it violently with his fist, exclaiming at the same time, "Laugh as you may, I *shall* be Prime Minister." I have no doubt of the truth of the story, as I

heard it frequently from my aunt long before the possibility of his rising to that lofty position was contemplated, and when the very notion of it was treated with derision. It was no less characteristic of the man than his well-known exclamation on his first appearance and failure in the House of Commons—that the time would come when they should hear him.

In his youth he was constantly falling into money difficulties, in which my uncle was of use to him, both as a friend and as his lawyer. I well recollect Mr Austen being called out one evening from dinner, and saying to my aunt, "Ben has got into another scrape, and I must go at once to see what can be done for him." On his return, he told me that he had been to a "sponging house," which he described to me as so dreadful a place, adding a lecture upon the wickedness of extravagance and the shame of being locked up in prison in consequence of spending more money than one had, that I have had through life a horror of getting into debt, and have never owed a farthing that I could not pay.

After Disraeli had entered political life, and his reputation had opened to him the fashionable circles of the West End of London, his intimacy with my uncle and aunt gradually diminished, and after a short time he ceased to see them. The region of Bloomsbury Square, so amusingly sketched by Theodore Hook, in which his parents and earlier friends had lived, and in which he had been brought up, was then out of his beat. He domesticated himself in the more aristocratic world of Mayfair, where he henceforth obtained the types of those men and women whom he delighted to portray in his novels. But the recollection of his early acquaintance with me led him to show me, when in Parliament I was amongst his political opponents, a marked consideration and forbearance, which my friends in the House of Commons were at a loss to ex-

plain. I may particularly mention his spirited defence of me when attacked by Sir James Graham in a debate during the Crimean War, when in exaggerated terms he described me as "a man of genius, who would be remembered when the greater portion of the existing Cabinet were forgotten." He more than once made me offers and advances during my political career which, if I had chosen to leave my party and had accepted them, would, I have every reason to believe, have satisfied a reasonable ambition. I shall have to write of the official relations which in after years existed between us, and during which he placed a trust and confidence in me, and treated me in a kind and generous spirit, for which I can never cease to be grateful.

Robert Plumer Ward was another intimate friend of my aunt, and I frequently met him at Guildford Street. She was in his confidence when he was writing, and when he published anonymously his novels of "Tremaine" and "De Vere," which, from their clear delineation of character, and the knowledge they displayed of the fashionable and political world, excited at the time they appeared great curiosity as to the author. Not only was she in the secret, but she copied, I believe, a considerable part of his MSS., and assisted him in correcting the works when going through the press. Their friendship continued and they corresponded until his death in 1846.[1]

A constant guest at my uncle's table was Samuel Warren. Both Mr and Mrs Austen were very kind friends to him, and did much, by assuaging and calming his nervous and irritable temper, to promote his comfort and success. He was completely at home in their house, and was accustomed to place, when there, no constraint upon his humour and his excitable spirits. It would be difficult to conceive a more strange and complex character. He

[1] See his letters to Mr and Mrs Austen, published in the Memoir of him by the Hon. E. Phipps.

possessed abilities of so high an order that they verged upon genius. He was gifted with a vivid imagination, was a powerful writer, as his two most popular novels, "The Diary of a Late Physician," and "Ten Thousand a Year," amply prove; he had great dramatic power as a story-teller and actor, and he was an admirable mimic. These qualities, which rendered him a most entertaining and welcome member of society, and might have led him to high rank and distinction even in his profession of a lawyer, were marred by the most outrageous vanity, and by a singular absence of judgment. Owing to these defects, he made himself a general laughing-stock, although he did not perceive it, and endless jokes were practised upon him to turn him into ridicule. They spoiled his career at the Bar, which might have been a highly successful one, and in the House of Commons, where he might have shown himself a brilliant and effective speaker, but where he entirely failed.

When he had given up all hopes of obtaining a seat on the Bench, he accepted the place of a Master in Lunacy, offered to him by Lord Derby's Government as a reward for the services he had rendered to the Conservative party. He announced his appointment to the House of Commons, and took formal leave of it in a bombastic speech, which excited universal merriment. At a dinner of the Benchers of the Inn to which he belonged, his health was proposed on the occasion of his promotion. In replying to it he said that he had been assured by the first legal authority in the realm—by the Lord Chancellor himself—that, although the office of a Master in Lunacy was not the highest and most lucrative that could be conferred upon a lawyer, it was the one requiring the rarest combination of abilities, legal knowledge, judgment, and tact. John Locke, a Queen's Counsel, and then my colleague as Member for Southwark, who happened to be present, observed in his

gruff voice, loud enough to be heard by nearly all the table, "Well, I don't know how that may be, but Barlow was the d——t ass that I ever came across."[1] The whole company were convulsed with laughter. Warren himself did not see the joke, or suspect that he was the object of it. I used frequently to dine with him in after years, and could not avoid a mixed feeling of surprise and grief that a man of his remarkable intellectual powers and humour should have been so little sensible of his own absurdities, and should have so completely failed to obtain the position to which those qualities should have entitled him.

But the person who exercised the greatest influence upon my future career was Mr Henry Crabb Robinson. I had made his acquaintance at Paris in August 1835, when on a tour in France and Switzerland with Mr Brockeden. With Stansfield, the painter, he joined company and travelled with us, took a friendly interest in me, and invited me to call upon him on my return to England at his chambers in the Temple, where he was in the habit of receiving many literary men of eminence. He had been the friend of Goethe and Wieland. He was so good a German scholar that the former said of him that "not only did he speak good German, but made good German." He was amongst the first Englishmen who cultivated the language, and made known to his countrymen the principal works of the most eminent German authors. His conversational powers were considerable. Having read and seen much, he possessed a large store of anecdote, and told his stories well. His experience of the world was large. He had lived during his youth in Germany, and was a correspondent of the *Times* newspaper when Napoleon invaded that country. He used to narrate, with much effect, how he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the French authorities, who would have shot

[1] Warren had succeeded to Barlow, who had recently died.

him on account of the letters, which were very hostile to the Emperor.

Returning to England he was called to the Bar. He was so successful as a lawyer that in a few years he made a sufficient fortune to enable him to retire from his profession, and to pass the remainder of his life in ease and comfort. He possessed a genial and generous disposition; his purse and his advice were always ready to aid those who appealed to him and were worthy of support. Many a youth owed his start and success in life to the help and sympathy he had received from this kind-hearted and benevolent man. He died in 1867 at the great age of ninety-two years, in the perfect possession of all his faculties, respected and beloved by all who knew him.

It was Mr Robinson's habit to have his friends to breakfast, especially on Sunday mornings. I received a general invitation to these breakfasts, of which I was delighted to avail myself. I soon became a welcome and almost a necessary guest on these occasions, as I was useful in helping him to entertain his company. These meetings became a source of great pleasure and instruction to me. I frequently met at them some of the most eminent literary men of the day — amongst them Wordsworth, with whom Mr Robinson was very intimate. They had travelled together on the Continent, and he was accustomed to pay frequent visits to the poet at his residence at Rydal Mount. He was an ardent and enthusiastic admirer of Wordsworth's poetry, which he read aloud with great animation and effect. He gave me a love for it which has not left me.

The poet himself, with his venerable and stately appearance, inspired me with the greatest respect and admiration. He was very kind to me, allowed me to talk to him freely about his works and on other subjects, and even made at my suggestion a translation of one

of Michael Angelo's sonnets of which I was very fond. I have still in my possession the slip of paper upon which I wrote down this translation as he dictated it to me. It was afterwards published with some variations.

Mr Robinson possessed an extensive and well selected library, comprising the best French, Italian, and German authors. He allowed me to use it, and to take home with me such books as I might require for reading or for reference. He encouraged my taste for literature, and gave me advice as to the works I should read. He especially recommended much study of the writings and speeches of Burke as a model of style and for instruction in politics. He was a Unitarian and what was then called "a philosophical Radical." He introduced me to Mr Fox, the celebrated Unitarian preacher, who then had a chapel in the city, which I frequently attended. The eloquence and powerful rhetoric of this remarkable man were a great attraction to me. His discourses and the conversation of my friend Mr Crabb Robinson rapidly undermined the religious opinions in which I had been brought up, and I soon became as independent in my religious as I had already become in my political opinions. My uncle. who was supposed to look after me, and to exercise a moral control over me, was little pleased with either, as they both differed so entirely from his own. Being a Tory of the old school and a strict Churchman, he was bound to look upon them with feelings approaching to horror. He was afterwards wont to accuse Mr Crabb Robinson of having unsettled my mind, and of having encouraged in me pursuits and tastes entirely opposed to the serious study of the law, and which led me to abandon it for a life of travel and adventure. The charge was perhaps well founded. I have no reason to regret that it was so.

In a letter written in 1852, and published after his death in his "Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence,"[1] Mr Crabb Robinson wrote:

"Tuesday, I had at breakfast Dr Boot, Edwin Field, Paynter, Rolleston (Miss Western's cousin), and Nineveh Layard. You perhaps, and certainly Sarah, will recollect your son having spoken of this high-spirited lad, whom he once dined with and used to meet at my chambers. His uncle accused me of misleading him. I believe I did set his mind in motion, and excited in him tastes and a curiosity which now will not be matter of reproach, seeing that the issue has already been so remarkable. His adventures in Asia terminated in his discovery of the Nineveh Antiquities, which have given him a place in the future history of Art."

I have ever felt grateful to him for his having "misled" me.

Mr Robinson was a constant contributor of articles on political and literary subjects to Reviews. He frequently employed me in making translations and extracts for him from Italian, French, and Latin works, and in "looking up" subjects upon which he happened to be writing. This occupation increased my thirst for knowledge, and my desire to follow literary pursuits. Soon, every moment that I could spare from my work in Gray's Inn was devoted to general reading. I returned home as early as I was able from the office, and passed my evenings with books. What little money I could save out of my small allowance went to purchase them, and by occasionally looking into an auction room in Fleet Street, where they were sold very cheaply, I managed to get together a small library of curious, and, to me, interesting volumes in English, French, and Italian. I have many a time gone without my dinner in order to acquire a coveted book, and I cannot but look with pleasure to the little collection which I then formed at this sacrifice, and which I still

[1] Vol. iii. p. 399.

possess. My reading was, however, very desultory. By the advice of Mr Crabb Robinson, I kept what he called "an index" to it, in which I entered a reference to anything of interest that may have attracted my special attention, or which I considered worthy of remembrance. I also made copious extracts from books. On looking back to these manuscript volumes I am surprised to see the number and variety of the works that I read during that time. But I took the greatest pleasure in Italian literature. When I was eighteen years of age, I had already contemplated writing a history of Italy. With this object I purchased such books on the subject as I could afford to buy. I borrowed others from Mr Crabb Robinson's library, such as the "Chronicles of Villani" and other early Florentine and Venetian writers, the "History of Guicciardini" and the "Annals of Muratori." When I could absent myself for an hour or two in the day from the office in Gray's Inn, I would go to the reading-room of the British Museum to consult works which I could not procure elsewhere. Mr Crabb Robinson encouraged me in my undertaking. Before I left England in 1839, I had collected some materials from the earlier chroniclers and annalists for the first part of my contemplated history; but I had not attempted to write anything seriously. Whether I should have done so had I remained in England is doubtful, and whether I should have succeeded, if I had, I much question. My only attempt to deal with the subject was in a lecture on Italian literature which I delivered to a "Literary and Scientific Institution" at Ramsgate. It contained little or nothing that was original or of any value.

Whilst fairly well acquainted with French and Italian, I was ignorant of German. When I was young, that language, the knowledge of which is now essential to every one engaged in scientific and literary pursuits, and

indeed to every man of education, formed no part of the education of boys. I have never ceased regretting that I was not taught it. I was very anxious to acquire it, and not being able to afford to pay a competent master, I engaged a destitute, half-starved Polish refugee, who was glad, for a small remuneration and an occasional cup of tea and some bread and butter, to give me lessons of an evening. But he was not capable of teaching me much. His German was, I believe, execrable, and I made but little progress. What little I learnt I soon forgot.

Our conversation was chiefly on political matters. My master introduced me to several other Polish refugees as needy and famished as himself. They were living upon a miserable pittance doled out to them by a committee, of which, I believe, Lord Dudley Stuart was President. They occasionally assembled at my lodgings of an evening to talk over the misfortunes of their country and their own, and partake of a humble supper of sprats. I felt great sympathy for them, but had nothing else to give them. Some of them were men of good family, and others had been employed as professors in the universities in Poland. They had all been compromised in the last Polish insurrection, and had been compelled to fly to escape death or Siberia. They were in constant communication with companions in exile who had taken refuge in France or Belgium, and I learnt a good deal about foreign politics through them. They were, naturally, always conspiring, and, as is usual amongst refugees, were constantly expecting an insurrection, which, supported by some of the Great Powers, was to restore freedom to their native land. Poor fellows! They were much to be pitied, and there was in them much to respect and admire; for their lot was a very miserable one, and they bore it with courage and resignation. Their unhappy fate taught me to appreciate the blessing of a free constitutional Government, and of the

liberties which my country enjoyed. At the same time, it confirmed me in my Radical principles.

I usually dined at some cheap eating-house in Holborn or Fleet Street. My meals were very simple and frugal, generally consisting of a simple chop, which cost me sixpence. I drank nothing but water. My uncle considered that it was my duty to return to the office after I had dined, and to remain there until nine or ten o'clock at night. But if this were a duty, I must confess that I usually managed to shirk it, and to return home to engage in more congenial occupations. I also, for some time, belonged to a debating society, and took part in discussions on political and other questions. Amongst its members were several men who subsequently rose to some eminence, and were then distinguished for considerable oratorical powers. Perhaps the most remarkable was Keogh, who afterwards became a Member of Parliament, Attorney-General for Ireland, and an Irish Judge. His career in the House of Commons was short, but brilliant. One of the first speeches he delivered there was so remarkable for its ability and eloquence, that it procured for him the immediate offer of an Irish Judgeship, which chanced to be vacant. Circumstances led him to accept it, and to renounce a parliamentary career, which would probably have been a very successful one, and would have led to higher distinction. His end was a very miserable one. He became deranged in his faculties, attempted to murder his servant, and died by his own hand.

I had the greatest admiration for his oratory, especially as we agreed in political opinions, he being, like myself, what in those days was considered an extreme Radical. A warm friendship sprung up between us. He was very fond of taking part in political discussions in clubs, chiefly composed of working men, which met in the city. I frequently accompanied him to these meetings, which were

held late at night in obscure taverns, and sometimes spoke at them. He produced an immense impression upon his audience by his fiery Irish declamation, his ready, powerful eloquence, his wit, and the readiness and aptness of his illustrations in denouncing the abuses which then prevailed in so many branches of the administration and of the public service. He was on his way to spend a part of his vacation with me at Constantinople, when he was seized with the mental aberration which led to his shocking and untimely death. He had, in the previous year, actually started upon a visit to me, and had reached Marseilles, where he was to have embarked for the Bosphorus, when he was recalled by the illness of a member of his family.

Keogh's principal opponent and rival in our debating society was a Mr Wylie, who was then studying for the Bar, and subsequently went to India, where he distinguished himself by his abilities, and obtained a high official post. He was a very fluent speaker and clear debater, but did not possess the imagination, wit, and vigour of Keogh. He was a staunch Conservative, and the two were always pitted against each other in debate. He was quite a match for his more eloquent antagonist, and not infrequently succeeded, by his close reasoning and able argument, in securing a majority when it came to vote.

Amongst the other members of the society I can only recall to my memory the name of Madden, a very clever Irishman, who was afterwards connected with literature and the Press, and was an excellent speaker.

I was also a member of a debating club consisting of young men preparing to become attorneys and solicitors, which met in a room in the Law Institution, and only discussed questions of law and subjects connected with the science of jurisprudence. I took but little interest and little part in its proceedings, and only made one or two

speeches; one, upon the legal aspects of suicide, which I had prepared with some care, was, I remember, considered my best, and pronounced a success.

Shortly before I left England for the East, I founded, with several young men studying for the Bar, another debating club, which was named "The Metropolitan Debating Society." Several of its members subsequently rose to eminence at the Bar and attained to the Bench, amongst them Willes,[1] Huddleston,[2] and Keogh. We discussed political, literary, and other subjects.

I was also connected at this time with a periodical called the *London Magazine*, published by Smith and Elder, for which I wrote several articles. It had little success, and soon came to an end.

Nothing could be less attractive to a young man of my character and disposition than the routine work of a solicitor's office. The firm to which I was articled, being mainly an agency firm, had a very large business in all branches of the law. Had I devoted myself to the profession intended for me with a serious intention of making it the pursuit of my life, I could have had no better opportunity of acquiring the most complete and extensive knowledge of the various matters connected with the practice of an attorney and solicitor. But from the very first I took the strongest aversion to legal details, fictions, and routine, and felt no interest in the study of the science of law. Had I been educated for the Bar, and received an adequate university training, it might have been otherwise. I was fond of Mathematics, although I had only received the most elementary instruction in them, confined to the first books of Euclid, and a little Algebra, and I delighted in logic and in a good argument. Whilst employed in my uncle's office, I only took pleasure in attending in Court

[1] Sir James Willes (1814-72); appointed Judge 1855.
[2] Sir John Huddleston (1815-90); appointed Judge 1875.

and listening to the causes that were being argued. I had frequent opportunities of hearing the great lawyers of that day—Sugden, Pemberton, Wilde, Wetherell, Scarlett, Campbell, and many others, and in listening to the judgments of some of the most eminent judges who have occupied the Bench.

My uncle and aunt spent the greater part of the long vacation of 1834 at Cheltenham, where they had taken a house. I passed some time with them there very pleasantly. I was allowed to ride one of their horses, and derived great enjoyment from my excursions over the hills in the neighbourhood, which command very beautiful English scenery. They saw, too, a good deal of society, and some of their literary friends came on a visit to them.

My father had taken a small house near Aylesbury, where he had established himself with my mother for a permanent residence in England. He had been recommended the position as one where he would be the least likely to suffer from his asthma. Moreover, the rent was reasonable and within his means. The house has since been pulled down. A larger one was built on its site by Mr Tindal, a lawyer of Aylesbury, and has become the Manor House. Through my early acquaintance with him I afterwards became Member of Parliament for the borough, where he had great and decided influence. My father had left Florence with great regret, and with a presentiment that the climate of England would soon prove fatal to him. But the incessant remonstrances of some of my mother's relatives, who represented to him that it was his duty to be where his four sons were receiving their education, and to superintend it, induced him to transfer his home to his own country. Aylesbury was a dull country town. There was little society in it, or in the neighbourhood, with which he could associate with much pleasure or sympathy. But he was fond of his books, and

an industrious reader, and he took a good deal of interest in his garden.

I went from Cheltenham to our house at Aylesbury to spend the remainder of the long vacation. Soon after my arrival my father was taken seriously ill with congestion of the lungs, brought on by asthma. He died on the 4th October 1834, and was buried in the neighbouring church of Bierton. His death was unexpected, and my three brothers were at school. I was alone with my mother, and was greatly affected by it. After remaining a short time with her, I returned to London.

The work and confinement in a lawyer's office had affected my health. In the year following my father's death, in consequence of medical advice recommending change of air, it was decided that I should spend the long vacation abroad. Mr Brockeden, whom I have mentioned amongst the intimate friends of my uncle and aunt, was going to travel during a part of the summer and autumn in the Alps, with a view to collecting further materials for a work on those mountains, on which he was engaged. He offered to take me with him, and it was settled that I should accompany him.

Mr William Brockeden was an artist and a man of letters and science. As a painter he is best known for his portraits of distinguished travellers and explorers. They are not without merit. He was also skilful as a water-colour painter, and his sketches in the Alps, in Italy, and in other parts of the Continent, were much admired. He wrote books on "The Passes of the Alps," and on Italian cities and scenery, with illustrations from his pencil. His scientific acquirements were considerable, and he was the author of many useful inventions, in some of which he employed *Caoutchouc* or India-rubber, the numerous and valuable properties of which were only then beginning to be known.

He was one of the most amiable and genial of men, with a striking and commanding person, rich in anecdote, a good story-teller, and reputed at that time a great traveller, as he had explored most parts of the Alps, and had performed feats in mountain climbing which, before the existence of Alpine Clubs, were considered very daring and hazardous. Perceiving my taste for the Fine Arts and Literature, he had taken a very kind interest in me, allowed me to visit his studio, lent me books on Art, and told me anecdotes of Fuseli, Nollekens, Flaxman, Turner, and other English artists, whom he had known, or who had been his fellow-students. He was therefore, in every respect, a very agreeable companion and guide, and I was much delighted at the prospect of spending a few weeks with him in Switzerland. My love of travel and adventure was to be gratified, and I looked forward with great excitement to the time of our departure. The principal part of our tour was to be performed on foot. We were, therefore, to take very little luggage with us, and to depend chiefly upon the contents of our knapsacks, which we were to carry ourselves. We left London together on the evening of the 2nd August, travelling through the night by the stage-coach to Dover, arrived there at seven o'clock on the following morning, and crossed the Channel in the afternoon to Boulogne.

We entered Paris on the 5th, and reached the Boulevard Montmartre, as the funeral of the victims of Fieschi's attempt upon the life of Louis Philippe was about to pass. Barriers having been placed across the streets to stop the traffic, the diligence was unable to proceed, and we were detained for about three hours. I had thus an opportunity of seeing the procession. I was much impressed by the imposing spectacle, and by the vast crowds lining the streets through which the *cortége* defiled. Every window was occupied, and many of the houses were hung with

black, and profusely decorated with tricolor flags and wreaths of *immortelles*. Fourteen hearses, each drawn by six horses richly caparisoned and adorned with plumes of black feathers, contained the bodies of the victims, amongst whom was the Marshal Duc de Treviso. It was a grand military display, in which the members of the Legislative bodies and many of the high functionaries of State took part. The population of Paris was deeply moved, and there was much excitement prevailing in the city. But notwithstanding the general detestation felt for the crime, much ill-feeling was displayed by the populace against the King and his family—so much so, that disturbances were apprehended, and a considerable body of troops was in readiness to act in case of necessity.

On the following day I attempted to obtain a place in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where the King and the Royal Family were to be present at a Mass and Requiem for the victims of the 28th July. I succeeded in entering, but was soon compelled to leave, as I was not provided with the necessary ticket. The square opposite the church was filled with troops, and I was not permitted to remain in it. All the approaches to it were strongly guarded, and no spectators were even allowed to occupy the windows looking into it; such was the fear of the authorities that another attempt might be made upon the life of the King. I afterwards saw him, accompanied by the Queen and the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, as he drove from the Tuileries in a carriage from a side entrance, to avoid the crowd which had collected at the principal gate in the expectation that he would leave the palace by it. He was received in silence, and there was not even a solitary cry of "*Vive le Roi!*"

We left Paris on the 9th by the diligence for Orleans. From that city we visited Bourges, where I was greatly interested in the Cathedral and its gorgeous windows

of painted glass. Travelling in the rude carriages, which were then the only public conveyances in France off the great highways, we reached Lyons on the 14th, having suffered not a little on our way from the joltings of springless vehicles, called *Pataches*, on the roughly-paved roads and from the filthy inns in which we had to lodge. We entered Savoy at Pont Beauvoisin. We then left the diligence, and shouldering our knapsacks crossed the mountains on foot to Chambéry, passing the little lake of Aiguebellêtre, and descending upon that of Bourget. It was a delightful but very fatiguing walk. The weather was intensely hot; we were examined with looks of doubt and suspicion by the landlord of the hotel at Chambéry, where we asked for rooms, covered as we were with dust, and having more the appearance of vagrants than of honest travellers.

Mr Brockeden was desirous of exploring a pass leading from the summit of the Mont Cenis, known as the Petit Mont Cenis, to a valley opening into that of Susa. We went as far as Lanslebourg in a *char-à-banc*, and thence ascended on foot by the high road to the convent, where travellers were then lodged. We were there kept for two days by bad weather, and were hospitably entertained by the Superior and the monks, who gave us some of the excellent trout of the lake. We had a very long and weary walk over the pass. The clouds were clearing away after heavy rain, when we reached its summit. As we stood on the brink of a precipice over-looking at a vast height the valley below, we could see beneath our feet nothing but a mass of rolling, seething, white clouds, which had the appearance of steam rising from a vast cauldron. Above our heads was a clear sky of intense blue. The mist was gradually blown aside, exposing to view a wooded valley. The sight was one that I have never forgotten.

I found myself again in Italy with the greatest delight. All the recollections and associations of my childhood were revived, and as we drove to Turin through a beautiful valley on a bright day, enjoying the balmy air, I revelled in the sight of the scenery, the churches with their *campaniles* perched upon the mountain-sides, and the picturesque villages, the vines, the fruit, all recalling to me the days of my boyhood. But I find by my journal that I was much shocked by the sight of innumerable friars and priests, whom I denounced as "the most despicable and wicked of men." I had already formed strong opinions upon this subject, and upon the condition of Italy in general. I was almost an Italian in feeling and sentiment, and felt the degradation of Italy under foreign and native despotism almost as much as any Italian patriot.

The cholera at that time prevailed in Piedmont, and was causing in some places great ravages. Preparations had been made and precautions taken to meet its attack. In Turin a Board of Health had been established, the President of which was the Syndic the Marquis Benso de Cavour, the father of the statesman. The city was divided into districts. At the head of each was a member of some noble family, whose duty it was to visit the houses in it, to have them purified and white-washed, and to pay special attention to their hygienic conditions. One of these overseers was the Marquis Benso de Cavour. This duty was performed with great zeal and devotion. Many of these gentlemen went to places where cholera had broken out, for the purpose of reassuring the inhabitants, studying the disease, and taking such precautions as were suggested to prevent its spread. Those who had means to do so had sent their families into the country; the places of public resort, the galleries, and museums were closed, and the city had a deserted and desolate appearance.

The Marquis de Cavour had remained with his family in the city. Mr Brockeden was already acquainted with his son, the Count Camille. We saw a great deal of them during the two or three days we spent at Turin, dining with them every day. The Count was then a very young man, and, although those who knew him well were not ignorant that he possessed qualities and abilities of a very high and exceptional order, none would probably have ventured to foretell his future greatness. Mr Brockeden had formed a very high opinion of his capacity, and believed that, from his extensive knowledge and acquirements, his liberal and enlightened opinions, and his independence of character, he was a man who might be of great use to his country. In those days the possession of those qualities was sufficient alone to close a public career to a young man in all parts of Italy. My acquaintance with Cavour began at this time, and continued until his death. His family were then much esteemed in Piedmont for their high and honourable character, and for the absence of that overbearing pride and arrogance with which the aristocracy were accustomed in that country to treat the classes beneath them.

One of the objects of Mr Brockeden's journey was to examine some of the passes in the Alps forming the western boundary of the valley of Aosta. In one of the lateral valleys which issue into the plain to the north of Turin, known as the Val de Ponte, a M. Duport had established extensive cotton mills. He was, I believe, of French descent, was a man of enterprise, and highly esteemed, especially by the Cavour family, for his integrity and general worth. Mr Brockeden had known him when previously in Italy. We found him at Turin about to return to his dwelling at the mills; as it was a good starting-point for our contemplated excursion, he invited us to accompany him. We drove in his carriage across a plain

studded with country houses of noble Piedmontese families, and in a high state of cultivation, and through the small town of Courgne to the picturesque valley of Ponte. On either side of its entrance were the ruins of the castles by which it was once guarded. Between them the united waters of the Orca and Soana force their way through a rocky defile. We were hospitably received, in a house possessing every comfort, by Mme. Duport and their son Camille, with whom I soon established a warm friendship. He had just returned from an excursion to a village in the mountains. He was mounted on a powerful black horse, was dressed in black velvet, with leather gaiters and a high peaked felt hat, and was armed to the teeth. With his black beard and moustache, he had very much the appearance of a stage brigand. He informed me that it was necessary in the mountains to carry arms, as the country was then very insecure; murder and robberies were frequent, and their authors were rarely brought to justice. The inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys bore at that time a very bad reputation. Camille Duport was an ardent sportsman and mountaineer, and took but little interest in his father's business.

I was shown over the works, which were very extensive, about 5000 hands being, I was informed, employed in them. I believe that they were the first cotton mills on so large a scale established in Piedmont. The employment they afforded to a wild and previously idle population, and the encouragement they gave to industrial undertakings, had obtained for their founder the friendship and support of the Cavours and others who were interested in the prosperity of their country and in the development of its resources. The motive power employed in them was the water of the rapid torrent which issued from the valley.

There was a small theatre in the neighbouring village

of Ponte, at which operas were performed. The orchestra consisted of the Vice-Judge of the district, who was the director and played the first fiddle, of some other Government officials, of Camille Duport, who was a performer on the bassoon, and of persons employed in the works. As it became known that I could play on the flute, I was invited to join it. The report of the *débût* of a *milordo Inglese* drew together a larger audience than usual. The opera was to have been the "Molinaro Soldato," preceded by the overture to Rossini's "Tancredi"; but after the successful execution of the overture the manager appeared on the stage and announced that, in consequence of the sudden illness of the *prima donna*, there could be no performance that evening. To compensate such of the audience as were not disposed to insist upon a return of their entrance money of two sous, which the manager liberally offered to repay at the door, it was further announced that the orchestra would give an instrumental concert, and it accordingly executed a selection of pieces from Rossini, Mercadante, and other Italian composers. This was my first public appearance as a musical performer.

M. Duport furnished us with two guides for our excursion. One was a well-known hunter of the "Bouquetin" or Ibex, which was then found on the high peaks in this part of the Alps. He had been a notorious smuggler, had passed a good deal of his time in prison, and in consequence of the numerous punishments to which he had been subjected, had acquired the nick-name of "Le Ferule." We followed for some distance the valley of the Orca, in which are gold and silver mines, and then ascended to the glaciers of the Mount Iseran by a difficult and dangerous pathway, over moraines, loose stones, almost perpendicular rocks, ice, and snow. The feats we performed would, no doubt, be looked upon with contempt by modern Alpine climbers.

I was, nevertheless, very proud at having attained a narrow ledge on the face of a precipice, on which I was described by my fellow-traveller, who was far beneath me, as "like a bill stuck upon a wall."

After successfully accomplishing this ascent, and obtaining from the highest point of the Iseran a magnificent view of this part of the Alpine chain, with its peaks and glaciers and its valleys, running on the one side into the Italian plains, and on the other into Savoy, we returned to a *châlet*, where we had slept the previous night. On the following day, we crossed by a pass of no great height or difficulty, although the path was occasionally carried over very precipitous rocks, known as the Col de la Croix de Nivolet, Santa Croce, or Ceroletta, into the valley of Savaranche, which opens into that of Aosta. I remember the views from various points in it were of marvellous grandeur and loveliness, and that we passed through forests of magnificent chestnut and walnut trees, over which towered the spotless summits of Mont Blanc.

I was much interested in the Roman remains existing in the town of Aosta, and spent a day in exploring them. We also visited the fine Roman aqueduct or bridge, known as the Pont d'El, at the entrance of the Val de Cogne, which, according to an inscription upon it, still well preserved, was built at the private expense of one Cajus Aimus of Padua and his son, in the thirteenth year of the Consulship of Augustus Caesar, and in the 750th year of Rome.

As Mr Brockeden wished to verify a theory he had formed that Hannibal had crossed the Alps into Italy by the pass now known as that of "The Little St Bernard," we followed the valley of Aosta to Courmayeur, and on the following day ascended on mules to the summit of this pass. We found there a ring of large stones, apparently of Celtic origin, which is known traditionally as the Cercle

d'Annibal. Mr Brockeden, with "Polybius" in his hand, satisfied himself by an examination of the principal features of the pass that he had rightly solved the much disputed question as to the route taken by the Carthaginians when descending into the Italian plains.

We passed the night at the Hospice on the summit, returned the following day to Aosta, and ascended to the Convent of the Great St Bernard. M. Barras, well known at that time to travellers, was then the *Clavandier*, or head of the establishment. He was a well-informed, if not a learned, man, and did the honours of the place with much dignity and politeness. There were then fifteen monks in the convent. After passing a day there, we descended to Martigny in the valley of the Rhone. I parted from Mr Brockeden, who had fallen ill and was unable to make any long excursion on foot, on the way to Brienz, and taking a path, with a boy for my guide, had a long but delightful walk through pine forests and over mountain meadows to Meyringen. Hence, I ascended to the summit of the Grimsel Pass, and returned to the village in one day—a walk of seventeen hours, which fatigued me much. However, the following day I crossed the Sheideck, visiting the Rosenlaui Glacier on the way to Grindelwald. I rejoined Mr Brockeden near Interlaken. We drove through the Simmenthal, and Gruyère, celebrated for its cheeses, to Vevey, embarked on the Lake of Geneva, landed at Villeneuve at its eastern end, and returned to Martigny, which we had left about three weeks before. We drove back to Vevey, visiting the Castle of Chillon on our way, and there embarked for Geneva. Thence we went by diligence to Paris, where we found our former fellow-traveller, Mr Crabb Robinson, and after spending a day or two with him, I returned home, reaching London, after spending a week with my

mother at Ramsgate, on the 15th October, having been absent from England about two months.

In the following year my mother took a house at Calais, where my brothers spent their holidays. I passed a short time with them and then made a walking tour in the south of France. The journal that I kept during my expedition has been lost, and I find no record of my adventures. I have, however, a lively remembrance of delightful days spent on the banks of the Loire and the Garonne, of evenings passed at small roadside inns, of peasant dances at village *guinguettes*, and of flirtations with pretty *grisettes*, and of passing some joyous days on board a tow-boat on the Canal du Midi, with some French students, who, like myself, were making a knapsack tour. But I have, at the same time, many recollections far from pleasant, of weary walks along dusty roads in a hot sun, of the constant trouble from *gendarmes*, who were unable to decipher my passport, and looked with suspicion upon a traveller on foot, who would assign no satisfactory motive for his wanderings, and of the rudeness, almost brutality, with which an Englishman was occasionally treated at that time in out-of-the-way places in France. However, I managed to keep a restraint over my temper, and treated as jokes the uncomplimentary epithets which were not unfrequently launched against my countrymen and myself. I thus avoided quarrels which might have led to the interference of the *gendarmes*, and in which an Englishman would, in all cases, have been found in the wrong, and been made to suffer accordingly. I travelled in this manner very economically, three or four francs a day being amply sufficient for my requirements. I improved my knowledge of French, which I learnt to speak with fluency, and with a fairly good accent, and made myself acquainted to a certain extent with the manners and

customs of the people. My opinion of the French was not improved by intercourse with them. I formed an unfavourable impression with regard to them, which has not been changed by many years' experience of their characters and qualities.

I spent part of the summer and autumn of 1837 in the north of Italy with my friend, Camille Duport. On my way from Lyons to Turin, I left the diligence at Les Echelles, on the French frontier, and walked to the Grande Chartreuse, where I spent a night. I was enchanted with the fine scenery which surrounds the convent, and the picturesque appearance of the building. The monks were hospitable, and I was received with much politeness by the General of the Order, a short, stout man, with a very high forehead, and piercing, restless eyes, dressed in a long white robe, cowl and sandals, and carrying a string of large beads, to which a cross was attached, round his waist. After some conversation, chiefly relating to Ireland and to the grievances of the Irish, in whom he seemed to take much interest, attributing, however, their condition mainly to their idle habits, he introduced me to Don Charles de la Joie, the "Brother Coadjutor," who was next in rank to himself, an amiable, good-natured monk, who appeared to take pleasure in talking to strangers, and in answering their enquiries. He told me that he had been a lawyer at Paris before retiring from the world. He directed one of the brothers, named Jean Marie, to conduct me over the convent, and to show me the library, the chapel, the cemetery, and other things which he considered worthy of notice. I attended a Mass in the middle of the night—an impressive ceremony—during which the white-robed monks prostrated themselves at full length upon the stone floor.

Early in the morning I returned on foot to Les Echelles, hoping to find a plaçe in the diligence. As

it contained the full legal number of passengers, I was concealed by the *conducteur* amongst the luggage, which was placed under a leather hood covering the top of the conveyance. We crossed the Mont Cenis and arrived at Turin in the night of the 24th August.

I spent some very delightful weeks with my friends, the Duports. I lived entirely in Italian society, and was introduced to several agreeable families. I saw a good deal of the Cavours. Camille de Cavour's father was then Minister of Police. In the house of the Chevalier Bonafons, with whom the Duports were very intimate, I met some of the most distinguished Piedmontese authors, amongst them, Silvio Pellico, Cibrario, and Giovanetti. M. Bonafons was a Frenchman by birth, who had established himself in Piedmont. With his brother, who lived at Lyons, he was the first proprietor of the diligences, which then monopolised the passenger traffic over the Mont Cenis. The undertaking had been a successful one, and he was wealthy. He was a bachelor, a man of erudition and a poet. He possessed a large and well-chosen library, and had devoted himself to letters and to scientific pursuits, and especially to agriculture. Amongst the works which he published was one in folio upon the history of the maize or Indian corn, illustrated with coloured prints, which at that time was, I believe, considered the standard authority on the subject. He entertained with much hospitality, and kept a kind of open house, daily receiving numerous friends at his breakfast and dinner table. We were constantly his guests. The conversation on these occasions was always lively, agreeable, and instructive. Questions of literary, scientific, or historical interest were discussed, in which he took a leading part. He was a man of venerable aspect, of an amiable and benevolent disposition, and much beloved on account of his kindly and charitable character. Living in his house were several

young men, whom he had selected from humble positions on account of their abilities, and who were being taught agriculture, botany, and painting under his direction, and at his expense.

But the incident in my holiday in Italy of which I retain the liveliest and most pleasing recollection, was an excursion to the Lago Maggiore with Camille Duport and the Cavaliere and Contessina Galateri. The Cavaliere was the son of a distinguished officer in the Piedmontese army, who was, at that time, Governor of Alessandria. He was a young man of many acquirements—a poet, a painter, and an ingenious mechanic, but of so violent, irritable, and capricious a disposition that he was generally known as "*il matto*," the madman. His wife, the Contessina, was the daughter of a Count Brunetta, of Novara. She was some years younger than himself. He had married her clandestinely when she was only fifteen years of age. His father, who had, according to the custom of the country, arranged an alliance for him with a wealthy family, was exasperated by this act of contumacy, and, being all-powerful, caused his son to be confined in the Fort of Finestrelles and his young bride in a convent. Two years elapsed before the old Count was pacified and they obtained their liberty. But their troubles had not come to an end. General Galateri had discovered in 1832 a conspiracy against the Government, and, being a man of a determined and ruthless disposition, had shot, it was alleged, in cold blood six young men of good family, who were accused of complicity in it. As the vengeance of the friends of the victims of this act of cruelty could not reach the father, it was directed against the son. He and his wife had several narrow escapes from assassination. They were fired at more than once ; a mine of gunpowder was found under a house which they inhabited ; and they were rarely, at one time, able to venture abroad. I re-

member the Contessina telling me, with thrilling dramatic effect, how she and her husband had been invited by the priest of a neighbouring village to visit a poor widow who was living with her children in great poverty and needed charity. They were to breakfast and spend the day in his house. On their way thither, accompanied by a friend, they stopped to visit an ancient convent. The gentlemen were admitted into the building, but, as it was closed to women, she had to wait for them in the church. Whilst there she was accosted by an old monk. "I know," said he, "whither you are going. Are you brave? for you have need of great courage. Be on your guard when with the priest who is to be your host." He was about to leave her when, taking her by the hand, he entreated her solemnly not to proceed on her excursion. She was afraid to inform her husband of what had occurred, but as he perceived that she was unusually anxious, he insisted upon knowing the cause. He thought the friar's warning of sufficient importance to decide him to give up the projected visit, and to return home. Three days after, when entering Alessandria, they passed the priest pinioned in a cart between two *gendarmes*. They learnt that the police had discovered that he had laid a plot to murder them. The monk who had warned her of the danger had probably learnt it in confession.

The Contessina Galateri was well known in Turin Society for her beauty and accomplishments. She was one of the loveliest women I ever saw. Her beauty was of a kind rare in Italy, except at Venice. Her complexion was of the most exquisite transparency; her eyes, shaded by long lashes, were of the deepest blue, and her luxuriant hair of the most brilliant golden hue. Her features were of the purest classic type. Although she was small in stature, her figure was exquisitely graceful and well-proportioned. The Countess Andriana Marcello, of

Venice, with whom I became acquainted many years afterwards, when in her youth one of the most beautiful women in Italy, reminded me very much of her. In addition to her great personal attractions, she possessed a fine contralto voice, and sang with the greatest taste and expression.

Although the education of women was, up to a very recent period, sorely neglected in Italy, and their intellects had been as little attended to as their morals, an accomplished and highly-cultivated Italian lady—and I have known many such—has always appeared to me the most perfect type of her sex.

The Galateris were acquainted with, or allied to, the principal families in Piedmont. During our excursion we spent much of our time in country houses, and in the most agreeable society. We were a merry party, committing all manner of extravagances, singing, dancing, serenading by night on the water, and making expeditions in the hills. Our language was usually Piedmontese, a harsh ill-sounding dialect, of which, with the teachers I had to instruct me, I soon acquired some knowledge.

We left Turin on the 6th September, and passed a day at Novara with the Count and Countess Brunetta, the father and mother of the Contessina Galateri. They treated us in their country house near the town with sumptuous hospitality.

Novara, from its cleanliness, its numerous modern public and private buildings, and its general aspect of comfort and wealth, formed, at that time, a striking contrast to other Italian provincial towns. Owing to a comparatively liberal Government, Piedmont enjoyed a prosperity, and its inhabitants showed a spirit of enterprise, not then to be found in other parts of the Peninsula.

Accompanied by the Contessa Brunetta and one of her sons, we drove to the Lago Maggiore, on which we

spent several days, visiting, amongst other friends, the Borromeo family on their beautiful islands. The weather was delightful, and there was nothing to mar our enjoyment of the exquisite scenery of the lake. We passed most of our time, by day and by night, on the water. The Contessina accompanied herself on the guitar, and sang duets with her brother, who had a fine voice and was an excellent musician. Sometimes friends residing on the borders of the lake joined our party, and took part in the singing.

I remember that we landed late one night on the Isola Pescatore, and brought the whole of the population out of their houses by our music. They had never apparently heard such music before, and expressed their delight with genuine Italian enthusiasm.

In the middle of the day my companions usually enjoyed their *siesta.* I left them to it, and took long walks among the vineyards and forests of chestnut and walnut trees, and on the mountain sides which overhung the lake, and from which I enjoyed the most enchanting views of its broad expanse of blue water and its shores studded with villages, with their churches, convents, and *campaniles.*

In one of these rambles I recollect entering a village church, attracted by the sound of voices chanting a religious service. In the centre of the principal aisle lay on a plain deal board the corpse of a Franciscan friar, dressed in his coarse brown robe and cowl. His thumbs and toes were tied together, and a crucifix was fixed in his joined hands. Several monks were in the choir reciting the offices for the departed, and a few idle boys were collected round the body. The friar, who was an old man with a long and ample white beard, had died that morning, and was to be buried before the sun went down. In those days the dead were treated with little respect in Italy—especially in

country places. It was the custom in this part of the Peninsula to dig them up a short time after they had been in the grave, and to place their bones in a charnel-house attached to the church, where they could be seen by passers-by through a grated window. Some of the skulls would bear the names of the persons to whom they belonged, and the date of their deaths, written upon them. When the skull was that of a priest, it was usually covered by his ecclesiastical cap. This indecent exposure of human remains is no longer, I believe, permitted, although the charnel-houses have not been always removed.

We spent a day at Canobbio with a Signor Turcotti, who received us very hospitably. His young wife, a beautiful and graceful woman, and a charming musician, joined us in our excursions. We visited with them the villa of an old Canonico, named Galli, on a hill above the village. He was celebrated in the country for his grapes, but especially for his successful captures of little birds. This was a favourite amusement all over Italy with the rural clergy—even with those of the highest ecclesiastical rank. It was dignified with the name of *caccia* (sport). It led to the almost complete extermination of singing and other small birds. It was carried on in various ways and under different names; but usually with a small trained owl, called a *Civetta*, and with folding nets spread on the ground, and with "hand-nets" by night. The first method consisted in tying the owl by the leg to a pole fixed in the ground in an open space and in the full sunlight. The owl, perched on a kind of pad, whether blinded by the glare, or for some other reason, made constant bows and grotesque motions, which had the effect of attracting to it the birds in the neighbourhood. They came boldly to indulge their curiosity, or to mock at the captive, and alighting upon branches well smeared with bird-lime, which had been treacherously prepared for

them, were at once caught. This was a very favourite sport, and most well-to-do peasants and priests had their *Civetta*.

The following anecdote was told me of a priest in a village near Bergamo. He was an enthusiastic and indefatigable sportsman with the *Civetta*. He could not refrain, even on a Sunday, from his favourite amusement. On one occasion he was expecting a visit to his parish from the bishop of his diocese; not to be deprived of his day's sport, he went out with his owl and his bird-lime and twigs, and setting his sacristan on a height to watch and to report to him the approach of the bishop, he began his operation. Shortly after, the signal was given that the bishop was near; he had only time to seize his owl and his sticks, and to run into the church. But when there he was puzzled what to do with them. He was at his wits' end when the bishop arrived at the door. He hastily threw the sticks under the altar, and put the owl under a chalice upon it. The bishop, whilst asking a few questions as to the parish, and hearing from the priest that he was in great poverty, and devoted his whole time to the religious instruction and consolation of his flock, perceived an unusual motion in the inverted chalice. Curious to know the cause of this phenomenon, he raised it, when the owl, released from its confinement, began making its usual bows to his Holiness. The bishop, who was himself an ardent sportsman, could with difficulty restrain his gravity; but he felt compelled to admonish the *parocho*, and to warn him that if he ever again neglected his duties on a Sunday, he must find other means of disposing of his owl.

To catch birds with folding nets, the sportsman—if he deserves the name—conceals himself in an artificially constructed bush, or in a hole in the ground. By pulling a rope he can close the nets which are spread out in

front of him. The game is enticed into them by singing birds in cages, and by other small birds which are tied to sticks, which are moved up and down by strings held by the fowler, the birds being thus made to flutter in the air. When a sufficient number of birds of all kinds—larks, fieldfares, redbreasts, etc. etc.—are collected around them, the net is drawn and they are captured.

A prodigious quantity of small birds are caught at night—especially during the time of their migrations—by what is called the *deluvio* (the deluge). Tall hedges or bushes are grown for the purpose. After dark, and when the birds are at roost in them, the "sportsman" sallies forth with folding nets and lanterns. The nets are held close to the bushes, which are beaten with sticks. The birds, disturbed in their sleep, fly towards the lights held outside the nets, in which they get entangled.

It was by these means that the markets of Italy were supplied with the enormous number of small birds of all kinds which, without distinction of kind or size, are eaten by the people throughout the year. Their gradual extermination was prejudicial to agriculture and horticulture, and deprived country life of one of its chief joys. It would have been almost complete, had not the Government at length limited by law the times and seasons for capturing them.

Our friend, the Canonico Galli, did not, however, employ either of these methods. He took us to a small hut on the top of a hill, upon which birds of various kinds when migrating were accustomed to alight, after crossing the lake. Concealed in this hut we witnessed the sport. An open space was enclosed by high hedges, against which nets were placed. The game was enticed into it by singing birds placed on the ground in cages. By a refinement of cruelty their eyes had been put out, in order, as the Canonico explained to us, that, having nothing

to distract their attention, they might sing better. When a sufficient number of birds had collected, a piece of black cloth was thrown into the air. Taking it for a hawk, and seeking to escape, they flew to the nearest shelter—the bushes with the nets, in which they became entangled.

We passed a day at Locarno at the time of the great annual fair. The town was full of people from the surrounding country and the neighbouring Swiss cantons. The peasantry still wore their ancient national dress, and the market-place was crowded with men and women in the most varied costumes. Thousands of pilgrims were wending their way up the steep paths which led to the Church and Convent of the Madonna del Sasso, standing upon the edge of a precipitous cliff rising above the lake, and commanding a prospect combining the most picturesque architecture, the bluest expanse of water, the brightest and most luxuriant vegetation, and the grandest mountain ranges, a view scarcely to be surpassed for variety and beauty.

From Locarno we returned to Baveno, and thence down to Omegna at the end of the fairy-like little lake of Orta. We spent a day or two at the small town of that name, passing our nights on the water, and serenading the inhabitants of the Island of San Giulio and of the villas on the shores. Many a fair face was shown at the casements, and many a sweet voice heard from them in answer to our music. During the day my companions visited and prayed at the shrines and chapels on the Monte Sacro, dedicated to St Francis of Assisi. My lovely fellow-traveller made efforts, but, I fear, without success, to convince me that these acts of devotion were not only praiseworthy, but were good for the soul and commanded by the Christian religion. She was, like most Italian women, very devout—perhaps bigoted—and endeavoured with a

charming simplicity to prove to me how much superior was the Roman Catholic faith to the heretical creed which I professed.

From Orta we paid a visit to Cardinal Morozzi, who lived in a spacious villa amidst gardens and vineyards near the small town of Gozzano to the south of the lake. This venerable prelate bore the titles of Prince of Orta, Lord of Gozzano, Bishop of Novara, and many others, besides being a Cardinal Archbishop. He had been Papal Nuncio in Spain, had defended Civita Vecchia against the French, and had rendered eminent services to Pope Pius VII. Although of great age and with hair as white as snow, he had a bright and highly intelligent countenance, and bore himself erect with a very dignified carriage. He received us surrounded by a number of *abbés* and other ecclesiastics and by several officers in full uniform. By his side on the sofa sat three very handsome women; one of them, I learnt, was a Countess Morozzi, a member of his family. We were treated with hospitality, and spent some pleasant hours in the villa and rambling in the gardens.

After one or two more visits to friends of the Galateris residing in the neighbourhood, we returned to Turin, spending a couple of days with the Count and Countess Brunetta at Novara on our way.

Thus ended a most delightful excursion, which was only clouded for a moment by a little incident, which might have had serious consequences. The Cavaliere Galateri was immoderately jealous of his lovely wife, whom in fits of passion, savouring of insanity, he sometimes cruelly ill-treated. He chose to think that I paid her too much attention. A quarrel at Locarno nearly led to a duel. But matters were satisfactorily arranged, and I received an apology. I must confess that I felt a boyish admiration for her, and she may

have encouraged the feeling. But there was nothing further between us.

I have mentioned Silvio Pellico amongst the eminent literary men whom I met at Turin. He had published the account of his imprisonment by the Austrian Government, and of the cruel persecutions, which he underwent on account of his political opinions, about four years before. It had rendered him famous throughout Europe, and "Le Miei Prigioni" had already become a standard work for students of the Italian language, on account of the purity of its style and the interest of the narrative. In Italy it had acquired immense popularity, although it could only be surreptitiously read in such parts of the Peninsula as were not under Austrian rule or under her influence, and they were then very few indeed. In Piedmont it could be freely sold, and its author found an asylum in that country. At the time of my visit to Turin, Silvio Pellico was living in the villa of the Marquis of Barolo, a Piedmontese nobleman, who had hospitably received him after his liberation from an Austrian dungeon, and when he had been reduced to absolute poverty. He was treated as a member of the family. To avoid wounding his feelings by allowing it to be supposed that he was dependent upon charity, the Marquis had appointed him his librarian. The villa, in which Silvio Pellico then resided, was at a short distance from Turin, upon a hill above the royal Château of Moncalieri. It was surrounded by gardens and pleasure-grounds, and commanded an extensive and varied prospect of the chain of the Alps and of the rich plain watered by the Po. I passed an afternoon there with him, accompanied by M. Bonafons. We walked in the gardens, and he pointed out and described to me the beauties of the landscape, dwelling eloquently upon them. I spoke to him of the enthusiasm with which I had read his account of his imprisonment, and of the interest which it had created in

England. "Si les malheurs seuls," he answered, "suffisaient à rendre une histoire intéressante, elle doit l'être." He spoke of the sufferings which he had undergone, adding that the account of them which he had published was in no way exaggerated, "as when he wrote it his frame of mind and sentiments were such as to forbid him to state anything that was not in exact conformity with the truth." His long confinement had developed a strong religious tendency natural to his character, and since his release he had given himself up almost exclusively to devotion and to the practices of his religion, living in complete retirement—so much so, that he was accused by the Italian Liberals of having renounced the opinions of his youth for which he had suffered, and with having connected himself with the "Black" or reactionary party. The Barolo family, indeed, belonged to that party, both in religion and politics. I remarked that on the marble seats in the gardens, and on the pedestals of the numerous busts that adorned the grounds, were inscribed texts from the Scriptures and religious verses—a very unusual occurrence in an Italian villa.

When I observed that the strong anti-Austrian feeling which prevailed in England, especially in the Liberal party had much contributed to the success of his work and the interest with which it had been read, he replied that he had not written against the Austrians or held them up to reproach. He condemned the Austrian Government; but he esteemed the Austrian people. He had always, he said, been treated with kindness by the Austrians individually. The simple narrative of his sufferings was sufficient to show the injustice and tyranny of Austrian rule, but he disavowed the violent denunciations to which it had given rise against the Austrian people, who were equally the victims of them.

The fierce and unrelenting persecution of such men as

Silvio Pellico, Poerio, and others of the same class, whom I have personally known, on account of their political opinions and writings, afforded a convincing proof of the unwisdom and weakness of the Austrian Government in those days, and of those Governments which were under its influence and control. They were mostly men of quiet, simple lives, and, it may almost be said, of weak character, deficient in energy and not likely to engage in compromising plots. Their strength lay in the goodness and justice of their cause, and in that detestation of oppression and persecution which must ever exist in the minds of honest men. On this account they were more feared by the perverse and tyrannical Governments which then held Italy under their sway than the conspirators and intriguers, who were constantly inciting the people to rebellion, and who, whilst in safety themselves, brought the bravest and most patriotic of their countrymen to the galleys.

We talked about his tragedies and other writings. He said that he considered the "Francesca da Rimini" his best work, and that the opinions which he had expressed in his "Doveri" were those which he had always and still professed. The accusation against him that he had changed or abandoned them was unfounded. The conversation turned upon Botta, the historian, who had recently died in Paris. He spoke with much feeling of his death, and of the loss which Italian Letters had sustained by it. Referring to the "History of Italy," he defended Botta against the charge of wilful misrepresentation, admitting, however, that he had sometimes erred and been guilty of omissions, but not intentionally. He praised with much warmth the author's lofty eloquence and his classic style, especially in the "History of America." M. Bonafons observed that Botta had said to him a few weeks before his death that the opinions which he had held at thirty had been much modified at sixty, and had re-

pudiated with indignation the insinuation that he had deserted his principles for a pension. M. Bonafons warmly extolled Botta's private character, and remarked that he lived at Paris, "dans tout le luxe de la pauvreté." Silvio Pellico exclaimed, "C'est très bien dit."

Silvio Pellico was well versed in English literature. He expressed much admiration for the genius of Byron but stigmatised his works as *déshonorantes*. He told us that some years before he had translated "Manfred" into Italian verse. He referred to the interest felt in England in Italian literature, and praised the works of the elder Roscoe and of Hallam on the subject; of the translation of "Le Miei Prigioni" by the younger Roscoe he spoke well, but added, "Il faut avoir mes sentiments pour les traduire."

Our conversation was partly carried on in Italian and partly in French, which he spoke fluently. His language when describing the beauties of the scenery surrounding us, and when discoursing of the Italian poets, was singularly eloquent. His appearance was by no means remarkable. His countenance did not convey the impression of genius nor indeed of intellectual power. He looked like the amiable, honest, and pious gentleman which he was. He gave one the impression of a man who had borne with resignation and fortitude the privations and tortures to which he had been subjected.

After our return from the lakes I accompanied Duport to his father's house at Ponte, and made an excursion with him in the mountains to hunt the "Bouquetin," or Ibex, and the Chamois. We ascended to the glaciers of the Iseran, which I had previously visited with Mr Brockeden; but although we climbed the highest peaks before daylight in search of our game, we did not even see a "Bouquetin." One Chamois was killed by Duport. We spent, however, a very pleasant week in rambling about the mountains, and then paid visits to country

houses, amongst them to the villa of the Cavours, where Camille de Cavour was then staying. Italian country-house life, with its freedom and complete absence of conventionality, has always had a great charm for me. The society was delightful. We everywhere met handsome and accomplished women. I was received with the greatest kindness and hospitality, and soon became a favourite amongst my Italian friends. We had concerts, and I played more than once on the flute in Masses performed at church ceremonies, and was elected a member of the Accademia Filarmonica dei Concordi de Courgne, a small town near the valley of Ponte. I duly received my diploma, which I still possess, worded in the usual magniloquent language of such documents and signed by the various officers of the society. But it became too soon necessary to leave this idle and too fascinating life for my work in Gray's Inn. In October my holiday came to an end, and I had to return to England.

During my visit to Turin I had made the acquaintance of several young men who were active members of the Liberal party, and were consequently suspected by the Government, against whose policy they were in open opposition. They were in communication with the secret revolutionary committees and societies which then existed in all parts of Italy. My own political opinions, and the enthusiasm that I felt for the Italian cause, led me to sympathise warmly with them. I attended several of their meetings, and was initiated into some of their secrets. Although many youths of good families were connected with the Liberal movement, which was strictly watched by the police in Piedmont, and was inexorably persecuted and crushed in all other parts of the Peninsula, I believe that Camille de Cavour then took no direct share in it, although he had been persecuted and im-

prisoned on account of his Liberal opinions. I never saw him at any of the secret meetings at which I was present.

One of the young men whose acquaintance I had thus formed, a certain Signor Soffietti, who was a zealous member of one of these secret associations, had given me a letter and some papers to be delivered to a Piedmontese political refugee living at Lyons. I stopped there a couple of days to see him. There were many other fugitives from Piedmont and other parts of the Peninsula living in the city, who were in correspondence with the promoters of the insurrectionary movements in Italy, and who were known as "Carbonari," the name then given to the members of the secret revolutionary societies which were conspiring against the Austrian rule in Italy. Their agents had on many occasions been guilty of acts of bloody vengeance upon the oppressors of their country, which had brought them to the scaffold. I was presented, as a friend of Italian liberty, to several of these youthful conspirators at a secret meeting to which I was invited, having been previously warned that such meetings were strictly prohibited by the French authorities, and that, if we were discovered, we should all pass into the hands of the police, and probably find ourselves in prison. My enthusiasm in the cause induced me, however, to run the risk, although I remember being well pleased when I found myself safe back in my hotel. Although these young men were as conspirators odious to, and persecuted by, all Continental Governments, they were, for the most part, honest and sincere patriots in the truest sense of the word—ready to make every sacrifice, even that of life, for the freedom and independence of their country, and for what they believed to be its welfare. They lived in the greatest poverty; had renounced all worldly advantages; and had, in numerous

instances, even cast off the dearest of ties—those of the family—when their relations disapproved, or feared to be compromised by, their proceedings. If they were irrepressible conspirators, shrinking from no crime, even that of assassination, it was the wickedness and tyranny of Governments that made them so. To their indomitable courage and perseverance, and to their readiness to sacrifice even life for their country, Italy owes her freedom and her regeneration. I little thought that it was under the lead of the young man whose acquaintance I had made at Turin that this great work was to be accomplished.

By the end of October, 1837, I was again in Gray's Inn. I find no record of my life during the following nine months. Although attending regularly at the office of my uncle, and performing, to his satisfaction, the duties allotted to me there, I read little or no Law out of office hours, and took but very small interest in the work on which I was employed. My evenings were spent in general reading at home. I wrote occasionally an article for a monthly periodical called the *London Magazine*, and published by Smith & Elder, which had but a short existence. When I had a few shillings to spare, I went to the gallery of the Italian Opera House, as I was passionately fond of music. At that time, Malibran, Grisi, La Blache, Tamburini, and Rubini were performing together. They were in the prime of their great reputation, and have never been excelled by any singers since, nor have operas ever been produced in such perfection, as the great works of Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and other composers were at that time. Sometimes I took part with my friend Maurice Berkeley, a young solicitor, in amateur instrumental concerts, which were held in the house of an Irishman named Rooke (in Newman Street, if I remember rightly), who led them,

and who was himself a violinist and musical composer. The performers were principally Germans, and mustered from forty to fifty musicians, some of whom were very skilful. We played the symphonies of Haydn, Beethoven, Spohr, and the works of other masters of the classic school, in which I took great delight. I took the humble part of second flute in these performances. We had no audience except on special occasions, when some famous public singer was brought to our meetings by one of the members of the society. On these occasions we were allowed to invite our friends.

In the long vacation of 1838, I again made an excursion on the Continent. Returning to London by water from Ramsgate, where I had been staying with my mother, I passed on the Thames the steamer *Sirius*, which was advertised to sail for St Petersburg, and, seized with a desire to see something of the north of Europe, I determined to go in her as far as Copenhagen, and make my way thence through Sweden to Russia. I accordingly took a second-class place in her, my very limited means compelling me to travel with the greatest economy, and to calculate my expenses to a nicety. I had not communicated my intention to any one, and embarked one morning early in September. For twenty hours during our passage we encountered a violent gale of wind. The sea broke over the vessel, and we were, I believe, in some danger. The passengers during the storm were confined below. We reached the Danish coast as the sun went down, and anchored for the night in the Straits of Elsinore.

On the following morning we groped our way for three hours through a thick fog, until the pilot, fearing to proceed further, insisted upon anchoring. We had scarcely done so, when a light breeze sprang up, and the mist was drawn up like the curtain of a theatre,

exposing a striking and beautiful panoramic view of Copenhagen. The city was before us, forming a semicircle, with its domes, towers, and public buildings, its fortifications and batteries, with ships of war lying lazily before them. On the opposite side, the sea, enclosed by wooded hills, had the appearance of a lake. I was enchanted with the scene.

I passed a couple of days in the city, visiting its principal monuments and its galleries and museums. I was especially interested in the collections of Scandinavian and prehistoric remains, which had then been recently formed, and which has since, under the able direction of Professor Worsaae, become the most complete and instructive in existence. The professor who was in charge of it, and whose name I now forget, very kindly and with much patience drew my attention to, and explained to me, the most remarkable objects it contained. I also made acquaintance with the keeper of the royal or public library, who very obligingly showed me the rich collection of Scandinavian MSS. which it contains, and descanted learnedly on the proofs that they afford of the early discovery of America by Scandinavian navigators. I thus took at Copenhagen my first lesson in northern and prehistoric antiquities.

The works of Thorwaldsen appear to have made a great impression on me, for I find that in letters to friends in England I expressed my admiration of them, esteeming them, on account of the grandeur of their conception and the dignity of their treatment, much above those of Canova.

After visiting the Castle of Elsinore, I embarked on board a steamboat bound to Christiania, but meeting amongst my fellow-passengers some pleasant people who were going to Stockholm, I joined the party, and landed with them at Gothenburg. One of my new

acquaintances was a young Pole, with whom I formed a friendship. He was a man of considerable ability, a very devout Roman Catholic, and an earnest and enthusiastic patriot. He interested me much by his accounts of the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen, which he described with singular eloquence, and of their struggles to recover the freedom of which they had been so cruelly deprived. My own political opinions led me to sympathise with him and his unhappy country, and to share his feelings of hatred for its oppressors. I forget the name of my friend, and never heard what became of him. He may have ended his days in Siberia. My remaining companions were a Frenchman, and a gentleman and his wife from Finland.

The journey from Gothenburg to Stockholm was then performed in small steamboats, built expressly for the navigation of the Gotha Canal and the great lakes which it unites with the capital. They were fairly commodious and comfortable, and the journey in good company and fine weather was a very enjoyable one. It took several days, and as the vessel had to pass through many locks, which caused much delay, the passengers had ample opportunities of visiting the principal objects of interest on the way. We saw the falls of Trothättan, and were tossed about in a storm in the great Wenern Lake. I spent several pleasant days at Stockholm with the party I had joined on the steamer from Elsinore. I was charmed with this beautiful city and its lake and hill scenery, its monuments, its statues, its museums, and its imposing public buildings.

I accompanied a lively and witty Frenchman—a man of letters and, he told me, a correspondent of the *Débats* (I quite forget his name)—to Upsala, and in a tour in the north of Sweden, during which we descended the deep iron mines of Dannemorä. We then crossed to Finland,

travelled through a considerable part of that wild and rugged country, took steamer at Abo for Helsingfors, crossed thence to Revel, and finally reached St Petersburg. On board the steamer was a Russian general, whom I had met on the Gotha Canal. He invited me to play at whist with him and another Russian. I had for partner an English fellow-passenger. We both had good reason to suspect that the general did not play fair, and being, moreover, an indifferent player, I was in terror lest I should lose—as I had barely sufficient money to take me back to England—and find myself stranded penniless at St Petersburg. Fortunately, I ended by being a winner of a few pounds, which proved a very acceptable addition to the diminished contents of my purse. But the mortal fright which I suffered gave me a useful lesson, and prevented me from ever being a gambler.

I remained for some time at St Petersburg, and through Mr Field, an English merchant, whose acquaintance I had accidentally made, I was introduced to several Russian families, and amongst others to that of General Danilefsky, from whom I received much kindness and attention. The general had been aide-de-camp and private secretary to the Emperor Alexander during the Russian Campaign of 1814 in France, of which he had written a history. It had been translated into English by an Englishman of the name of Baxter, residing in Russia. The general was desirous that the translation should be published in England, and on my return I was able to repay the hospitality he had shown me, by inducing Messrs Smith & Elder to bring it out, and by seeing it through the press. General Danilefsky, perceiving my love of travel and adventure, and hearing me express a wish to visit Siberia and the Russian dominions in Asia, offered to obtain permission for me from the Emperor to accompany the trading caravan which then periodically traversed the

steppes of Turkestan to the Chinese frontier. Had I possessed the means of performing this journey, and had I been independent of others, I should have availed myself gladly of his offer.

The letters of introduction, which had been given to me by the young Pole whom I had met in Sweden, enabled me to make the acquaintance of several Polish gentlemen, some of whom were in the employment of the Russian Government, but were enthusiastic patriots and ardently devoted to their country's cause. They found in me a warm sympathiser, and were consequently very open in their communication with me, giving me a good deal of interesting information as to the condition of Russia, and the proceedings of the Russian Government. It was probably from what I learnt from them, and their description of the oppression and cruel treatment to which not only the Poles, but the other population of the Empire was subjected by the Russian Government and its agents, that was derived that detestation of Russian despotism and of Russian rule that I have retained through life.

I returned to London direct from St Petersburg by the *Sirius*. We had a very stormy passage in the North Sea, and were delayed considerably beyond our proper time for arrival in the Thames, having been detained for many hours succouring a Dutch vessel that we found, when the storm was ceasing, in danger of foundering.

As I had hitherto expressed no intention of abandoning the career for which I had been destined, my uncle considered it necessary that I should receive some instruction in other branches of the law, and I was accordingly placed as a pupil with a conveyancer named Twopenny, who enjoyed a high reputation in the profession and had a good deal of business. There were several young men in his office, who were preparing for the Bar. They were noisy and idle, given to society and

the theatres, and little disposed to trouble themselves with the mysteries of conveyancing. Sitting in the same room with them, it was not easy for me to apply myself to the drafting of deeds, or to reading Law. However, I was fairly industrious, copied parchments, and was always ready to help Mr Twopenny, when he thought fit to require my assistance. He was an accomplished artist and connoisseur, as well as a learned lawyer, and possessed a good collection of water-colour drawings by the best English painters. Perceiving my love for the Fine Arts, and finding me a willing pupil, he took me into his favour, and often invited me to dine with him in his chambers in the Temple. The company usually consisted of distinguished lawyers, literary men, and artists, and was consequently much to my taste.

The idea of following the profession of an attorney and solicitor became, however, every day more repugnant to me. I could not conceal my feelings on the subject from my uncle and my friends, and they soon convinced themselves that I had no turn for the law and should make a very bad lawyer. Whatever may have been my uncle's original intention with regard to me, I could not expect that under the circumstances he would take me into his firm as a partner. I could have been of little use to him, and it was not probable that I should have been of much advantage to his clients. I could not hope to succeed if I endeavoured to establish myself alone as a solicitor. I had no interest, and my qualifications were not such as to bring me business. I had turned my thoughts to the Bar, but after consulting those whom I thought competent to advise me, I came to the conclusion that there was no prospect of success for me in that branch of the law, I had not sufficient means to enable me to go through the preliminary course of studies, and to maintain myself until I could be called. My only hope was that,

if I finally decided upon going to the Bar, I might make a little money by literature, and be thus able to support myself until I could earn enough to do so by my profession.

I was so harassed by these thoughts, and by family matters, and my mind became so unsettled, that I was unable to apply myself seriously to any occupation. I was almost in a state of despair as to my future, and of painful uncertainty as to the course which it behoved me to take, when an uncle, Mr Charles Layard, arrived in England from Ceylon, where he had for many years held high civil offices. Seeing that I was discontented with my position and prospects, and that I was seeking for a career, he suggested that the Bar of the island in which he had lived so long, and in which there were still residing in public employment several of his sons, offered an opening to me of which he thought I would do well to avail myself. In order to practise there as a barrister it was not necessary that I should be called in England. My admission as an attorney and solicitor would be sufficient for the purpose, and my local connection would, he felt convinced, ensure me ample and lucrative employment. The island was flourishing. If I failed to succeed in the law, there were other occupations which I could pursue, such as coffee-planting, with every prospect of earning a competency, if not of making a fortune.

After well weighing in my mind my uncle's suggestion, and having already come to the conclusion that I had no hope of advancement if I remained in England, I determined to act upon his advice, and to go to Ceylon with the intention of practising there at the Bar. I communicated my decision to Mr Austen. He was sincerely grieved at learning it, but he frankly told me that he had nothing to offer me which would be an in-

ducement to me to continue with him in Gray's Inn, not being in a position to give me a share in his business, as he was persuaded that my mind was too unsettled, and my dislike to the profession for which I had been intended too deep-rooted, to allow him to believe that I could settle down to its practice. He did not oppose my determination, although he duly warned me of the risk that I was running in embarking on a career of the nature of which I was entirely ignorant, and of the danger of finding myself far away from home without even the means of subsistence.

My mother had the power of appointment under her marriage settlement of a small sum of money to each of her sons. She agreed, on my uncle's advice, to exercise it in my favour, and to the extent of £600. I was to receive £300 for the expenses of my journey, and of establishing myself on my arrival in Ceylon. The remainder was to be paid to Mr Charles Layard, to be remitted to the island, and be there held by his agent at my disposal.

As I had served the five years for which I had been articled, I had only now to pass the necessary examination to enable me to obtain my certificate, and to be enrolled as an attorney and solicitor of H.M. Courts at Westminster, and to practise at the Bar in Ceylon. I accordingly went up for my examination in the month of June 1839, with a number of other young men, at the Law Institution, and having passed it to the satisfaction of the examiners, I received the usual certificate from them, testifying that I was fit and capable to act as an attorney. The examination was not, perhaps, a very severe one; but it required some knowledge of the various branches of the law. I had no difficulty in answering the greater part, if not all, of the questions put to me. I presume that I had not altogether thrown away my time, but had made myself

fairly well acquainted with the elements of my intended profession. On the 10th of June I received the order of the Chief Justice (Coleridge) that I should be sworn, admitted, and enrolled an attorney of H.M. Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster.

CHAPTER III

OVERLAND JOURNEY TO CONSTANTINOPLE

1839

IT chanced that Mr Edward Ledwich Mitford, a young Englishman who had been connected with a mercantile house at Mogador in Morocco, and who had made some interesting excursions through little known parts of that dangerous country, desired to establish himself in Ceylon as a coffee-planter. He had made the acquaintance of my uncle, Mr Charles Layard, who introduced him to me. Like myself, he wished to leave England as soon as possible; but being of an adventurous disposition, and dreading the sea, he had formed a plan for going to Ceylon by land through Europe, Central Asia, and India. He proposed to me that we should perform the journey together. I was much struck by this grand idea. It coincided entirely with my love of travel and adventure, and, if carried out, would enable me to visit many of the most interesting parts of the East, and to realise the dreams that had haunted me from my childhood, when I had spent so many happy hours over the "Arabian Nights." I willingly accepted his proposal, and it was agreed that we should leave England without delay.

I now busied myself with the preparations for my journey. My relations looked upon the scheme as a somewhat insane one, and were alarmed at the dangers

that I should have to incur in traversing the unknown and perilous regions of Central Asia. Even my good friend, Crabb Robinson, shook his head, and feared that I was about to enter upon what is vulgarly called "a wild-goose chase." But my mind was fully made up, and nothing could shake my resolution. My distaste for the profession of an attorney and solicitor was so great, and my position in England seemed to me so hopeless, and caused me so much misery, that I thought only of getting away, and was ready to run the risk of earning my livelihood elsewhere. I had, no doubt, been influenced in my decision by a spirit of adventure which induced me to treat too lightly the consequences that might follow the step that I was taking and the dangers of the overland journey. But I had a presentiment, if not a conviction, that I should get through the perils which threatened my companion and myself, and that the resolution which I had adopted was the one most likely to procure for me a career more suited to my tastes and character than that of the law.

There were also other reasons which to a great extent influenced me in my decision. I had, as I have mentioned, formed almost from my boyhood very liberal and independent opinions upon politics. These opinions extended to religious questions. They were entirely at variance with those of my relations, who were without exception staunch and bigoted Tories of the old school of "Church and State" men. This was a source of disagreement between my Uncle Austen and myself, which rendered it very improbable that he would associate me with him in his business. With people of his class, to accuse a man of being "a Radical" was, in those days, to believe him capable of committing almost any crime. The agitation for the abolition of the Corn Laws was then beginning. I had already formed very decided views

upon the subject. Had I remained in England and had the opportunity, I should most probably have joined the Anti-Corn Law League, and enrolled myself amongst the agitators. I had the impertinence to write to Charles Villiers, when he first brought the question before Parliament, warmly approving of his motion, and finishing my letter by asking him for an order for the gallery of the House of Commons, to hear the debate upon it. He very kindly answered my letter, and sent me the order. I reminded him of the circumstance many years after, when I voted as a Member of Parliament with the majority which finally disposed of the Corn Laws. He had not altogether forgotten it.

I have had occasion to mention how ardently I sympathised with the cause of Italian and Polish liberty. The verses at which, like most young men of an imaginative turn, I occasionally tried my hand were chiefly in praise of Italian and Polish patriots, and of the struggles for freedom in which they had suffered and died.

As Mr Mitford and myself had determined to make a journey through countries rarely visited by English travellers, and in some instances altogether unexplored, we were desirous of being useful, as far as might be in our power, to geographical knowledge and to science in general. We therefore placed ourselves in communication with the Royal Geographical Society, and consulted the Council as to the route through Asia which we should follow with that object. I also obtained an introduction to Mr Bailie Fraser, the well-known novelist and traveller, who gave me useful information to guide us in our journey through Persia. We likewise saw Sir John M'Neill, who had been recently H.M. Minister at Teheran. He kindly answered in writing the questions we put to him, and encouraged us in our undertaking.

Among the persons who were frequent guests at Mr

Austen's table was Sir Charles Fellows, who was then famous for his travels and his discoveries of the remains of ancient Greek cities in Asia Minor. I had seen a good deal of him, and the accounts he gave me of his wanderings and explorations inspired me with the strongest desire to follow his example. He very kindly gave me many valuable hints, and urged me to visit parts of that country into which he had not penetrated, and where, he believed, important ruins were yet to be found.

The result of our enquiries, and of the advice and information we received from these and other sources, was that we determined to proceed through Dalmatia to Montenegro; to cross Turkey in Europe to Constantinople; to traverse Asia Minor, and to visit Syria and Palestine on our way to Baghdad. We were thence to enter Persia by Hamadan, to explore the mountains of Luristan, and to attempt starting from Ispahan, taking the road by Yezd, to reach the Lake of Farrah and the Seistan. After exploring that part of Central Asia, then unknown, we hoped to visit Kandahar, to enter India through Afghanistan, and to traverse the whole of the Peninsula to its southernmost point, whence we could reach our destination without further difficulty. We calculated that it would take us about one year to execute this gigantic scheme. The journey we thus proposed to make was at that time one of very considerable danger. It would not be without its perils even now. To add to its difficulties, if not to its risks, a rupture had taken place between England and Persia, and although it had not actually led to war between the two countries, the British Minister had been withdrawn from Teheran, and diplomatic relations with the Government of the Shah had been suspended. It was consequently doubtful whether we should be permitted to enter Persia, and to travel through that country.

In case we found obstacles on our way, which we could not overcome if we attempted to pass through northern Persia, we decided upon attempting to reach Kandahar through Beluchistan. In answer to our question whether it would be possible for us to follow that route, Sir John M'Neill expressed his opinion, that whilst we should have no difficulty in getting from Baghdad to Bushire, and probably not much in getting from Bushire to Kerman, unless recent events should have changed the usual feelings towards Englishmen in that part of Asia, it would be otherwise in going from Kerman to Kandahar, and the difficulties on that route might, at that time, be insurmountable. As an alternative route he proposed to us to endeavour to reach Kandahar from Kerman, through Herat and Lash and by the Helmund River. He strongly urged us to carry out our plan of exploring the Lake of Seistan, which, from the ruins said to exist in its vicinity, and the island it contained, then supposed to be inhabited by a colony of Fire-Worshippers, was of great interest. It was also of much importance to ascertain the course of the Helmund, and the names and condition of the tribes inhabiting the country through which it flowed, as well as of the ancient towns, the remains of which were to be found on its banks.

Mr Mitford had some knowledge of natural history, and especially of ornithology. He could stuff birds, and I took some lessons in taxidermy. We provided ourselves with instruments with a view to making collections, and we each purchased a double-barrelled gun, which would serve for defence, for procuring us a dinner in case of need, and for obtaining specimens. I bought, at the same time, a pair of double-barrelled pistols.

I was anxious to learn how to make astronomical observations and rough surveys of unexplored countries through which we might pass. I accordingly engaged a professor

of navigation in the city to give me a few lessons on the use of the sextant, and on the elements of trigonometry. I had not sufficient time at my disposal to enable me to make much progress with him, but I learned enough to be very useful to me in my subsequent travels. I provided myself with a pocket sextant, an artificial horizon, a Cator's compass, and one or two other simple instruments, such as thermometers and an aneroid barometer, and a good silver watch, which, on the advice of an experienced traveller in the East, I had painted black, so that the sight of the bright metal might not invite the cupidity of the wild tribes through which we were to pass.

I obtained one or two pamphlets referring to the countries which we intended to visit—especially Sir Henry (then Major) Rawlinson's account of his journey to Susiana, from the journal of the Geographical Society—and such treatises as had then been published, and they were very few, on the cuneiform and Pehlevi writing, as inscriptions were believed to exist in both those characters in the border mountains of Persia.

Mr Mitford and I had agreed together to travel with the greatest economy and in the cheapest possible manner. As his means were as limited as my own, it was necessary to avoid every unnecessary expense, and to take nothing with us in the way of luggage except what we required for our immediate wants. We consequently only supplied ourselves with sufficient clothes to fit into one small portmanteau each. Such clothes as we might require during our journey, we determined to buy as we needed them. Moreover, we intended to adopt the native costume if we found it advisable to do so. The only luxury with which we furnished ourselves was a "Levinge bed," which I had found the best protection against insects. I carried a letter of credit for £300 from Messrs Coutts & Co., with whom I had deposited that sum.

Mr Stewart, a partner in the house of Smith & Elder, the publishers, from whom I had experienced many acts of kindness, learning our intention of exploring unknown countries in Central Asia, and desirous of assisting me, offered to advance us £200 bearing interest, on condition that we should place at the disposal of his firm the manuscript of the journal we were to keep within six months after our arrival in Ceylon. If it was of sufficient interest to be published, Messrs Smith & Elder were to undertake its publication, recouping themselves for their advance out of the profits, if any; and in the event of the advance being more than covered, we were then to receive two-thirds of the surplus. Should they decide upon not publishing it, we bound ourselves to repay them the sum advanced with interest.[1]

All our preparations having been at length completed, I bade farewell to my mother, who had come to London to see the last of me, and on the 10th July (1839) we left London by a steamer for Ostend. As we passed down the Thames I laboured under various emotions. I had an unknown future before me. My chances of success in the new career I had chosen for myself were doubtful. My plans were, after all, vague and somewhat wild. If I failed in the object of my journey, and the means of supporting myself were wanting, what was to become of me? But notwithstanding these doubts and considerations, I experienced a happy sensation of relief at leaving England and abandoning a pursuit which was odious to me. I was now independent, and no more exposed to the vexatious interference and control to which I had hitherto

[1] Since the account of my journey was written, Mr Mitford, my companion, has published his "Land March from England to Ceylon Forty Years Ago" (London, Allen & Co., 1884). He has given a full relation of our journey until we parted company at Hamadan in Persia. I have compared this relation with my notes, and find that they agree.

been subjected, and greatly resented. I was of a sanguine and hopeful temperament; I had robust health and much energy, and courage and determination enough to grapple with any dangers and difficulties that I might have to encounter. I was consequently in no way dismayed by the prospect before me, but was fully prepared for the consequences, whatever they might be, of the step that I had taken. In leaving England I had nothing to regret except the separation from my mother. Had I remained, I should in all probability have passed through life in the obscure position of a respectable lawyer, unless some opening, which could not have been foreseen, might have enabled me to distinguish myself in some other career.

I landed at Ostend on the morning of the 11th July, stopped at Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, visiting the monuments, museums, and galleries in those interesting cities, and reached Brussels, where I met my fellow-traveller, Mitford, on the 14th. We spent a day there, as I wished to see our old servant, Pachot, who was living with his daughter on a small pension which my mother allowed him. I had also some communications to make on behalf of his friends in London, who feared to trust their letters to the post, to M. Lalavel, a well-known Polish refugee, who had formerly held the Professorship of History at Wilna, and had been engaged in the last Polish revolution. We arrived at Aix la Chapelle on the day of the great religious festival, when, once in seven years, the shift of the Blessed Virgin and other holy relics are exhibited to a vast crowd of pilgrims and devotees. This exhibition, so discreditable to the civilisation of our times, was afterwards denounced by Lasalle, the Roman Catholic priest, and no longer, I believe, takes place. The highest clergy assembled on the balcony of the tower of the cathedral, held up the sacred garment to be adored, and innumerable miraculous cures were supposed to be effected by it. I witnessed the

ceremonies to my small edification. The city was filled with visitors and strangers, and we had the greatest difficulty in finding accommodation for the night.

From Aix la Chapelle we went to Cologne, took the steamer to Coblenz, where we slept, and bathed in the Rhine. On the following day we ascended the river to Mannheim, and, passing through Heidelberg, Stuttgart, Ulm, and Augsburg, reached Munich on the 25th. We passed two days there in the Pinacothek and Glyptothek. I saw for the first time the splendid collections in those National Museums, brought together by the liberality and public spirit of King Lewis I. of Bavaria. They gave me the liveliest pleasure, and I profited not a little by even this hasty visit.

Hitherto we had used the common public conveyances of the country. We were now joined by two English gentlemen, who proposed that we should post together through the Tyrol to Venice. Posting was at that time a very cheap and convenient mode of travelling, especially when the expense was divided between four, as in our case. A light carriage was furnished at each post-house, and with good horses and a gaily-dressed postilion, who kept up a constant, but not very melodious, blast on his horn, we went merrily along. We drove through the beautiful scenery of the Kochelsee and the Walchensee to Innsbruck, crossed the Brenner, slept at Mittenwald, turned off thence into the Pusterthal, and crossed the Ampezzo Pass to Cortina. This road had recently been constructed by the Austrian Government and opened to traffic. It was then the shortest route to Venice from Munich. I was greatly struck with its magnificent scenery and the glorious views it afforded of the Dolomite Mountains, which were then but little known to English travellers. I have retained the greatest admiration for this pass, and the recollection of the intense enjoyment which I experienced

in travelling through it in 1839 has led me to visit it on several occasions since.

We soon found ourselves in the plains of Italy, to my great joy. At that time Venice was reached by gondola from Mestre. It was then the only way to enter that unique and wonderful city. After a long row through the narrow canals that traverse the marshy flat extending from the mainland, and over the broad expanse of water of the lagune with distant views of the great range of the Tyrolese Alps, the traveller entered the Canareggio, one of the principal thoroughfares of the city leading into the Grand Canal. He followed this main stream, flowing between stately and historic palaces and the most varied and picturesque architecture, until he reached his hotel, lost in wonder and admiration at the unrivalled beauties and infinite variety of objects that could scarcely fail to excite the imagination of even the most prosaic of men.

We only remained two days at Venice, which were busily employed in visiting its principal monuments and galleries. We met there and were accompanied in our wanderings by Mr Dennis, who was returning from a tour amongst the sites of the ancient cities and cemeteries of Etruria. He was on his way to England, and I gave him a letter to my friend, John Murray, then the son of the renowned publisher, which led to the publication by that eminent house of his well-known work. I was greatly interested in the account he gave me of the ruins and tombs that he had explored. I had already acquired some knowledge on the subject of the Etruscan remains from reading the works on the subject of Micali and other Italian authors, and from visiting the Etruscan collections at Florence with my father, when a boy.

I was, of course, enchanted with Venice, and my love for the city has not diminished after more than forty years,

during which I have passed many happy days in it. We crossed the Adriatic by steamer to Trieste—where we received great civility and hospitality from a merchant named Lazzari, who had married an English lady. He invited us every day to dinner or to pass the evening at his house, which was charmingly situated in the midst of a flower-garden, and commanded a beautiful view of the bay and the surrounding mountains. We were a very pleasant and merry party. They assembled their friends round them in the evening, and we sat in the garden in that delicious climate to a late hour in the night. They gave us letters to acquaintances at Fiume, where we required some advice and assistance to enable us to make the preparations necessary for travelling in the wild and little-known country into which we were now about to enter.

We received much help from Mr Crofton Smith, an English gentleman established there as a merchant, and after spending a couple of days very agreeably in this prettily situated and flourishing town, we started on our journey through Dalmatia. We were now about to leave the realms of civilisation, and to embark upon our adventurous and perilous journey. We were in high spirits. The novelty of all that we saw around us, and the risks which we were assured we were about to run, added not a little to the charm of our position. No two travellers had ever commenced a journey of the kind under more favourable auspices, or were better able or more prepared to meet its toils and its dangers.

Dalmatia had been at that time but little visited by English travellers. I was acquainted with the great works of Spon, Wheeler, and Adams on the Roman remains which still exist in the country, but we possessed no guide or book of travels which could give us information as to what we ought to see and do. We learnt at Fiume

that we should find to a certain distance fairly good roads recently constructed by the Austrian Government with facilities for posting, but that a considerable part of our journey would have to be performed on horses or mules. We had, therefore, to procure saddles. We obtained letters for some of the local authorities, and a gentleman whom we had met at Trieste, and who had been in the employment of the *Vladika* or Prince of Montenegro, gave us an introduction to him, as we proposed to pass through his territories to enter Turkey.

We left Fiume on the 10th August in a small and rude post-carriage. The road, which was rough and bad, was at one time carried over hills overhanging the blue waters of inland bays, at another along their margin, furnishing a series of lovely views. The heights were crowned with the remains of watch or martello towers, and on the shore were the ruins of many an ancient castle. It was the season for the tunny fishery, and the fishermen were drying their vast nets on the shore, or perched upon little platforms on the top of high poles watching for the approach of the fish. During our first day's progress we passed through a barren and desolate country. Rocks of varied and fantastic shapes rose in wild confusion around us when we were on the high land. On the sea coast we found villages surrounded by fruit-bearing trees—the fig, the pomegranate, and the vine. The dresses of the peasants were no longer European, but bore an Eastern character. Both men and women wore red skull-caps, those of the men being embroidered with elegant patterns in black silk, those of the women with gold and coloured thread. Both also wore jackets similarly embroidered, and profusely adorned with silver ornaments with Turkish coins, and blue and red leggings or gaiters. The women had petticoats of gay colours and aprons worked with various patterns in divers colours,

and abundance of gold ornaments and large ear-rings. Both men and women wore their hair plaited and hanging in tails down their backs. Many of the women we passed were tall and handsome, with black eyes and hair. The costumes of the peasantry varied in some respects in almost every district through which we passed, but was always rich and picturesque, and sometimes fantastic. In Dalmatia the turban was not uncommon amongst men and women.

We stopped to dine at Zengg, a small port with a quay and one or two ships lying lazily in a little bay. The approach to it was through enchanting scenery. The town, small as it was, possessed a casino, or assembly room. Our dinner was served in it by three bright-eyed girls.

From Zengg we crossed a high and sterile mountain, commanding an extensive view, and stopped for the night at a post-station in the midst of a wild country, the post-master very obligingly furnishing us with beds, for which, together with a breakfast of coffee and bread, we paid a "zwanziger," a debased Austrian coin, worth 8d. It was evident that the English tourist had not penetrated to this region.

The following day was Sunday, and as we passed through the villages, we found the inhabitants in their rich dresses gathered idly in the streets. They appeared to be an orderly, well-to-do people, and were very courteous and civil, raising their caps and saluting us as we went by. We changed horses in the middle of the day in the small town of Gospich, and were invited in Italian, by the post-mistress, to join her family circle at dinner, an invitation which we accepted. Her husband, who was absent, being an Austrian official, she had aristocratical pretensions. When I asked why her daughters, who were pretty and graceful girls, did not wear the very becoming skull-cap embroidered with gold, she drew herself up with offended

dignity, and replied that red caps were good enough for those *contadini*—those Greeks—whom we saw in the street, but her family, forsooth, were civilised folk, and dressed and lived like people in Vienna. She informed me that she was about to go to that capital to endeavour to get one of her sons into a military college, where he would obtain a gratuitous education, and become in good time an officer. But she had never been further than Fiume, and was very much puzzled to know how she should get to Vienna, which she had heard was a very long way off. She was curious to know where we were going, and on being told to Constantinople, she remarked that that city and Jerusalem were holy places, and that she presumed we were going there for devotion and penance, and expressed her approval of the religious motives which had induced us to make this long and dangerous pilgrimage.

We crossed the wild and rocky Vellibach Pass in a rude cart without springs, and slept at the post-house of Mali Hallin, near its summit. Hitherto we had been travelling in Croatia; we now crossed the Dalmatian frontier. A change took place in the costume of the peasantry. In addition to the red embroidered jacket, all hung with silver buttons and ornaments, the scarlet skull-cap, and their hair braided in tails and hung with beads, they carried long guns and wore belts crammed with pistols, knives, and yataghans. The Austrian Government had not then ventured to disarm these independent and warlike people, and made a virtue of necessity, boasting of their liberality in allowing the Dalmatians to bear arms. These peasants were a wild and savage, though a handsome, race, with a very brigandish air. We were assured, however, that they were peaceful and hospitable with strangers, and that a traveller had nothing to fear from them, although they were quick at resenting insult or offence amongst them-

selves, and in resisting any encroachment upon what they deemed their national rights and privileges. If offended in these respects, blood was speedily shed.

The first Dalmatian town which we entered was Obrovazzo, where we were taken to the Prefect, and closely examined as to our names, the object of our journey, our condition or profession, our ages, our religion, and other points upon which the traveller in those days was required to satisfy the police authorities in the Austrian dominions, and which were specified in Austrian but not in English passports. He spoke but a little Italian, although this language is universally spoken in the towns and along the coast—the remains of the Venetian occupation—whilst Slav prevails in the interior and amongst the peasantry, or *Morlacchi*, as they are called. We had some difficulty in answering his enquiries. As to our professions we could only reply that we had none. "Are you *negozianti?*" "No." "*Militari?*" "No." "Then you must be *nobili?*" Turning to his secretary, he screamed in great wrath, "Write, 'Two English noblemen.'" After questioning us sharply as to our respective ages, he told us crustily that we might go. We were not a little glad to escape from him, as we had reason to fear that he might either turn us back or detain us until he had made enquiries of his superiors in some distant place as to whether we were persons fit to be allowed to visit this part of his Imperial Master's dominions.

The country between this place and Scardona was mountainous, desolate, and thinly inhabited. On some of the hill-tops were the ruins of castles belonging to the time of the Venetian domination. We passed through the narrow streets of Scardona, followed by a crowd of curious people, who appeared to have seen two English travellers for the first time, and could only find lodgings in a small and dirty inn, where I found a scorpion on the wall near

my bed. We were, however, civilly welcomed by the Prefect, for whom we had a letter. On the following day we visited the falls of the Kerkha, at a short distance from the town. I was much delighted with their picturesque beauty, and the rich and luxuriant vegetation with which they were surrounded. I compared them to those of Trolhättan in Sweden, to which I preferred them.

We took boat to the large and ancient town of Sebenico descending the river Kerkha to the sea, which is here divided into a number of inland lakes, bordered by bold precipitous rocks. The town itself, with its large, square fortresses, and domes and towers, is finely situated, rising in the shape of a pyramid on a hill-side from the water's edge. We received much civility from the Prefect, a Count Natali, an aged nobleman of dignified manner and courtly address. He had been a Senator of the Republic of Ragusa before its fall, and had been sent, when the French invaded Dalmatia, as *Oratore* or Ambassador to the Sultan. We spent a very agreeable hour with him, during which he gave us an interesting account of events that had occurred before the Republic had lost its independence. I was much interested in the town with its narrow, precipitous streets, its fine churches, and curious monumental fortifications still surmounted by the winged Lion of St Mark.

A not less interesting city is Trau, the ancient "Tragguntium," upon which we descended from a mountain pass, whence it looked like a map spread beneath us. The architecture of its public buildings and houses is Venetian, and it bears in everything the stamp of the old Republic. Here we first saw the palm-tree growing in the open air.

After leaving Trau we entered upon a more fertile and highly cultivated country than we had hitherto traversed. The vegetation was that of the south of Italy, with the vine, the pomegranate, and the fig in the greatest abundance, and at this time of the year loaded

with fruit. The district between the city and Spalatro is called the Sette Castelli, from some walled villages which stand at a short distance from each other on the sea-shore. On all sides rise the ruins of castles which had once belonged to the noble families of Trau. They were needed to defend their occupants from the incursions of the Turks, who, descending from over-hanging mountains which form the Bosniac frontier, laid waste the lands of the Christians, and carried their wives and children into slavery. This constant exposure of the Dalmatians to attacks from their Mussulman neighbours rendered it necessary that they should never be without the means of defence. Hence the practice, which then still existed amongst them, of carrying a multitude of arms, although the necessity for doing so had happily passed.

We were delighted with the beauty and the richness of the plain through which we drove, and with the picturesque costumes of the peasantry, which seemed to increase in gorgeousness as we went south and approached the land of the Ottoman. In this part of Dalmatia the turban was then in general use with both sexes. The men wear baggy trousers and shave their heads, leaving a kind of pigtail of hair, which hangs from the centre of the crown down their backs; they thus resemble in costume their Mussulman neighbours. We were accompanied by the obliging Syndic, a Signor Donillo, who entertained us with the history and traditions of the various places which he pointed out and described to us on our road.

Before reaching Spalatro we spent a few hours in visiting the ruins of Salona, the ancient capital of Dalmatia and the retreat of the Emperor Diocletian during the last years of his life, where he cultivated his garden and planted his cabbages. A vast extent of rude stone-heaps, fallen walls, and foundations of

buildings, to be traced amongst vineyards, mark the site of the city. The remains of theatres, aqueducts, palaces, and marble columns, which rose above the soil not many centuries ago, had disappeared. It was a scene of desolation only relieved by the luxuriant vegetation—the broad plane-trees and the vine which clothed and almost concealed the ruins.

At a short distance from Salona is the modern city of Spalatro, one of the most important in the province. We remained a day there to visit the stupendous remains of the great palace built by Diocletian. These fine and imposing ruins, although they have grievously suffered from earthquakes and the hand of man, are still sufficiently preserved to afford a nearly complete plan of the imperial edifice with its temples and towers and triumphal arches and golden gates.[1] They have often been described by recent travellers, and representations of them may be seen in the stately volumes of Adams and Spon, and Wheeler. We were conducted over the city and shown all its most interesting and important monuments and curiosities by the Syndic, a native Dalmatian of the name of Marichich. I need scarcely say that I took the most lively interest in them. We were miserably lodged in a small filthy inn. Since that time a large hotel has been built on the outskirts of the city, which has been much improved in every respect through the energy and enterprise of a native citizen, Signor Baramont.

We went from Spalatro to Sign, a town in the mountains and the interior of the province which is less Italian and more Slav than the cities on the coast.

[1] Gibbon says of them: "The golden gate now opens into a market-place. St John the Baptist has usurped the honours of Æsculapius; and the Temple of Jupiter, under the protection of the Virgin, is converted into the Cathedral Church."

We fortunately arrived there on a market day. Although we had much difficulty in finding accommodation for the night, owing to the crowd of visitors and traffickers, we had an opportunity of seeing the varied and really beautiful costumes of the neighbouring districts, and of witnessing their national dances and hearing their wild music and songs. At a short distance from the town was a military post on the frontier, where a bazaar, or fair, was held twice a week, which was supplied with the produce and manufactures of the adjacent Ottoman provinces by Turkish caravans.

We again journeyed through a barren and desolate region—for such generally is the interior of Dalmatia—stopping for the night at Cattuni, a village formed of a few straggling cottages, near the falls of the Cettina. Beyond this place there was no high road fit for carts or carriages. We had, therefore, to hire three horses for ourselves and our luggage, and to take two *Morlacchi* as guides—savage-looking fellows, armed to the teeth, who sang their national airs with stentorian voices, which re-echoed from the mountains, as they walked by our side, and carried on a conversation with the shepherds, who with their flocks were far up on the mountain sides and out of our sight. These mountain songs are sometimes accompanied by the peasants with a kind of double flageolet, the sound of which is not inharmonious or unsuited to the wild scenery of their country. Still crossing the naked and stony mountains we reached Vergoraz. The following day we skirted the small inland lake of Rastock, which was then about to be drained by the Austrian Government. During our day's ride we failed to obtain provisions from the villages through which we passed, and which consisted of miserable huts that did not impress one with the prosperity and cleanliness of the Dalmatian peasantry. They were small, dirty, and

black with smoke, and without windows. A few square stones formed the fireplace, and a mattress with straw in a corner the bedding of the family. During the hot weather the inhabitants, for the most part, slept in a kind of hammock, made of plaited reeds and sticks, suspended from the trees.

We descended from the mountains to Vido, a small town occupying the site of the ancient Narona, the head-quarters at one time of the Romans, in their Dalmatian colony. A part of its walls and other remains of antiquity still exist. It stands at the entrance to a fertile valley, through which flow the rivers Narenta and Noria. They abound in fish, and myriads of water-fowl frequent the marshes which they form, and which render the valley so unhealthy that it is scarcely habitable. The Austrian Government then had a scheme for draining them. We had to cross the united streams in a small and crazy boat, whilst our horses by dint of blows were forced to swim over them.

After sleeping at Matcovitch, whose emaciated and fever-stricken inhabitants suffer from the malaria prevalent there, we were glad to leave as soon as possible, and resumed our journey on the following morning. We were now passing through the great marshes formed by the Narenta; a district so notoriously pestilential, that we were urged not to remain a night in any part of it. We accordingly pushed on for a range of hills which form the boundary of a small piece of territory, then part of the Ottoman Empire. The Republic of Ragusa, dreading Venetian encroachments on its possessions, made over to the Turks a strip of land extending from Bosnia to the sea coast to the north and south of its territory, which was thus completely isolated and separated from its ambitious neighbours. The Venetians in those days did not dare offend the Sultan by violating any part of his dominions, and the Ragusans under his protection

considered themselves secure. These strips of territory, which were respectively called Klek and Sutorina, were then in the possession of Turkey, although she had no right to occupy them militarily, or to approach them by sea. She has since been deprived of them by superior force, as she has been deprived of much else. As the plague was supposed to exist in some part of Turkey, we were under the necessity of taking a "sanitary guardian," as he was termed, with us, who was responsible that we held no communication with men or things upon the infected soil. We thus escaped the quarantine which was imposed upon all persons, produce, and merchandise coming across the Ottoman borders.

It was nightfall when we reached this narrow tongue of land, and stopped under a tree to rest, and, collecting sticks and dry leaves, made a fire and our coffee. As we crossed the broken ground in the darkness, we heard voices from the mountain sides—probably those of shepherds watching their flocks—and we were told with an air of mystery and alarm by our guardian and guides that they were those of the *Turchi*, and we were urged onwards, as if we were in imminent danger. I remember being very much impressed by the scene, and by hearing for the first time the voices of Turks, who, after all, were probably only simple Bosniac Christian shepherds. As for danger there was none; but at that time the Dalmatians still felt a great portion of their ancient terror for their Mussulman neighbours, and our guides pointed out to us two graves under an oak, marked by crosses, which they declared were those of two friars who had been murdered by the Infidels. However, we met no Turks of any kind, and riding all night, soon crossed the narrow strip of Turkish territory and entered that of the ancient Ragusan Republic; descending through a richly wooded and cultivated mountain side, with pomegranate trees and the myrtle in full bloom, and with lovely

views of inland bays, the distant sea and wooded island, we reached the village of Malfi on the coast. Here we embarked and sailed to Gravona, where we landed and had to walk through a burning sun to Ragusa, as, although a good road had been made to this city, we could find no conveyance, either carriage, cart, or mule. The scenery was, however, enchanting, and made up for the fatigue. We were on the ledge of a rock, against which were beating the gentle waves of the Adriatic, and on either side of us were aloes and oleanders and other flowering plants. We passed during the morning the charred ruins of many country houses and churches, which had been burnt and destroyed by the Montenegrins in one of their devastating incursions during the French occupation, I believe. They had never been rebuilt, and were allowed to remain as mementoes of the time when the province was under a foreign rule.

The recollection of that time was still vivid amongst the inhabitants, and there were people with whom we talked who had themselves witnessed the scenes of plunder and outrage which they described.[1]

[1] I chanced to find a curious printed proclamation which dated from that period, and which was used by a keeper of a fruit-stall to wrap up some fresh figs that I had bought from him. It was as follows :—

"Il Proveditore Generale della Dalmatia ai Dalmatini."

"L'Austria nel furore del odio, e nell' oblio dei principii manda assassini in Dalmatia, e suscita con publici inviti i popoli a ribellarsi al loro legittimo sovrano."

"Misure tali nell' epoca di sangue si adottavano dai Chabot, dai Marat, dai Robespierre, misure che l'Austria stessa publicamente esecrava."

"In nome dell, umanità s'instigano massacri ; in nome della fedeltà si provocano rivolte ; in nome della pace si eccitano guerre civili ; in nome della religione si domandano sacrilegiie spergiuri."

"La fama delle vittorie del *Grande*[1] gia commincia ad echeggiare tra noi."

"È forza questa volta, non il vincere soltanto, ma distruggere

[1] Napoleon. In the Slav translation which was attached he was called "Valliki Napoleon."

After spending a day in visiting the principal objects of interest in the capital of the ancient Republic of Ragusa, we continued our journey on horseback through a rich and highly cultivated country, to Castelnuovo, at the entrance to the Bocche or Straits of Cattaro. We had to cross the tongue of Turkish territory, which divided the territory of the Ragusans from that of the Venetians, accompanied, as before, by the sanitary guardian, to answer for our freedom from infection or contagion. At Castelnuovo, during a very severe thunderstorm, I was very nearly killed by lightning. I was sitting near a window, writing, when I was almost thrown to the ground, and remained stunned for a short time, the house in which we lodged having been struck. We ascended the Bocche to the town of Cattaro in a sailing-boat. I was enchanted with the scenery, which I thought as beautiful as any I had ever seen. When I revisited it many years afterwards, and after having seen many other lands, my first impressions were confirmed. The smiling shores of the lake-like sea, with its graceful and bright-coloured vegetation, its villages, with their belfreys, reflected in the waveless water, the villas with their gardens, the whole backed by the dark and precipitous crags of the

finalmente ogni uno che osa con mezzi tenuti in onore dai Governi incivilii inondare di nuovo la terra di sangue e di delitti."

"Dalmatini! Questa é la guerra che deve a voi assicurare grandezza e pace."

"Il Grande non ignora i mali che con coraggio soffrite. Vorrebbe un solo fra voi perderne il merito col divenir fellone per essere fulminato!"

"Se qualche scellerato vi consiglia il delitto, denunciatelo. Ne avrete grande mercede."

"La Dalmatia non deve rap presentare che una famiglia di sudditi degni del Grande."

"Udirete tra poco la totale destruzione di armate nemiche."

"Cosi dev' essere."

"*Zara, lo Maggio*, 1809.

"(Signed) DANDOLO."

It is painful to find a great old Venetian name affixed to so presumptuous and magniloquent a document.

Black Mountain, at the foot of which Cattaro seems to hang on the steep slope, encircled by its walls and its towers crowned by the ancient Venetian fortress, form together a scene of mingled loveliness and wild grandeur which is scarcely to be surpassed.

Our first care on our arrival at Cattaro was to despatch a messenger with the letter of introduction which had been given to us for the *Vladika* or Chief of Montenegro. He returned on the following day with the answer, which, as it was written in the Slav language and character, we had some difficulty in getting translated. At length a gentleman was found who had some knowledge of the Montenegrin tongue, and was able to inform us of the contents of the *Vladika's* communication. We were very courteously invited to visit him, and he promised that horses and guards should be sent at once to enable us to reach Cettigne, the capital of his dominions. They arrived accordingly in the evening.

We employed ourselves, whilst waiting for the *Vladika's* answer, in visiting the old castle and fortifications, the Austrian Commandant having given us the necessary permission to do so. We had found the authorities, civil and military, during our journey through Dalmatia, exceedingly courteous and obliging. Wherever we went we were kindly and most hospitably received by them, and they were at all times ready to help and advise us. At that time little had been done by the Austrian Government to keep up or improve the defences of Cattaro—although they were exposed to an attack from the Montenegrins, whose territory was not far distant, and whose mountains literally overhung the town. They consisted of the old Venetian walls, on which the Lion of St Mark, much battered and broken, might still be found, and the guns that were lying about came from the old Venetian foundries. Yet the people of Cattaro lived in

constant fear of their barbarous and warlike neighbours, and of a possibility of a surprise. Those who brought their produce and primitive manufactures to Cattaro on market days for sale, and those who occasionally descended to the town upon their affairs, were not allowed to enter into it, but were compelled to remain within a walled enclosure outside the walls, where they transacted their business. There could be seen a crowd of these wild mountaineers in their picturesque and fantastic costumes, wrangling over milk and eggs and poultry, and bargaining for manufactured goods and other articles which were not to be found in their district.

When we were ready to start on our journey to Cettigne at four o'clock in the morning, we learnt that, according to the regulations, the guard at the gate of the town had refused to allow the guides sent with the mules by the *Vladika* to enter it. We had, in order to obtain the necessary permission for them to do so, to rouse from his sleep the Austrian Commandant, who obligingly accorded it. Four savage but fine-looking fellows, dressed in short white woollen petticoats and a long outer dress or cloak of the same material and colour and small black skull turbans, presented themselves at our lodging. They each carried a long gun, and were armed to the teeth with pistols, yataghans, and knives. They brought two mules for us to ride and a horse for our baggage, and were accompanied by an active young woman, who had been sent to carry on her back any extra luggage.

It was five o'clock before we issued from the gates. We passed the walled enclosure in which the Montenegrin bazaar was held, and immediately began the ascent of the rugged and precipitous mountains which rise abruptly behind the town. We wound up the steep and stony ascent by a mule-path, commanding the town and

fortifications which lay beneath our feet and the beautiful Bocche. It seemed as if we could drop a stone into the streets. As we continued to mount we caught occasional glimpses of the distant Adriatic, and ere long we could see far beneath us the town of Budna. Although our mules were well accustomed to these steep paths, we were frequently obliged to dismount to enable them to climb over places which seemed impassable to any four-footed animal except the mountain goat. We had sometimes to force our way through thick woods, the branches of the trees threatening to sweep us off our saddles.

After about eight hours' toilsome ascent we came in view of the Lake of Scutari and of the lofty range of mountains stretching far to the south in Albania. A short descent brought us to a small barren plain, in which stood the cottage of Spiro, one of our guides. He invited us to dismount, to repose ourselves, and to take some refreshment. The hut resembled those of the Dalmatian peasantry which I have already described—small, dirty, and black inside with smoke, with straw mattresses stretched on the floor to serve as beds for the various members of the family. He brought us some fresh eggs and milk, which were very grateful to us after our long appetite-giving ride.

We rested a short time and then remounted our mules. Continuing along the treeless plain, and passing a few ill-cultivated fields of Indian corn, we found ourselves suddenly at Cettigne, which had been concealed from us by a projecting rock. The capital of Montenegro was then but a straggling village of mean huts which were scarcely to be distinguished from the rocks by which they are surrounded. The palace of the *Vladika* was a large, one-storied, white-washed building without any architectural pretensions. Near it stood the convent, an ancient and somewhat

picturesque edifice, rising beneath a lofty rock and surrounded by a low wall. It had formerly been the residence of the Montenegrin Chief, who was, at that time, invariably a *Vladika* or Bishop—like the ancient ecclesiastical princes of Central Europe. The dignity was always held by a member of the same family, and was consequently hereditary. In front of the palace was an ancient round tower — a conspicuous object as we approached. On the top of it, arranged in array on short poles, were a number of gory heads with their long tufts of hair waving in the wind, the trophies of a recent raid upon the neighbouring Turks. It was a hideous and disgusting sight which first greeted the traveller on his arrival at the residence of the Priest-Prince. Our guides, however, pointed to it with exultation. They had all, as it was the duty of the warlike inhabitants of the Black Mountain, taken part in raids upon the Mussulmans and in the border wars, which were constantly taking place, and had their stories to relate of slaughtered Turks and bloody spoils, such as those exposed on the round tower, and Spiro had even taken part in the famous expedition into the Ragusan territory, of which we had seen the effects in our journey through it, and described in broken Italian the devastation and burning of the towns and villages, and how the sky was red with the burning embers.

We were taken to the so-called palace. Way was made for us through a crowd of Montenegrin warriors, the immediate attendants of the *Vladika*, who, armed as usual to the teeth, and in their richly embroidered and picturesque costumes, encumbered the entrance and the stairs leading to the first floor. We were conducted to a simply furnished bedroom, followed by three or four white-bearded chieftains, who seated themselves composedly on the floor, and continued to smoke their long pipes.

The *Vladika's* head servant soon afterwards informed us that His Eminence was at dinner, and would see us as soon as he had finished his meal. Shortly afterwards the Prince's secretary—a Servian, I believe, named Mileradovich—appeared, and after politely expressing his master's regret at the delay, ushered us into his presence. As we entered his room, which, like the rest of the convent, was very plainly and simply furnished, he rose from a sofa, or divan, to receive us. He was then about twenty-seven years of age, and seemed to me the tallest man I had ever seen, and a perfect giant. He was said to be nearly seven and a half feet in height. But he was well-proportioned, handsome, and dignified. He consequently carried off his great stature very well, and was of very noble appearance. He was dressed in the long black silken robes and wore the high round cap of a Greek priest. A large golden cross hung from his neck to denote his ecclesiastical rank. He addressed us in the French language, with which he was moderately acquainted, and welcomed us with much courtesy, and expressed himself as much pleased with our visit, and his regret that strangers had so rarely entered his dominions.

Prince Danielo, as he was called, this name being then, I believe, assumed by all the members of the family who obtained the rank of *Vladika*, was a man of learning and fond of literature. He was himself a poet, and had composed a number of poems, chiefly celebrating the victories of his people over the Turks, and embodying the national sentiments and passions evoked by their ceaseless struggles with the Moslems. These patriotic ditties, sung to wild music, were enthusiastically admired by the Montenegrins, and have become a part of their national literature. He was greatly respected and beloved by his people, as he wielded the gun as well and as

readily as the crozier, was a fervid and relentless hater of the Turks, and always ready to place himself at the head of his flock in a foray and in war. He had travelled somewhat in Europe, and had visited Trieste, Vienna, and St Petersburg, and had profited by his travels, having acquired civilised habits and European manners and customs, which he was endeavouring to introduce amongst the Montenegrin tribes, but without, at that time, much success.

Few European travellers had been then to Cettigne. Shortly before our arrival there, the King of Saxony had been the guest of the *Vladika*, during a botanical excursion to the Dalmatian mountains. His Eminence appeared to have taken much offence from articles which had appeared in some German newspapers describing His Majesty's visit, for, after we had exchanged a few words, he at once began upon the subject, speaking with a good deal of animation and warmth. He had been represented, he said, as having prostrated himself at the feet of the King when they met on his frontier. This he indignantly denied, asserting that neither his religion nor his position as the Prince of an independent people would have allowed him to do so. Then it was stated that the King had ordered a sheep to be slain and roasted, but that none of the company could eat of it, as there were no knives amongst them, a German officer solving the difficulty by cutting up the meat with his sword. How could that be true, His Eminence asked, when every Montenegrin carries his knife? Moreover, this was a reflection upon his hospitality and his manners which he could not brook. But it was the eulogium upon the King for his courage in venturing to enter the territory of a barbarous, sanguinary, and perfidious race, known to hate strangers, and the insinuation that he only owed his safety to his imposing dignity as a monarch, which especially angered the *Vladika*. He said that he had

sent to the *Frankfort Journal* a contradiction of these statements with the money required for its insertion, but either the communication had been stopped by the Austrian authorities, or the editor had refused to publish it. He was consequently left under these calumnious accusations, which would be believed by the rest of the world, and would serve his enemies, who wished Europe to look upon him and his country as outside the pale of civilisation. He complained that he was surrounded on all sides by Austria and Turkey, and that it was to the interest of those two countries that such reports should remain uncontradicted, and they took good care that they should remain so, by preventing any denial of them by letter or otherwise from passing through their territories. He denounced the Austrians as much as he did the Turks for their inhumanity and bad faith, accusing them of shooting even women who might venture, in pursuing innocent avocations, within fire of their forts, and of violating an armistice or truce into which he had entered with them. He described an engagement which had taken place between the Austrian troops and his mountaineers, in consequence of which he declared that the former had been ignominiously defeated by very inferior numbers, although they had announced in the newspapers that they had gained a great victory. They had fled, he declared, leaving twenty-three men, and an officer, Count Caprioli, a young nobleman, on the field with their arms and accoutrements, whereas only eight Montenegrins, including one woman, had fallen. Then, taking me into an adjoining room, and pointing with an air of triumph to a number of muskets and articles of different kinds taken from Austrian soldiers, and bearing the Austrian Imperial mark, he asked me whether they did not prove that it was not for Austria to boast of a victory.

We remained several days at Cettigne, passing most of our time with the *Vladika*, with whom I had much conversation as to the condition of his people, and as to his attempts to civilise and educate them. He had procured a billiard-table from Trieste, and was fond of the game. We played several times together. On one occasion whilst we were so engaged, a loud noise of shouting and of firing of guns was heard from without. It proceeded from a party of Montenegrin warriors who had returned from a successful raid in the Turkish territory of Scutari, and, accompanied by a crowd of idlers, were making a triumphal entry into the village. They carried in a cloth, held up between them, several heads which they had severed from the bodies of their victims. Amongst these were those apparently of mere children. Covered with gore, they were a hideous and ghastly spectacle. They were duly deposited at the feet of the Prince, and then added to those which were displayed on the round tower near the convent.

I could not conceal from the *Vladika* my disgust at what I had witnessed, and expressed my astonishment that, with the desire he had expressed to me of civilising his people, he permitted them to commit acts so revolting to humanity and so much opposed to the feelings and habits of all Christian nations. He replied that he must readily admit that the practice of cutting off and exposing the heads of the slain was shocking and barbarous, but it was an ancient custom of the Montenegrins in their struggles with the Turks, the secular and blood-thirsty enemies of their race and their faith, and who also practised the same loathsome habit. He was compelled, he went on to explain to me, to tolerate, if not to countenance, this barbarous practice which he condemned on every account, because it was necessary to maintain the warlike spirit of his people. They were

continually at enmity with their Ottoman neighbours. They were few in number compared with their enemy, and unless they were always prepared to defend their mountain strongholds, they would soon be conquered and exterminated by the Turks on one side or the Austrians on the other. There was nothing he dreaded more, he said, than a lengthened peace, for if the Montenegrins were once to sleep with a sense of security, and were no longer in a state of continual warfare, they would soon be conquered. It was for these reasons, he declared, that it would be unwise on his part to make any attempt for the present to put a stop to a practice which encouraged his people in their hatred to the Turks, and in their determination to perish rather than allow the Moslems to obtain a footing in their mountains.

He talked to me a good deal about his relations with Russia. He had been accused, he said, of being dependent upon that power; but such was not the case. The Montenegrins being of the same faith and religion as the Russians, and speaking the same language, and occupying an important position on the frontiers of Turkey, the secular enemy of Russia, it was no doubt to her interest to assist and support him in his struggles with his Mussulman neighbours. His predecessor had succeeded in obtaining a pecuniary subsidy from the Emperor of Russia with that object, and that aid had been continued to him. He had visited St Petersburg to express his gratitude personally to his Imperial Majesty, whose bounty he enjoyed ; but he and his people were free, and owed allegiance to no one. He would admit of no dependence upon the Porte, nor would he recognise the Sultan as his suzerain. When I asked him whether, in the event of peaceable relations being established between himself and the Turkish authorities, he would visit the Pasha of Scutari, he replied with warmth

that it would only be at the head of 10,000 of his warriors that he would enter that city.

In describing to me the various plans he had formed for the improvement of his people, he told me that although he had been elected *Vladika* in 1830, he had not been consecrated as a Bishop until 1834, but that since his election he had divided his principality into eight districts, the largest of which elected two senators as their representative, and the others one each. The total number was twelve. During the time they held the office the majority resided at Cettigne, and were lodged in the convent or palace. They examined and decided upon all matters connected with their respective districts. They were also called upon to advise the *Vladika* in public affairs and matters of state, and had free access to him at all times. Frequently, as I was conversing with the *Vladika* in his study, one or two of them would enter and seat themselves without speaking, continuing with imperturbable gravity to smoke their long pipes, which seemed never to be out of their hands.

He had introduced, for immediate purposes, some new laws, but he was then occupied in framing a new code better adapted to improve the civilisation of his subjects. He explained to me how hitherto human life had been too lightly esteemed amongst the Montenegrins. Injuries and insult were readily avenged by the death of the offender, and quarrels were of frequent occurrence; murders were constantly committed. The murderer was only punished by a fine in money paid to the family of the victim; he was now punished by death, the criminal being taken to his own village, and there shot by his own kith and kin. Women when convicted were stoned to death also in their native villages. He made to me the almost incredible statement that previous to the enactment of this new law the feuds ending fatally between individuals and between

villages were so frequent, that there were years in which as many as 600 deaths occurred, and that there were never less than 300. For the previous two years the average was 400, and in each case the murderer had been condemned and executed.

Punishments were now inflicted for robbery, theft, and other crimes; this formerly was rarely the case. The result was that public order and security had been, His Eminence maintained, established to a great extent in his dominions, although he did not deny that there was yet much to be done. He was, however, engaged in framing a complete code of laws, which he hoped would have the effect of placing Montenegro on an equality in these respects with European states. But, in order to accomplish this fully, it was necessary to educate its population, and with this object he was engaged in building schoolrooms in different parts of the principality, which would be opened within a year, and placed under the direction of schoolmasters from Servia, as there were no Montenegrins yet capable of undertaking their management. At the same time, he would have elementary works for educational purposes translated into the Montenegrin language. He declared that his subjects, although ignorant and occupied with little else but war, looked with anxiety and interest to the successful result of his efforts to introduce civilisation amongst them, and that he had every hope that in a few years a great change for the better would have taken place in their habits and condition. He greatly extolled the independence of character and love of liberty of his people. The Austrians and Russians, he declared, were slaves, the Montenegrins free men who would not tolerate arbitrary or despotic rule. They were all equal. Whilst every village had its recognised chief, it was only in time of war, and when necessary for the public safety and in the public interest, that he exercised

authority, and his commands were implicitly obeyed. It was the same as to the senators, who were treated as equals by the Montenegrins, except when they were engaged in fulfilling the duties of their offices as judges, when they were allowed to assume a certain superiority, which, under those circumstances, the rest of the people willingly acknowledged. He had chosen those who were his immediate attendants, and upon whom he had conferred certain honours on account of their distinguished bravery and for deeds in war, and as an encouragement to others to follow their example. They were mostly styled *Vaivodes,* I believe, but there then existed no distinct class which could claim hereditary rank or nobility.

I showed him a map of Turkey in which his territories were confounded with those of the Sultan. He found that part of it which referred to Montenegro very inaccurate, and directed that surveys of his dominions which had been made under his direction should be brought to him. With them and with the help of M. Mileradovich, his secretary, we made together a more correct map, which I retained.

I was much struck with the superior intelligence and liberal views of the *Vladika.* It was certainly remarkable that so young a man, brought up in the prejudices of a wild and barbarous people—hostile to all change and improvement, excessively tenacious of their ancient national habits and traditions, and cut off from the rest of mankind by implacable enemies and almost impassable mountains—should have developed the qualities which he possessed. I could not but admit that he deserved the reputation which he enjoyed amongst those who had known him during his travels.

At the time of my visit to him the Montenegrins had the character of being a tribe of robbers, marauders, and assassins, brave and ready to die in defence of the freedom

which they had maintained in their mountain fastnesses, but bloodthirsty and treacherous. They were not altogether undeserving of their reputation. Their constant and frequently unprovoked raids upon their neighbours' territories for the purpose of plunder, or to gratify their religious fanaticism by slaughtering the infidels, were accompanied by acts of ferocious cruelty, which had long rendered the name of Montenegrin odious and dreaded by Mussulmans and Christians alike. Secure in their inaccessible mountains, excellent marksmen, awaiting their enemies behind rocks, brave and ready to die rather than lose their freedom, they were able to resist for generations the numerous attempts made by the Ottomans and Austrians to punish and subdue them. When, as in more than one instance, the Turks were obtaining advantages over them which might have led to their subjection, they received the powerful support of Russia, who, for political objects of her own, and out of sympathy for people of her own race and faith, was always ready to step in for their defence, and to menace the Porte with her displeasure if it ventured to take advantage of the successes which its troops might have achieved over the mountaineers. The Mussulman inhabitants of the districts adjacent to the Black Mountain were consequently compelled to submit to the depredations and excesses of their restless and barbarous neighbours. Their villages were burnt, their women and children barbarously mutilated and slain, and a harvest of heads periodically carried off as trophies by their invaders.

Later on, Europe began to take an interest in Montenegro as forming part of the European political system, and was prepared to protest against, if not to resist, the attempt of the Sultan to establish his right of suzerainty over the principality which had not been previously questioned except by Russia. The Montenegrins were

described with passionate eloquence by popular orators in England as a nation of heroes, endowed with every virtue of the heroic age, who had, with unsurpassed bravery, resisted every attempt of overwhelming hordes of "unspeakable" Turks to subdue them. They were extolled consequently as the bulwark of Christianity and civilisation, against which the Moslem wave, which would otherwise have submerged the East of Europe, had broken. There was in all this immense exaggeration, accompanied by a vast deal of ignorance of the real condition and history of the people, and perhaps some little desire for political reasons to conceal and pervert the truth. Although, no doubt, a considerable change had taken place in the character and habits of the Montenegrins—a change which was beginning, when I visited the Black Mountain, through the efforts and influence of the *Vladika*—they had not abandoned their barbarous and revolting habits, and although it was publicly denied by Mr Gladstone that they had for some generations mutilated and cut off the heads of their enemies, many well authenticated instances of decapitation and of Turkish prisoners bereft of their noses were brought to my notice during the war between Turkey and Russia, which ended in the peace of San Stefano.

I may mention here that the successor to the *Vladika* of Montenegro ceased to be an ecclesiastic and a Bishop, and abolished the title of *Vladika*. I believe that his object was to marry, and to have an heir to the principality. The princedom then became hereditary in the family of Danielo. The complete independence of the principality, with an increase of territory taken from Turkey, was, it is well known, one of the results of the war, and of the Treaty of Berlin.

Whilst I was residing with the *Vladika* it was his habit to take a ride or walk in the afternoon. He possessed a beautiful white Arab which he had received as a present

from the Pasha of Bosnia on the conclusion of a peace, or rather truce, for there could be no permanent peace between the Montenegrins and their Mussulman neighbours. Mounted on this fine animal, he would gallop over the small plain surrounding his capital. One of his cousins, and Mitford and myself, for whom horses were found, accompanied him. I rode a spirited horse, which had been captured not long before in a skirmish with the Turks, and which had belonged to a bey whose head now adorned the round tower.

When he went abroad on foot he was usually accompanied by a crowd of senators, notables, and armed retainers in their gaudy costumes. His gigantic stature made him a conspicuous figure in it. Although the Montenegrins are tall and fine men as a race, he out-topped those who surrounded him by a head. On these occasions he and his attendants generally practised at firing at a mark, which consisted of a small branch of a tree or a twig placed on a wall or building at a distance of about two hundred paces, which was to be cut in two by the ball. He handled his rifle with much skill, and in his love for warlike pursuits, and for real war, reminded one of the warlike bishops of the Middle Ages, who were ever ready to take their share in the bloody contests of their time, and who united with their religious character the habits and qualities of the soldier and brigand, ready to fight in battle, to plunder travellers, and to levy blackmail on merchants. Sometimes his attendants would engage in athletic sports —running races on foot, jumping, and throwing heavy weights, at which manly exercises they were very expert.

The *Vladika* lived very frugally. He dined in the middle of the day and supped in the evening. The dishes brought to his table were few and simple. His cook was, I believe, from Trieste. His apartments were comfortably but plainly furnished, and there was no attempt at display.

His revenues could not have been very considerable, and he had no more state than what was suitable to the chief of a wild mountain race. According to the account he gave me, his subjects then did not exceed 100,000 souls.

The Montenegrins were almost always at war with the Turks and Albanians inhabiting the country surrounding the Black Mountain. They rarely ventured over their borders, and their territory was not often visited by their neighbours. At the time of our visit to Cettigne hostilities existed between them, although a kind of truce had been patched up. We wished to reach Scutari and to commence our travels through Turkey at that town. But the *Vladika* could not undertake to furnish us with an escort and guides within the Ottoman territory, or to do more than to insure our safety as far as the frontier of his dominions. He proposed, however, to send us down to the river, which flows into the Lake of Scutari. A fisherman would probably there be found, who would be willing to take us in his boat to the town during the night. By this means we should escape any risk, and the Montenegrins who were to accompany us would not have to cross into the enemy's country. We agreed to this arrangement, and the Prince furnished us with mules and two men of his body-guard and an escort of several armed men as far as the river which divided his territory from Albania.

He was desirous that on our way we should visit some extensive natural caves which had been recently discovered, and of which he had received extraordinary accounts. He directed that preparations should be made for our descent into them. They were near a village at a short distance from Cettigne. A rope and pieces of pine-wood to serve as torches had been provided, and a man was lowered through a narrow cleft in the rock. After he had reached the bottom, the rope was pulled up again and fastened

round my waist, and I followed him, but it was not long enough to reach the bottom of the pit. I was consequently obliged, holding on to the rough walls, to unloose myself, and to make a very rapid descent, or rather fall, of about fifteen to twenty feet. Two of the Montenegrins came after me. Mitford declined to accompany me in my explorations, and remained at the entrance.

The guides proceeded to make a fire and to light the pine torches. I found myself in a kind of chamber almost choked with loose stones and rubbish. There were a few stalactites pendant from the roof, but nothing else of interest, and I began to repent of my adventure and to regret the time I had lost and the risk to my neck that I had run. However, one of the guides led us to a fissure in the rock, so small that it had escaped my notice. He forced himself with difficulty through it, and we followed his example. We entered a spacious cavern, which led into other caves. Scrambling over loose stones and through pools of stagnant water, we wandered through them for above an hour, taking care to leave marks so as not to lose our way on our return to the entrance. With the exception of the stalactites and the vastness of these subterranean halls and chambers which appeared to extend far beyond what we could find time to explore, there was nothing of sufficient interest to repay the risk and trouble of our visit to them. We were not sorry to return to the open air, which we did after a somewhat perilous ascent from these underground regions.

During my absence the villagers had killed a sheep and had filled a platter with boiled meat, from which we helped ourselves with our fingers, as did our guides and attendants. The keen mountain air had given us all a good appetite.

After descending by a most precipitous and rocky path, having had to dismount from our mules, we reached the banks of the river near a small Montenegrin hamlet, where

we found a boat waiting for us. It was rude and primitive, but sufficed to carry two boatmen, our two guards, and ourselves—we could just manage to crouch down on some reeds which had been spread for us. We descended the sluggish stream, which spread into marshes on both sides, and was thronged with myriads of water-fowl of various species.

It was dark before we entered the lake and reached the Albanian frontier. Our boatmen, having approached the shore, hailed a fisherman who lived in a hut close by, and our guards, having proceeded to a neighbouring village, found two men who agreed for a small consideration to row us across the lake during the night, and to land us on the following morning at Scutari. We were accordingly consigned to them after having given a certificate to the Montenegrins who had conducted us so far, to be given to the *Vladika*, whose dominions we had now left, and who was consequently no longer responsible for our safety.

The boat in which we now embarked was even in a more cranky and leaky condition than the one we had left. A breeze had sprung up, and the lake was rough. The waves broke over the frail craft, and we were soon up to our middles in water and wet through. We were constantly compelled to land in order to bail out the water to save us from going to the bottom altogether. We were consequently much delayed during our somewhat dangerous voyage, and it was mid-day before the Castle of Scutari came in sight. We entered a river, the outlet of the lake, through a number of fishermen's huts built of straw on poles in the water, whence a look-out is kept for the fish entering the nets spread out beneath. As our boatman was an Albanian, we had no trouble in passing through the guards and others at the landing-place. We proceeded at once to the house of the Austrian Consul, for whom we had letters, and lodgings were found

for us in the house of a Dalmatian woman—one Catarina Pizzini — a tumble-down place, in which we obtained a room over a stable occupied by horses, goats, and poultry. We had a full view of them through the open spaces between the boards of the floor, and the smell was intolerable.

We were now for the first time on Turkish territory, and our experiences of Eastern travel were to commence. At that time the service of post-horses was well organised on all the great lines of communication in the Ottoman Empire. The traveller who desired to avail himself of it had to acquire an order called a *Bouyourouldi* from the Porte or from the provincial Governors and authorities. But it was mainly reserved for the transmission of the Government despatches, and for such posts as then existed, by *tatars*, a special class of public couriers or messengers, in the service of the state. They were men of singular endurance, who performed long journeys on horseback—very often of eight or ten days, or even more—with little rest, only stopping to change horses at the post-stations and for an hour in the large towns through which they had to pass, and where they had to deliver despatches and receive others in return. They wore a picturesque costume consisting of a red embroidered jacket, capacious trousers, high boots, with a piece of embroidered white felt falling over the upper part of them, a thick shawl in endless folds round their waists, and a fez around which was wound a long piece of figured stuff; with these garments they encountered both heat and cold, with equal protection, it was maintained, from both. They were well armed, carried a heavy whip, and rode a saddle of peculiar shape, long and ample, and furnished with large and heavy stirrups, which served to urge on and punish severely the unwilling or tired horse. They were renowned for their honesty and fidelity, and were known

to have resisted the temptation of the largest bribes to betray their trust. Before the days of steamers, railways, and posts, and when intercourse between different parts of the Empire was carried on by land, each foreign embassy had several *tatars* in its service, who were employed to convey despatches, frequently of the highest importance. All the correspondence between the capital and Europe, as far as the Turkish frontier at Belgrade, was carried on by them. Each embassy had its regular *tatar* service between that city and Constantinople. The *tatars* in the service of the British Embassy had never been suspected of having betrayed the confidence placed in them, although there were occasions when there were those who were quite ready to make it worth their while to do so. They were also frequently charged with large sums of money by the Government, and by private individuals and merchants who had remittances to make or coin to transfer to distant parts of the Empire. It sometimes happened that in dangerous and disturbed districts they were attacked and plundered by brigands and marauders, and they not unfrequently defended their charge at the cost of their lives. But they were generally respected by even the wildest populations as Government servants, whom it was unsafe to rob or molest, and whose deaths would sooner or later be surely revenged.

The *tatar* was accompanied by a *sureji* or man in charge of the horses, who led those loaded with great leathern bags carrying the letters and specie. These rarely exceeded two, and one was generally sufficient. The *tatar* himself came last, and kept the baggage-horses to their work with his long whip. His pace was a fast jog-trot, which he never changed until approaching a town or post-house, when he urged his team to their fullest speed, and clattered through the streets or into the khan or *caravanserai* containing the stables, the *sureji*

yelling at the top of his voice to give notice of his approach.

Travellers who availed themselves of the post frequently engaged the services of a *tatar*, who was of great use in obtaining horses quickly at the post-houses, and in insuring for strangers—especially Europeans—a certain amount of respect and consideration on the road. We could not afford the luxury, which was rather an expensive one, as the *tatars* were highly paid. At that time posting in Turkey was exceedingly cheap. The horses were generally excellent on the principal roads—small, sturdy, spirited animals. They were provided by the inhabitants of the districts in which the post-houses stood, and were furnished gratuitously to the Government —a kind of *corvée*. The payment required from a stranger in possession of a *Bouyourouldi* was so small as to be almost nominal. The post-houses were generally within about six walking hours or eighteen miles of each other, and the whole distance, when in the plains, could easily be performed at a sharp trot or even at a gallop. Unless there was an extraordinary demand for horses on account of some Pasha or great man who was passing through the country, there were sufficient always ready to enable the traveller to continue his journey without further delay than that required for changing the saddles and reloading the baggage.

Our first thought on arriving at Scutari was to procure our *Bouyourouldi* or order for post-horses, for which it was necessary that we should present ourselves to the Pasha. We had to make our way, accompanied by the dragoman of the Austrian Consulate—there being then no English Consul in the place—to the castle in which the Governor of the province resided. This was my first glimpse of Eastern life, and the scene as we passed through the bazaars crowded with men and women—Turks, Albanians,

and Greeks of various tribes and races in their varied and gay costumes—was to me singularly novel and interesting. I felt that at last I was really in the East. Then the dress and manners of European civilisation had scarcely penetrated into the realms of Islam, and with the exception of a few slovenly *Nizam*, or soldiers of the regular army organised by Sultan Mahmoud, who was still on the throne, no one was to be seen in European or Frank attire.

The change since passing the borders of Christian Europe was now complete, and I felt myself, as it were, in a new world—in a world of which I had dreamt from my earliest childhood. I was not, on the whole, disappointed. The scene around me was so strange and new, that I could scarcely follow our guide. The booths in the covered alleys of the bazaar, the endless variety of merchandise piled up in them, the embroideries and strange dresses that were suspended around them, the grave Turk seated cross-legged amidst his stores, pipe in hand, the veiled women gliding through the crowd, the jaunty Albanian with his white *fustanella* and his long gun resplendent with coral and silver, his richly inlaid pistols and his silver-sheathed yataghan, the savoury messes steaming in the cooks' shops, and the dim and mysterious light of the place, through which all this was seen, greatly increased the effect that it could not fail to make upon me.

At length we entered the castle through a gateway, in which a number of soldiers were lying idly about, playing at dominoes and smoking. Above it was still to be seen remains of the Lion of St Mark carved in the stonework. A few old rusty cannons and cannon balls were scattered about. Within the walls the buildings were mostly falling into ruins. Amongst them, here and there, were the head-stones of Mussulman tombs, with their quaint turbans sculptured on them. After passing through several court-

yards, we ascended a flight of fast decaying wooden stairs to the *Serai* or official residence of Hassan Pasha. He was at prayers, and it was some twenty minutes before he could receive us. When he did so it was with the courteous manners usual to the Turkish gentleman of that period. He was a grand old man, with a noble and benevolent countenance and simple and dignified manners. We were served with the customary coffee and amber-mouthed pipes, and had to undergo the usual questioning about the objects of our journey, the politics of the world at large, and the wonders of England. He told us that he had that morning received an order from the Sultan to return to Constantinople, and that his authority as Governor of the province was about to cease; but he ordered the necessary order for post-horses to be made out for us, and gave us letters to the various Beys and Chiefs through whose districts we should pass. His approaching departure appeared to be much regretted by the inhabitants of Scutari, as they looked upon him as a just and honest Governor, who took no bribes nor robbed the people.

As we were anxious to reach Constantinople, and to proceed on our journey through Asia Minor, before the cold weather had set in, we determined to lose no time on our way, but to travel as fast as our horses and our powers of endurance would allow us. We left Scutari on the 30th September, with an escort sent by the Pasha, as the roads were not considered safe. We proceeded at a good pace through a thickly-wooded country, and lay down to sleep for a few hours at the post-house of the fortified town of Alessio. Making our way by narrow paths during the greater part of the following day through a dense forest and an extensive tract of marshy land encumbered with high reeds, we arrived towards evening at the considerable town of Tirana. The Bey of the place, an Albanian Chief, received us with much hospi-

tality, and insisted upon our spending the night in his castle. He gave us a sumptuous dinner, consisting of an infinite number of dishes in the old Turkish fashion, of each of which we had to taste, helping ourselves, like the rest of the company, with our fingers. We were afterwards entertained with Albanian music and dancing boys, and witnessed for the first time an Eastern carouse. *Raki*, a strong spirit distilled from barley or wheat, and *rhum*, were handed round, and the guests, who consisted besides ourselves of some of the notables of the place, were soon in a condition to join in the dance and the song, until they fell back upon the divans. They were all dressed in the Albanian costume—except the Bey, who, being the civil Governor of the place, had thought it necessary to assume a kind of European uniform, consisting of a frock coat, trousers, and boots. His brother, who was a tall, handsome young man with a very intelligent countenance, adhered to his national dress, and was resplendent with gold embroidery and richly decorated arms.

Leaving Tirana and our hospitable host early in the morning, we rode by difficult bridle-paths through a mountainous and thickly wooded country to the small town of El Bassan, where we slept, lying down in our cloaks in the open air. The Bey of the place, an Albanian, like the Governor of Tirana, with whom, however, he had a feud, and was at enmity, furnished us with post-horses and an escort. We travelled all the next day, stopping for a while at a village to cook our food, and through the following night. As the day dawned, we found ourselves descending upon the blue lake of Ochrida, surrounded by lofty mountains. We dismounted at a khan on its borders and snatched an hour's sleep. We continued our journey, passing on our way the new Governor of Scutari, the successor of our friend, Hassan Pasha, who was proceeding to take up his appointment,

accompanied by a large retinue, by his wives and womankind, and by long trains of horses laden with baggage. He occupied a small, shabby carriage of old-fashioned shape, into which he had managed to cram himself, cross-legged, with two of his officers. Four stout horses dragged the vehicle along by main force over the roughest of rocky roads, through ditches and over ploughed fields.

We only stopped at Ochrida to change horses. The town is charmingly situated on the lake, and a ruined castle belonging to the hereditary chief of the place, who had recently been deposed and sent into exile, stands boldly upon a projecting rock. I shall have to describe hereafter this interesting place, where some years later I spent some days. Passing by the beautiful little lake of Presba, embedded amongst densely wooded hills, and stopping to cook our dinner at a village, the inhabitants of which, being Christians, were exceedingly troublesome and impertinent, we continued our journey through a very wild mountainous country until midnight, when, exhausted after having been on horseback for nearly two days continuously, we lay down to sleep for a couple of hours at a khan, on our carpets. We were soon in our saddles again, and soon after sunrise we entered the large town of Monastir, at that time the capital of Rumelia and the residence of the Governor of the province. We lodged in a vast khan, where we got a small room, with a clean mat for its only furniture. The Pasha, upon whom we called, and who was, as usual, very civil and courteous, was very anxious that we should be taken in by the Greek Bishop, and we had some difficulty in persuading him that we preferred to remain in our apartment in the khan. He told us that the province of Scutari had been placed under his jurisdiction, and that the officer we had met on our road was going there as his deputy. Hassan Pasha, he said, had

been too lenient, and was unable to keep the Albanians, who were troublesome and turbulent fellows, in order. The Sultan had consequently recalled him, and they were now about to receive a lesson by which he hoped they would profit. After a long conversation on the usual topics—the politics and wonders of Europe—and after we had been served with coffee and pipes, we took our leave, Ahamet Pasha—for such was his name—promising to send us an order for horses, and letters for the authorities on our way, which he said would secure us lodging and food, wherever we might stop.

We spent the day in Monastir to rest ourselves after our long ride, which had rather tried both of us, as we had not been accustomed to pass so many hours in the saddle. I passed some time in the bazaars, which were commodious and well supplied with all manner of native and foreign produce and goods, as the city is the capital and centre of a very extensive and thickly peopled province. After leaving Monastir before daylight on the following morning, we entered upon an extensive plain, over which we galloped as fast as our horses could carry us. We passed several Christian Bulgarian villages and the town of Perlepe, reaching Kuprili after dark.

Next day we followed a broad valley watered by the River Vardar, teeming with flocks and cattle, amongst which were great numbers of buffaloes. We passed many women, unveiled, and some not by any means ill-looking, wearing long skirts, embroidered in divers colours, and their hair neatly braided with bright flowers. The lowing of the herds, and the piping and singing of the shepherds, added to the pastoral and pleasing character of the scene. We had left the Albanians far behind, and were now in the midst of a prosperous Bulgarian population. At Komanava we rested for a short time and changed horses.

We passed the night in the stable of a dirty khan, and were on horseback again by four o'clock in the morning. During the day we passed through Egri Palanka and Kustendil — considerable market towns, with a large Christian Bulgarian population. As we approached the latter place, a *tatar* with despatches caught us up on the road. We joined with him in a wild gallop, and tore through the narrow streets, scattering the mud on all sides, and covering with it the passers-by and the shop-keepers seated on their boards in the bazaar—the two *surejis* screeching and yelling at the top of their voices to warn people of the approach of a Government courier. This was the way in which, as I have already mentioned, the *tatars* were accustomed to arrive at a post-house.

We had to cross precipitous mountains by a difficult and somewhat dangerous bridle-path during the greater part of the night until we reached Dubnitza. Having been twenty-two hours in the saddle, we took a little rest there but were again on our horses soon after daybreak. As it was Sunday and market-day, the town was already crowded with Bulgarian peasants from the neighbouring districts. The oxen and sheep, and the produce of the country which they had brought for sale, blocked the streets so that we had some difficulty in making our way through them. The men and women were tall, well made, and handsome, and in their gay embroidered garments had all the appearance of a prosperous and thriving race. Samatova, another Bulgarian town, through which we passed during the day, was also thronged with well-to-do and well-dressed peasants bringing their wares and produce to the weekly market, and had a very gay and bustling appearance. I observed that the women, old and young, wore flowers twined into their hair, and an abundance of gold and silver coins fastened to their long tails of braided hair and to their red skull-caps. That night we slept in

the cottage of a Bulgarian family, who gave us a clean, neat room, such as we had not hitherto seen, and were very civil and hospitable.

On the following morning we entered on the great plains of Rumelia, and joined the post road between Belgrade and Constantinople at Tatar Bazarjik. The road led us through extensive rice-fields and a vast tract of marsh lands, which render this part of the province notorious for malarious fevers. In this unhealthy district stands Philippopolis, the present capital of Eastern Rumelia. We stopped there for the night in a khan.

Next day we joined a *tatar* who was on his way to Constantinople, and, travelling through the night—only resting for an hour at Harmanli—reached Adrianople in the middle of the day. On our road we had passed long strings of carts and of pack-horses laden with produce and merchandise, and parties of Turkish, Greek, and Bulgarian traders proceeding to Sumanjiva for the great annual fair held at that place.

Before entering Adrianople we were compelled to dismount by the guards forming a sanitary *cordon* round the city, and to enter into a kind of sentry-box, but completely closed, and to stand on a grating, beneath which was a large pan of sulphur, rosin, and other materials which, when heated, sent forth a dense and stifling smoke. When we had been duly fumigated, we were released, half-suffocated and gasping for breath. These precautions were taken in the case of all travellers, as the plague was believed to exist in some of the surrounding districts, and the inhabitants and authorities feared lest it might be introduced into the city. They could, however, be but of little real avail, as our *sureji* and our luggage were allowed to pass without being subjected to them. The principal object in enforcing them was probably to obtain the small fee which we had to pay to the guards for undergoing a process which we

would have willingly paid the fee to avoid. These measures to check infection had only been recently introduced into Turkey, at the suggestion of Europeans employed by the Porte, and were carried out with so much carelessness and indifference that they could avail but little to prevent the spread of the disease, even if under any circumstances they could be effective.

We were so desirous of reaching Constantinople that we only remained at Adrianople sufficient time to visit its magnificent mosque, whose slender minarets rise high above the city, and are seen in the distance long before it is reached. We resumed our journey in the afternoon, and slept for a few hours in a fine khan at Kafsa. Late in the following night, after a rapid trot over a great undulating plain, we reached the Sea of Marmora at Silivri, where we rested for a few hours. Continuing along the shore, and passing through Buyuk and Kutchuk Tchekmedjé, we came in the afternoon in sight of the minarets and domes of St Sophia. After having undergone a second fumigation, and threading our way through a large encampment of cavalry, we entered the city on the 13th September through the gate of the seven towers. We had still to ride for about an hour through the narrow, tortuous, and ill-paved streets of Stamboul, and, crossing the bridge of boats, ascended through Galata to Pera, where we found a lodging in a small hotel kept by an Italian of the name of Roboli—then the best in the place, and not uncomfortable. It was situated in a narrow street, forming a steep descent behind the grounds of the present French Embassy, which was then being built.

CHAPTER IV

JOURNEY THROUGH ASIA MINOR

1839

I HAD scarcely reached Constantinople, and had only been able to see a few of its sights, when I was prostrated by a severe attack of fever, which I traced to the rice grounds of Philippopolis. I was attended by Dr Zohrab, a young Armenian physician, who had received his medical education at Edinburgh. These fevers were then treated with abundant bleeding and leeching, and I had to undergo enough of both to reduce me to the greatest weakness. The good doctor also taught me to bleed myself, recommending me to have recourse to this somewhat heroic measure whenever I had reason to apprehend a return of the fever, and was beyond the reach of medical aid. I was for several days delirious, and at one time in considerable danger. During my convalescence the late Lord Carnarvon, who was then travelling in the East, was constantly at my bedside, and showed me the greatest kindness, for which I have retained a very lively sense of gratitude. I was also most kindly nursed by Mr Longworth, with whom I formed a friendship, which lasted unchanged until his death. He had recently returned from an adventurous journey in Circassia, of which he had written a highly interesting account, and was then the correspondent at Constantinople of the *Morning Post*. He was well acquainted

with Turkey, and had, to a certain extent, become a disciple of Mr Urquhart, who had sent him to Circassia to assist the brave and devoted but unfortunate inhabitants of that country to defend their independence against the Russian invaders. But he subsequently renounced the extravagant views of that singularly able but eccentric man.[1]

It was the 4th of October before I had regained sufficient strength to enable me to leave Constantinople and to resume our journey. We had determined to have our own horses, which would make us independent of posts, and enable us to follow any route we might wish to take. We accordingly purchased three horses—strong, sturdy animals, although small, accustomed to long journeys on little provender, and to carry heavy loads. I paid £7 for a well-shaped white stallion, our luggage horse cost us £8, and Mitford paid about the same for the one that he was to ride. We hired an active Greek, named Giorgio, who professed to speak Italian, French, Turkish, and Arabic, to act as our dragoman, servant, and cook. It was agreed between Mitford and myself that he should take the horses and luggage by land through Ismid and Brusa to Mudania, where I was to rejoin him by sea. This arrangement enabled me to obtain a few days more rest after my illness, of which I was greatly in need, as I was still very weak, and had only been able to get to the bazaar in Stamboul, where we had selected and bought our horses at the auction which was held there once a week.

Some English naval officers who were going to Brusa by the way of Mudania offered to join with me in hiring a large *caique*, or Turkish open boat, to the latter place, situated on the gulf of the same name. We left the Golden Horn at three in the afternoon, and a fresh northerly breeze springing up which enabled us to set our

[1] David Urquhart (1805-77), Diplomatist, M.P., author of many pamphlets on the Eastern Question.

sail, we reached our destination about one o'clock in the morning. We landed and found a lodging in a coffee-house on the sea-shore—some mattresses were spread on the raised platforms surrounding a marble pavement, in the centre of which plashed a fountain. The place was pretty and sufficiently clean, and we slept soundly.

Mr Mitford arrived from Brusa in the middle of the day, and we remained in the coffee-house for the rest of it, to make our final preparations for our long journey. We were now about to penetrate into regions untraversed by Europeans, and where we should have to rely entirely upon our own resources. We were no longer to follow beaten tracks, with post-houses and khans, but to make our way as we best could through an unknown country by the help of our compass and our very imperfect maps. We were ignorant of the language and of the manners of the people. We had not been able to obtain any information as to the state of the provinces which we were about to visit, whether travelling in them was dangerous or not, what precautions it was necessary for us to take, and how far we should be able to follow the route we had laid out for ourselves. We had procured through the Consul-General at Constantinople an Imperial firman, such as was usually given to European travellers, and *Bouyourouldis* for the local authorities. But we were warned that in parts of the country we proposed to visit the Porte exercised little authority, and that we must be prepared to meet with populations and tribes that owed scant allegiance to the Sultan. Asia Minor, and especially the southern part of it on the Egyptian borders, was, we were assured, in a state of anarchy and insurrection, in consequence of the death of Sultan Mahmoud in July, and of the recent defeat, on the 24th June, of the Turkish army at Nizib, by Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt. The disbanded Ottoman troops, some

of which had already reached the capital, were said to be overrunning the Asiatic provinces, plundering and committing all manner of excesses. The recent death of Sultan Mahmoud had added to the general confusion and disorganisation. Our friends in England and Constantinople were much alarmed at the risk we were supposed to be running in venturing to an unknown country at such a moment. But one or two travellers who were well acquainted with Turkey, and especially Sir Charles Fellows, who had explored many parts of Asia Minor previously unvisited by Europeans, spoke to us in the highest terms of the Turkish populations—of their honesty, hospitality, and courtesy to strangers, and expressed their conviction that we should run no danger whatever in trusting ourselves amongst them. Our experience in travelling through the European provinces of Turkey—without a servant and without any knowledge of the language—fully confirmed their opinions. We had everywhere received the greatest attention and civility from the authorities and the people, and during the whole of our journey we had been exposed to no difficulty, and had not suffered the slightest loss. The person and property of a traveller appeared to us indeed to be as safe as in England. We had certainly every reason to be well satisfied with all we had seen of the Turks, and we did not hesitate to trust ourselves amongst them in Asia.

As we wished to follow a new route through Asia Minor, and to visit parts of it which had hitherto not been explored by previous travellers, in the hope of adding to the discoveries which had recently been made by Sir Charles Fellows of ruins and remains of the Greek period, we determined to strike into the heart of Asia Minor, avoiding all known tracts, and to make our way as we best could over mountains and through forests to the Karamanian coast, crossing the Taurus, if possible, by a new

pass, trusting to chance to what we might see and discover on our way. At that time the maps of the interior of Asia Minor, which we were about to traverse, were almost a blank, and we had nothing to guide us except our compass and such information as we could pick up in going from village to village and from the inhabitants of the country.

We had reduced our baggage to the smallest possible compass; each of us carried saddle-bags, in which were stuffed the articles of primary necessity for use, such as a change of stockings and boots, our "Levinge beds" (from which we never parted), powder and shot, our instruments, our maps, one or two books, and a small supply of medicine. Our waterproof cloaks were fastened behind our saddles, and upon these our blankets. We had discarded our European for Turkish saddles with a high back and pummel, which we found more convenient for a journey of this kind, as we could fasten many things to them. We also adopted the broad native stirrup, which affords a rest for the feet, and can be used as a spur. A pair of large leather *khourges*, or bags, such as are used by the *tatars*, held all the rest of our luggage, and were slung across the baggage-horse. Over them were spread our warm quilts or coverlets, very necessary, as we might frequently have to sleep in the open air, and the nights were now cold, and would be still more so on the high plateau of Central Asia Minor, over which we had to pass. On the top of all sat Giorgio, our dragoman and general servant, a sharp, active, and agile Greek, who spoke fragments of many languages. He, as well as ourselves, carried a gun and a brace of pistols—besides a long knife stuck into his girdle, after the Greek fashion—for he was dressed in his national costume. We were thus a well-armed party, and did not consider ourselves in need of escorts for our defence. We still retained our European dress, but had adopted the high and capacious fez, or red

cloth cap, with an ample tassel, or rather fringe, of blue silk threads falling from the top and covering the front part of it, as was then the fashion in Turkey. This was a more comfortable head-dress than the European cap, and less likely to attract notice when we passed through unsafe districts. We kept our caps, however, to be worn in case of necessity, and when it was desirable that we should appear in our European character.

All our preparations having been completed, we mounted our horses early on the morning of Sunday, 6th October, and followed a bridle-path which, we had ascertained, would lead us to the town of Apollonia, called by the Turks Bulionti, standing on the lake of that name. Amongst the geographical questions which the Council of the Geographical Society had requested us to investigate in the course of our journey through Asia Minor, if we had the opportunity of doing so, was the true course of the River Rhyndacus, which discharges itself into the Lake of Apollonia. There was reason to believe that its source was near the ancient Greek city of Azani, where the ruins of a beautiful Ionic temple were known to exist. These ruins we were desirous of visiting, and we hoped to reach them by following the river from its outlet.

Leaving Mudania we began to ascend a range of hills rising abruptly from the sea, over which they command extensive and beautiful views, with the distant mountains of Bithynia, and the lofty snow-capped Olympus rising majestically above them. A bridle-path led us through vineyards and groves of olive-trees. We passed through several flourishing villages, of which I obtained the names, carefully mapping our route as we went along, and keeping a road-book, which I had marked off so as to enable me to keep a complete record of our progress, noting the direction of our route by the Cator's compass, the streams or rivers we crossed and their direction, the villages that

we passed through or saw at a distance, the bearings of mountains and other conspicuous objects, the character of the country which we were traversing, the nature of the crops or cultivation through which we passed, etc., etc. This note-book, which I used in all my travels, was ruled off into equal spaces, each representing half an hour's progress or about one and a half miles. It required ceaseless attention to keep it up, but it was at the same time a source of much interest and of constant amusement during long rides, frequently through an uninteresting country. Without the observations recorded in it being scientifically accurate, they were sufficiently full and careful to enable me subsequently to "lay down" a fairly trustworthy map of the country through which we journeyed, and which I afterwards sent, with a memoir, to the Royal Geographical Society.

On reaching the crest of the hills, we saw the Lake of Apollonia stretched at our feet. We could perceive the town itself picturesquely situated on an island or headland, but as it would have been out of our way to go to it, we turned to the east, and descending the hills, still winding through vineyards and olive groves, and passing villages embowered amongst lofty and wide-spreading walnut and plane trees, came to the margin of the lake. We followed it for some distance through a marshy tract, from which rose, as we rode along, innumerable snipe and myriads of water-fowl of every description. I had never before seen such an abundance of game of this description, and we learnt that, later on, great flocks of swans, wild geese, and even pelicans, were in the habit of wintering here.

We left this marshy swamp before the evening, to avoid malaria, and found refuge for the night in a shepherd's hut, where we cooked our dinner, having brought some rice and meat with us, and made our beds on the floor. We had been about nine hours on horseback.

Next morning we descended from this hill, which the shepherd called Tchabuna, and again rode through the marshy lands, shooting wild fowl as we went. Near its upper end we were obliged to cross another range of low hills, where we obtained a view of the valley or plain, through which ran the River Rhyndacus to its junction with the lake. It was known to the natives by the name of the River of Cassaba, from the town through which it had last flowed, and by no other that I could ascertain. We found that its course differed altogether from that laid down in our maps.

We followed the river, which at this time of the year is fordable, to Cassaba, putting up, as we rode through the stubble, numerous wild pheasants which here abound. Some fell to our guns for our dinner. The town, which was not marked on the maps, was a large one, with extensive bazaars, in which the markets of the surrounding country are held. Cassaba, in fact, is Turkish for "market town," and the name constantly occurs in Asia Minor, but it is usually accompanied by another. It is possible that the place corresponded to Adranos of Arrowsmith's map, as we found that the Rhyndacus higher up was sometimes called the River of Adranos. We procured a room as usual at the khan, where we could stable our horses. We got a very good dinner from the cook-shops in the bazaar—baked mutton with vegetables, a kind of pastry with minced meat, and a delicious sweet of honey and cream called *kymak*, made from the milk of the buffalo, a favourite Turkish dish with which I now first made acquaintance. The town appeared to be inhabited principally, if not exclusively, by Turks, who were exceedingly civil and polite, saluting as we passed them in the streets. Some, who were smoking their *narguilés* or water-pipes (the Indian *Hookah*) in a coffee-house we entered, offered to show us places where pheasants and other game abounded.

We had now entered a hilly and wooded country, through which the Rhyndacus winds, forcing its way through narrow gorges, and breaking over huge rocks. There was little cultivation, although the land appeared to be rich. We came occasionally upon a Mussulman village, and plots in which Indian corn and millet were grown, and sometimes upon vineyards. The population appeared to be exclusively Mussulman. We continued through these mountains all day, ascending and descending by steep and stony bridle-paths, and enjoying fine and varied views of the distant mountains of the Olympus range, and looking down into the deep gorges formed by the Rhyndacus. We passed through the large villages of Kestilek and Yenikiui, and under the ruins of an ancient castle, commanding the valley, and attributed by the inhabitants—like most ruins in Asia Minor—to the Genoese. We rested for the night in a small hut in the village of Caragela, after a long day's ride through very beautiful and varied scenery.

Our ride next day was for the most part through magnificent forests of pines and larches, clothing the southern declivities of Mount Olympus, which towered above us. It was not until nearly dark that we issued from them, and found ourselves in a valley with a village in the distance on a hill-side off the track that we had been following during the day. As usual, we were lodged in the guest-room of the head of the village, which was soon filled with the principal inhabitants, who came to look at the strangers and to seek for news. Vague rumours of the advance of Ibrahim Pasha and of the victory of Nezib had reached them. They were even under the belief that the Egyptian General had captured Stamboul, and that he was about to conquer Russia, and to possess himself of the daughter of the Emperor, and to make her his wife.

The village at which we slept was called Hassan-Kiui.

We had lost the main track, and had some difficulty in finding it again, as we had no guide, and merely received general directions as to our route from our host. The maps we had with us were of little use. The towns laid down upon them did not appear to exist—at least, no one knew of them. At that time this part of Asia Minor had not been explored. We entered the forest again, pursuing our course as we best could, and following such mountain tracks as appeared to be most frequented, guided by our compass. We thus wandered about during the day, enjoying the fine scenery and counting upon finding a village before nightfall where we could rest. The country seemed without inhabitants. Later in the afternoon a thunderstorm broke over us. Fortunately, we came in sight of a village, in which we sought shelter for the night. The men, however, were for the most part absent in their fields, and the women, seeing strangers, and taking us, in our fezes, for Turkish officials or troops—the dread of the rural population—immediately concealed themselves or took to flight. The houses, like those of many Turkish villages, were scattered over the side of the hill at some distance from each other, and each surrounded by trees and a little garden. After searching for a place where we could put up for the night, we came to a cottage, the door of which was open, and in which we spied a floor covered with clean mats and carpets. We presumed that it was the *oda*, or room kept by the villagers for the reception of travellers, and as it was empty, we established ourselves in it for the night. The owner was not long in making his appearance, a handsome, honest, dignified Turk, in his wide turban and flowing garments, who bade us welcome. He volunteered to procure for us all that we needed for supper—a fowl, an excellent soup, and poached eggs—for which, including our breakfast on the following morning, he told us that we owed five piastres (something less than a shilling) to the

villagers who had supplied them. We spent a very pleasant evening surrounded by the greybeards of the place, who, seated round the side of the room at a respectful distance smoking their pipes, gave us the information we required about the country and our route for the morrow. I soon came to appreciate and to esteem these honest, simple, and hospitable Turks, and the more I saw of them the more I liked them. A finer and more trustworthy population does not exist.

Soon after leaving our obliging host we entered upon what appeared to be a high road, as we met a good many travellers and strings of camels loaded with merchandise. Many villagers were seen on the hill-sides. Leaving the forests of Olympus, we entered upon an open, undulating, corn-producing country. We passed some high, isolated rocks in which tombs had been excavated, some of which had been scraped, and had rude architectural ornaments carved upon them. They had, of course, been rifled ages before, and, as far as we could judge from a hasty examination, were the work of the ancient Phrygians, whose country we were then traversing. We followed for some time the diminished stream of the Rhyndacus, until we saw in the distance the town of Toushanlu—"hare-town"—with its numerous minarets rising above its pleasant gardens. It was evidently a place of some importance, to which led the well-beaten track we had been following during the day. We passed through a large and well provided bazaar, and took up our quarters in a dirty khan, where we obtained a small room scarcely large enough to contain us.

As our horses were tired after their long journey over a very mountainous country, by very stony and precipitous tracks, we determined to remain during the next day at Toushanlu. The *Agha* of the place, upon whom we called, very obligingly offered to find us better quarters,

but we preferred not to move. A periodical fair was being held in the town, and the courtyard of our khan was crowded with horses and mules, and every hole and corner in it occupied by traders and travellers from different parts of the country. The bazaars and streets were encumbered by a lively and bustling throng of people, and on all sides were exposed English and other European goods and the various produce of the district for sale. The scene was a very interesting one, as in those days the Turks still wore their ancient and picturesque costumes, of which there was a great variety amongst the inhabitants of this part of Asia Minor. The *Nizam* or Frank costume, slovenly and ill-suited to the habits and manners of the dignified Mussulman, had not yet been even introduced completely into Stamboul, and had not reached the populations at any distance from the capital.

We had been assured that the ruins of Azani were within an easy day's ride of Toushanlu, and a man with a donkey, who was going there, offered to be our guide. We placed some of our baggage upon his beast to relieve our horses, and we started off together. As usual, we had been deceived as to the distance, of which Easterns in general know little, and after crossing hills and making our way through forests, we found ourselves at nightfall still far from Azani, and were compelled to pass the night in the *oda* of a small village, which was already crowded with Turkish travellers.

Early on the following day we came in sight of the ruins of the Ionic Temple, Azani, rising boldly against the sky on an elevated artificial mound. I was greatly excited and impressed by the classic beauty of the edifice, the first Greek ruin that I had seen, and the surrounding scenery which harmonised so well with it. The site of the capital of the Azanites is now occupied by a poor Turkish village named Tchonder or Tchardour-Hissar. Its *Agha* found a

cottage for us, and, leaving our little baggage and our horses in it with Giorgio, we proceeded to examine the ruins. They had already been visited and described by more than one traveller.

Almost every cottage in the village was built of the remains of ancient edifices. In their walls could be seen the most exquisite mouldings in white marble, and fragments of inscribed slabs. In the narrow streets were the shafts and capitals of columns and broken friezes. The graves of the Mussulmans in the cemetery were marked by Greek sarcophagi and blocks of sculptured stone. The temple, with its remaining eighteen columns of white marble, of the purest Ionic order, and of exquisite loveliness, was at a short distance. We passed some hours in examining it, the remains of the adjacent theatre and stadium, and the tombs with their sculptured panels and ornaments. At that time there yet remained much of these beautiful monuments of Greek art, skill, and taste. Several of the columns of the temple have, I believe, since fallen, and the greater part of the bas-reliefs which adorned the theatre have been removed to Paris. Of the former there still existed the *cella* with its inscriptions, and two entrances, flanked by highly decorated pilasters, and a vaulted chamber beneath the building. Many of the marble seats of the theatre and stadium still remained. The proscenium of the former had been overthrown, and its marble fragments, with architectural ornaments of exquisite beauty, lay scattered around.

The sun went down in unclouded glory behind the distant hills, and the full moon rose to light up the graceful Ionic columns and marble *cella* of the Temple of Zeus. I wandered for some time amongst these noble remains of Greek art and civilisation in solitude and silence. The night was far advanced when I returned to the *oda*.

The river was crossed by two Roman bridges. The

stream was bright and clear and abounded in fish. I had a light fly-rod with me, and in the afternoon, to the astonishment of the inhabitants of the village, who had gathered round us to watch our proceedings, I landed a number of coarse chub, some weighing two or three pounds. Neither the people nor the fish had ever before seen an artificial fly, and both were equally surprised. In the evening we were pestered by people offering us for sale coins and antiques found on the site of the ancient city, and in the neighbourhood large prices were asked for these, as the peasants had been spoilt by the visits of travellers, and by the sums that had been paid by some of them for such things. Here I could see for the first time the injury which had been caused to nearly all the ancient Greek and Roman edifices in the East by the seekers after treasure. There was not the base of a column of the temple, or a place of junction between two blocks of marble in any part of the building which had not been cut into in search of coins or of copper bolts. In this way innumerable columns and majestic buildings which have defied even the earthquakes and the sacrilegious hand of the barbarian invader have been overthrown.

After leaving Azani we passed through a district more thickly inhabited than any we had ever seen since leaving Constantinople. Its inhabitants were busily engaged in the fields, and corn and other cereals were everywhere cultivated. On all sides were fragments of sculptured marble—the remains of Greek and Roman edifices. They were built into the walls of cottages, or served as headstones for Mussulman graves. In the villages Greek sarcophagi were used for troughs for the cattle and for the mouths of wells.

We spent the night at Ghioksuler, and found a clean *oda* spread with mats and carpets, in which an excellent dinner was served to us. In the morning, when we rose

to depart, there was no one to be seen. The men had left the village at dawn for their day's labours, the women were hiding themselves in the houses from the Franks. After searching in vain for some one whom we could pay for our night's entertainment, we mounted our horses and continued our journey, grateful for the hospitality that had been extended to us. It was evident that we were out of the beaten track of European travellers. The previous night at Azani we had to bargain for all our provisions, for which prices were asked, not high certainly, when compared with those of later times, but far beyond those paid by the people of the country.

We had left behind us the forests of Mount Olympus, and were crossing a treeless plain without any shelter from the rays of the sun, which, although we were in the middle of October, was still sufficiently hot to cause us to wish for shade. In the middle of the day we came to a fountain of sweet, clear water, surrounded by a group of magnificent trees, tenanted by singing birds. It was a perfect oasis in the midst of the desert. We had come upon the high road leading from the capital to the important inland town of Konia, the ancient Iconium. The fountain, as an inscription upon it testified, had been erected by some pious Mussulman for the thirsty traveller. These monuments of the charity and thoughtful care for others of devout Mohammedans are everywhere to be met with on the highways throughout the Turkish Empire. Their ruins may yet be seen in the provinces which have passed from the rule of the Osmanli to that of the Christian, who cares little for the wants of others, and is solely intent upon improving his own condition, storing up wealth, and persecuting those who differ from him in faith. We reposed for some time under the spreading trees, enjoying the grateful shade, and refreshing ourselves with the sparkling water, grateful, I trust, to the good old Turk who had been

mindful of the weary wayfarer, and whose name was duly recorded upon a marble slab.

The road we had struck led from Kutaiah to Konia. As we were desirous of visiting some ruins of which we had heard surprising accounts in the villages at which we had stopped, we crossed it, and followed a mule-track leading across a hilly country. We soon lost our way, but as there were many villages scattered about, we succeeded at last, after many enquiries as to our road, in reaching Almanlé, near which, we had been informed, the ruins of which we were in search were to be found. In most of the villages, through which we passed, we had seen fragments of Greek and Roman architecture, probably brought from Azani, or other ancient sites, and in nearly all of them the troughs of the fountains were sarcophagi of those periods.

We were, however, disappointed in the remains of Almanlé. After climbing on foot for an hour a most precipitous hill, we were led by a guide to what he called the castle. The highest point of the crest was surrounded by a wall formed of large uncut stones, not united by cement. Within the enclosure there were no traces of buildings. It might have been a place of defence hastily constructed to meet an enemy; it could scarcely have been a permanent fortification, as I could find no springs or reservoirs for water; or it might have been intended for sacrifice or worship. At any rate, such remains as existed in that spot were evidently of high antiquity, and very probably Phrygian.

Finding nothing to detain us at Almanlé, we retraced our steps to a village called Dooaslan, passing continually on our way fragments of Greek columns and altars of marble which must have been brought, we imagined, from some neighbouring ruin, rather than from Azani, which was now far distant. These remains were especially

abundant in the village, fine slabs of white marble being built into the walls of many of the houses. In one I found the lower part of a draped figure, with an inscription in Greek letters. Not far from the village in the plain, there was a considerable artificial mound, and the soil was strewed with the fragments which usually denote the site of an ancient city, and some blocks of marble, weather-stained and honey-combed by time. But with the exception of an entrance or doorway formed of three large stones, the upper part of which had fallen, apparently *in situ*, and a large slab covered with architectural ornaments, I could discover no ruins above ground. Everything had been carried away to furnish headstones for Turkish graves, or for building materials. In Asia Minor the richest mines of Greek or Roman remains are generally to be found in Mussulman cemeteries. Where the earth had been turned up by the plough, or excavations had been recently made, there were traces of foundations, and in one place I saw what appeared to be a vaulted chamber. The place was called by the Turks, Malatia.

But, in some hills of whitish limestone, about two miles from the village, we found a great number of tombs excavated in the rock, about twelve feet square, and each containing several troughs about six feet in length, in which the bodies of the dead had been placed. Giorgio had obtained from the villagers the names of a number of places where ancient remains were said to exist. We determined to explore some of them next day. We first rode to a village called Duaré, about two hours distant, meeting on our road several large caravans, with strings of thirty or forty camels loaded with salt, obtained from the great salt lake of Tousla. We only found there a fine building, used as a khan, which was probably of the time of the early Turkish occupation. But on our way

to a place called Ilian, we passed through a most wild basin or depression, surrounded by high, precipitous cliffs filled with singular detached limestone rocks, worn by the effects of time, or may be by water at some remote geological period, into every variety of shape and form—peaks, pinnacles, domes, and square towers. They were all entirely honey-combed with tombs similar to those we had seen at Dooaslan, containing the usual troughs for the bodies of the dead. Some were hollowed out from top to bottom, and the chambers in them were so large that they were used for granaries, and, in many instances, for habitations. In many of them we found whole families, with their domestic furniture and utensils. Our way led us, for nearly two days, through this most picturesque and singular region, which was totally unlike anything I had ever seen before, or have ever seen since. If all these excavated chambers were destined for the dead, we were in the midst of a vast Phrygian necropolis; if for the habitations of the living as well, we had entered a country of troglodytes; several we entered had three and four apartments communicating by doorways. Some few of the caves had architectural ornaments sculptured in the rocks at their entrances, rudely shaped pilasters, architraves and pediments. Every one which we entered contained either the troughs that I have described, hollowed out of the floor, or stone benches which ran along the sides of the room, as in an Etruscan tomb. I could find no trace of inscriptions or sculptured figures, which could give me any clue to the date or makers of these singular monuments, nor could the people of the country of whom I enquired inform me of any. Yet, when of an evening we were seated around the fire in the *oda*, the greybeards and principal men of the village flocked to see us, and were always ready to direct us to any ancient remains or "writing" that might exist in the neighbour-

hood. From the nature and locality of these excavations, however, I judged them to be of the same period, and to have belonged to the same people, as the well-known Phrygian monuments of Doghanlu, which had been described and represented by several travellers. Although I enquired for coins, none were brought to us, the villagers telling us that, when found, as they often were, they were thrown away as of no use. If such were the case, they could scarcely have been of the precious metals, the value of which even these simple people would not have been slow to recognise.

Amongst these many shaped detached rocks we found several small villages, almost deserted by their inhabitants, the men being for the most part at a great annual fair held in the important town of Affiun Kara-Hissar, about twenty miles off. We came, too, for the first time upon the Ourouks, or wandering Turcoman tribes, who are found in considerable numbers in the Western provinces of Asia Minor. They are chiefly shepherds, and possess vast flocks of sheep and goats, which they drive up into the mountains and highlands during the warm weather, returning to the sheltered valleys and plains as the winter approaches. We met a goat-herd, and asked him for some milk, when he directed us to his encampment. It consisted of circular huts made of long stout laths of wood, one end of which was driven into the ground, about two feet apart, and the other bent over, so as to form, when they were all brought together, a kind of dome. The whole was then covered with white felt. The circular chamber thus formed led into a further oblong vaulted room similarly constructed. The interior was spread with carpets of brilliant colours and curious patterns worked by the Ourouk women, and much esteemed by the Turks for the fineness of their texture. It appeared to be kept scrupulously clean. The outer

apartment was reserved for the men and the guests, the inner for the women, and in it were kept the domestic furniture and utensils, with enormous cauldrons filled with milk, from which the butter, cheese, and curds—the principal objects of traffic of this wandering people—are made. These huts are rapidly constructed, and as rapidly pulled down. The materials of which they are formed are carried by beasts of burden when their owners migrate.

We stopped at one of these huts, and were given goats' milk to drink. The men who gathered round to look at the strangers were splendid fellows, tall, well made, muscular, and handsome. They wore a very picturesque and fantastic costume, consisting of a turban of large dimensions, an inner jacket partly buttoned up, but exposing a brawny chest and thick-set neck, an outer jacket hanging loosely, and short baggy breeches reaching a little below the knee, the lower part of the leg and enormously developed calves being uncovered. Round the waist was twisted in numerous folds a long shawl of gay colours, generally bright red, with a broad leathern belt in which they carried pistols and a yataghan.

The Ourouks had the reputation of being robbers and brigands; but during our journey through Asia Minor we saw much of them, frequently stopping in their temporary villages, and always found them hospitable and attentive to their guests. We never lost anything when staying with them, nor did we hear any complaints against them. When we made acquaintance with them, they were greatly alarmed by the report that the conscription for the *Nizam*, the regular army formed after the European fashion by Sultan Mahmoud, was about to be enforced amongst them. The aversion of these wandering tribes to the drill, dress, and discipline of organised troops led them to seek every means of evading it. Many of the younger men fled to the mountains to hide themselves from the

Turkish officers who were engaged in enrolling the required conscripts, and there was great irritation amongst those who remained behind against the Sultan and his Government.

As Mitford, myself, and Giorgio wore the Turkish fez and the European dress, we were taken for officials from Constantinople sent on business connected with the conscription. We were consequently at first looked upon with disfavour and suspicion by the Ourouks. Giorgio, however, contrived to satisfy them that we were *hakims*, or doctors, in the service of the Sultan, engaged in a peaceful mission. They were satisfied that such was the case when we showed them our Firman, with the Imperial *Tourah*, or Sign Manual, which they could not read, but always kissed and carried reverentially to their foreheads.

We discovered the largest and most important collection of these remarkable rock-cut chambers in a narrow valley called Iasin from a small village of that name. The lofty cliffs on either side were honey-combed with these excavations, some of which were of considerable size, containing several apartments, in some instances on a different level, and communicating with each other by stairs cut in the rock. The entrance was by arched doorways, and with columns cut in the rock supporting the roof. The interiors of some of them were fashioned into a dome, and the light was admitted by a circular opening in it. Others had windows. Many were approached from without by flights of steps cut in the face of the cliff. All these chambers contained the usual troughs for the dead, sometimes one above the other in tiers, but in some of them, generally the inner one of a series, I found a square block left in the centre resembling an altar, and probably intended for sacrificial purposes. In the walls of the chambers were generally some vaulted recesses or niches,

with seats in them, probably intended for the mourners or those engaged in the ceremonies for the dead.

Many of these tombs had exterior architectural ornaments carved in the face of the cliff. One had the remains of columns of the Ionic Order; another a pediment also supported by columns, with the figure of the sun and a gracefully ornamented arched entrance, on each side of which was sculptured, somewhat rudely, the figure of a lion with one of its front paws resting on the head of a bull. On the floor of this tomb were six troughs, each about six feet long, having a ledge at the top apparently to support a stone lid or cover. The entrance to another chamber was also formed by a pediment, supported by two columns, and had on either side the figures of lions.

Whatever may have been the race and religion of those who made these excavations in the rocks, the chambers were evidently at one time used or occupied by a Christian people. In many of them I found crosses rudely carved on the walls, and in the largest of them, consisting of several rooms, were still to be seen traces of paintings on stucco, representing the figures of saints, in the early Byzantine style of art. It had, no doubt, been used as a church or chapel.[1]

Iasin well deserves the name of a city of the tombs, and is a place of very unusual interest. As far as I am aware, it had never before been visited by any European traveller, nor have I seen it described in any modern book on Asia Minor. On a high hill near the place I found the remains of buildings surrounded by a wall of unhewn stones. But I could not form any conjecture as to any ancient city in Phrygia which they may represent.

The place was of so much interest and so singularly picturesque, that we spent a whole day there exploring the

[1] These interesting ruins have recently been visited by Mr Ramsay, A.H.L., 1886.

tombs, and making plans and sketches of the most important of them. I regretted that I had neither the time nor the ability to make careful and detailed drawings of them. I bought a few coins from the villagers. They were chiefly Byzantine, and a few of the Roman Emperors.

We continued our journey on the 20th October, wandering amongst the hills and constantly losing our way, as we were without a guide. But the scenery was very interesting, and the air cool and delightful. As we went along we shot partridges and other game, which we found everywhere in great abundance, and which served for our evening meal. Nothing could have been more enjoyable than this mode of travelling. We were entirely independent, unencumbered with baggage, and were constantly amused and interested by new scenes, new manners and customs, and new, and, to us, strange people. As the country was thickly inhabited, we rode on till nightfall, when we were put up for the night in the hospitable *oda* of a Turkish village.

At Cosugia where we slept, we shared the guest-room with a tax-gatherer, who was paying his periodical visit to the village, to collect the dues for the Government, or, more probably, for the farmers of this branch of the revenue. I endeavoured to obtain information as to the produce and resources of the country, and as to its taxation, but he seemed little disposed to answer my questions, suspecting no doubt that I had some interested motive in putting them. I could only ascertain from him that the inhabitants of the place contributed 5000 piastres—then equivalent to about £50—a year to the Imperial Exchequer.

The dislike to answering direct questions felt by the common Turks, as by the inhabitants of most uncivilised Mohammedan countries, is soon perceived by the traveller. On the previous day, meeting a shepherd driving his flock, I asked him how many goats he possessed. His

reply was: "As many as passed by you." "But," said I, "I did not count them. How many are there?" Answer: "The same number I took with me to the mountains." Question: "But how many did you take to the mountains?" Reply: "As many as I had." And it was useless to enquire any further. Passing a caravan of laden camels I asked one of the drivers whence he came. "From that side," was the answer, pointing with his finger in the direction. "But from what town?" "The town is there," pointing again. "But the name of the town?" "It was towards Smyrna." And so the colloquy continued.

The manner in which these people contrived to evade answering our questions was amusing enough, but was at times very inconvenient, especially when we were in search of ruins, or when we were enquiring our way to a village where we intended to pass the night. We were frequently misled and lost our way. This habit is derived from the suspicion entertained by Easterns of strangers, who are generally taken for Government officials on some mission connected with tax-gathering, or other business distasteful to the population. In the case of a European, it is suspected that he is in search of treasure, with the site of which he is acquainted. If there be gold concealed anywhere, it is argued, it is better that we or our children should discover and enjoy it, than that this Giaour should carry it away. We will, therefore, deceive him, and take care that he shall not find the spot where he has learnt by his books it has been buried.

The repugnance to counting and stating the numbers of sheep, cattle, or any objects whatever, living or dead, comes from the fear of the evil eye, and is founded upon a very ancient Oriental prejudice, of which there are many examples in Jewish history, where it is recorded that it was counted a sin for a ruler to number his people.

About twelve miles from Cosugia, we arrived at Eski

Kara-Hissar ("the ancient black castle"), a large village built almost entirely of the remains of ancient temples and other edifices. In the walls of the houses, in those of the mosque, in the cemeteries, and in the public fountains, we saw the most exquisite architectural ornaments and mouldings sculptured in the purest white marble. Lying on all sides, around the place and in the narrow streets, were the shafts and capitals of columns, and fragments of friezes and cornices. The style and execution of these remains appeared to me to be even superior to those of the ruins of Azani. They seemed to be of the best Greek period. I found one inscription of nine lines in Greek characters which I copied, and a second in the burial-ground which was so much defaced that I was unable to transcribe it. There were also a few broken slabs with Roman letters, on one of which I read the name of the Emperor Claudian. I further discovered a very beautifully sculptured six-sided altar in the wall enclosing a cemetery.

Notwithstanding the large number of marble fragments which were everywhere to be met with, I could find no remains or traces of buildings above ground. When I asked the owner of the *oda* whence the sculptured marble slabs and blocks, of which most of the houses were built, were brought, he replied that the inhabitants had only to dig anywhere around the village, and they at once found as many as they required. According to M. Texier, who visited Eski Kara-Hissar, and published a well-known account of his travels in Asia Minor, it occupies the site of Synnada, an ancient town of Phrygia Salytaris. In the neighbourhood, he believes, he discovered the quarries which produced the celebrated Synnadic marble.

One of the inhabitants declared that he was acquainted with a wonderful *antika*, but whether statue or some other object he refused to say. After greatly exciting

our curiosity, he refused to gratify it by disclosing his secret, unless we consented to pay him 2000 piastres (about £20), which we declined to do.

We had now arrived at the vast plain which forms a tableland almost in the centre of Asia Minor, and in which occurs the lake of Ak Shehr. It had been our original intention to pass to the north of this lake, but we were assured that in doing so, we should have to pass through a very thinly inhabited country, the villages being frequently not less than twenty-four miles apart, and that these desert and uncultivated plains were the resort of Kurdish tribes, amongst whom we could not travel in safety. As this information was confirmed from many sources, we made up our minds to abandon our idea and to follow the direct road to Konia.

During our day's journey, we continually saw in the villages and cemeteries, and on the road-side, blocks of delicately carved white marble, and occasionally a Greek inscription, but so much defaced that it was not possible to copy it. A bridge, or rather causeway, as we were now in a marshy country, at Bobovaden was almost entirely constructed with such remains, all of which had probably been brought from Synnada.

It came on to rain in the afternoon. An old woman on horseback, whom we passed, seeing my fez, and taking me for a Turkish official, thus addressed me: "May the blessing of Allah be with you. Whilst your father and mother are weeping for you at home, you are far away from them, toiling through the rain, on our Lord, the Sultan's, business." Such kindly salutations were almost invariably offered to us by the people we met on the road. The Turkish population were at all times polite and respectful to strangers, and in no country in the world would a traveller have received greater civility and hospitality than amongst the Osmanli of

Asia Minor. Increased intercourse with Europeans and Christians, and the influence of European contact, has probably changed them for the worse.

The plain of Ak Shehr is occupied by a lake of considerable size, spreading at certain times of the year into extensive marshes. We came to the lake at the village of Eber. Continuing along it, we passed many other villages. They were surrounded by lofty trees and by gardens and orchards, which gave them from a distance a very pleasing aspect. The houses, generally mere hovels, were completely concealed by this mass of verdure. We arrived towards evening at Ak Shehr (white city) the principal place in the district—a considerable town, but filthy beyond description. The narrow streets were up to the horses' knees in mud, and the putrefying carcasses of animals lying in them tainted the air with the most offensive odours. This barbarous and unclean habit of leaving the bodies of horses, camels, and other beasts to rot in the open air, either in the streets or on the outskirts of a town or village, prevailed amongst the inhabitants of most parts of Turkey. No one was concerned in burying them; the authorities did not interfere, and plague and all manner of fatal diseases decimated the inhabitants.

We rode to the khan, which was small, crowded, and dirty. As we could not find in it a decent room in which to pass the night, I proceeded to the *Serai* or residence of the Governor, and, entering his room of audience, presented my Firman, and asked his assistance to procure us a lodging. He received me politely, and immediately sent a guard with me to conduct us to the Christian quarters of the town, inhabited by Armenians. We were taken to the house of the headman, and installed by our guide in it. This was the first time in our travels that we had had recourse to our Firman, and had been billeted upon

any one. However, the owner of the house, seeing that we were Europeans, did not appear in any way unwilling to receive us. He gave us a room at the top of it, which, although open on one side to the air, was furnished with comfortable divans and cushions, and brought us for supper a dish composed of cheese, onions, and flour. He knew we should not leave without paying for our entertainment, poor as it was. Moreover, the family dealt in coins, and hoped to make a harvest out of us travellers. But their expectations were too great, and the prices they asked such as we were not disposed to give. I offered a little boy a piastre for a small and worthless coin which he brought to me. Looking up at me with an indignant expression, "Do you take us for children," he exclaimed, "that you deal with us after this fashion?"

We were not sorry to get away from this filthy mud town, and from our grasping hosts. As I passed through the streets, I discovered many fragments of marble, with ornaments and inscriptions, built into the walls of the houses and fountains. We continued for three days in a hilly country, with many villages all surrounded by their orchards and gardens. Each night we were lodged in the *oda* of a Turkish village, where we always received hospitable entertainment. The country appeared to be highly fertile and well cultivated. We saw several flocks of goats with the long silky hair which is greatly esteemed for the manufacture of fine stuffs and carpets, and afterwards became an important article of trade with Europe.

Early on the fourth morning we reached Konia, the ancient Iconium of the Greek Empire, and the seat of the Sultans of the Seljukian dynasty. The great solid wall which formed the defence of the city still remained. We passed through a fine gateway, with numerous guards lounging in the portico, and found ourselves amidst a heap of ruins, crumbling houses, wretched hovels, deserted

mosques, and falling minarets. The streets swarmed with idle, disorderly soldiers shabbily dressed in European clothing, and discordant sounds of drums and fifes came from every side. The conscription was being rigorously enforced in the province, and the recruits assembled in its capital were being hastily drilled to replace those who had fallen at Nizib, and to form a new army to oppose the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pasha, who threatened to advance upon Constantinople. Every khan and coffee-house was filled with this wild and, as yet, undisciplined soldiery. We were consequently again obliged to have recourse to the Pasha, who sent us with one of his *Cawasses* to the Armenian quarter, with orders to procure a proper lodging for us. It was not without much difficulty that we at last succeeded in obtaining a room, no one being willing to receive a stranger into his house—notwithstanding the threats of the *Cawass* and the exertion of the Christian headman of the quarter. This abuse of power in forcing the Christians to entertain travellers was very repugnant to my feelings, and I always availed myself of my Firman, which directed the authorities to provide us with quarters, with great reluctance. But there were occasions when I could not do otherwise, and, as we paid for what we had, those who were thus forced to receive us did not in the end suffer or complain. On the contrary, when they saw that we did not intend, as was the case with the Turkish officials, to live upon them at free quarters, they were glad enough to have us as guests. In those times, when communications between the capital and the provinces were rare, and news from Europe took a long time in reaching the interior, a traveller from Stamboul was welcome, especially to the Christians, who were eager for political information. In addition, they were at all times glad of an opportunity to expose their grievances to a European, who might represent them to

a foreign Embassy, or to the Governor, and obtain redress for the sufferers.

The room that was assigned to us having been cleaned out and furnished with carpets and cushions, we proceeded to explore the city. The greater part of it was then uninhabited. The ruins of extensive buildings and of splendid mosques prove its ancient prosperity and magnificence. The modern houses, generally about twelve feet in height, and consisting of a single ground floor, were mostly built of mud, and had a miserable appearance. They were all flat-roofed. The bazaars were small, dirty, and thronged with idle soldiers in their ill-fitting garments. They appeared to be all supplied with merchandise. One or two European tailors were busily employed in making uniforms for the *Nizam* or regular troops.

Built into the mosques I found many ancient remains, and the columns used in them appeared to be of Greek or Roman origin. The walls of the city, which are the work of the Sultans of Iconium, are constructed for the most part of the remains of Greek buildings. I found in them several Greek inscriptions, which I copied, and near the principal gateway a headless colossal statue of Hercules. They are fast falling into ruins, and the moat, which once served as a further defence to the city, has become a pestilential swamp.

We spent a day in Konia to copy the inscriptions, and to search for ancient remains, and I was present at an Armenian wedding, with its strange and barbarous ceremonies, which I fully described in my journal.

To the south of Konia the plain is not inhabited and cultivated in that part of it to the north of the city. In the rainy season it becomes a vast swamp difficult to traverse, and it is at all times an inhospitable waste. We had to ride above twenty miles before reaching a village. At length, about nightfall, we came to Chumra, where we

found a clean *oda*, the keeper of which was a very intelligent and lively fellow, who had been in the Turkish army, had seen most parts of the Empire, from Albania to the frontiers of Persia, and had been a prisoner in Russia. He gave me a good deal of information about the country and its inhabitants, and his travels and adventures had enlarged his ideas, and removed many of his prejudices. In the villages to the south of Konia there was usually an *Agha* or headman, who acted as Governor, an officer, who was appointed to see to the entertainment of travellers, and the *Odabashi*, or keeper of the *oda*.

We continued the following day through the vast plain which is ill supplied with water. That which is found in wells is brackish and disagreeable to the taste. We passed encampments of Ourouks, or Turcoman nomads, formed of the circular huts covered with felt, which I have before described. In the afternoon we reached a range of hills, and, near a small lake covered with waterfowl, found a small village named Suleiman Agi.[1] A marked change had taken place in the population of the country through which we were travelling. The inhabitants of the plain were less polite and attentive to strangers. Their appearance was less honest and frank than that of the good old Turks, amongst whom we had found ourselves before reaching Konia. They had never seen Europeans before, and were distrustful and suspicious of them. On the following morning the chief of the village sent to demand our papers, the first time that such a demand had been made upon us. We sent him our Firman, which, however, did not satisfy him, and he talked of preventing us continuing our journey, and of sending us back. He then requested us to call upon him, which we did. Being unable to decipher our Firman, or even to make out whether the *Tourah*[2] was that of the reigning Sultan or of his predecessor, he insisted that we

[1] Hadji or Agha. [2] Sign-manual.

ought to have been provided with a *Teskeri*, or travelling order, from Hadji Ali Pasha, the Governor of Konia. Taking out my watch, I threatened that unless within ten minutes we were allowed to depart, I should return to that place, and lodge a formal complaint against him for disobedience to the orders of his sovereign, and contempt for the Imperial Firman. This threat had some effect, and after consulting with his council and a mullah, who was summoned to read our papers, and who was as ignorant as the Governor himself, he pretended to be satisfied with a scrap of printed paper containing the police permission to leave Constantinople then given to travellers, and informed us that we might go on our way in peace. This was the first time that we had met with any difficulty on our journey.

On my return to the *oda* I found that the *Odabashi* had forced open my shot-belt, and had stolen the contents. This was the first time, too, that we had met with anything like dishonesty from the people amongst whom we had been travelling. I was consequently the more angry, and, seizing the culprit, I dragged him to the *Mejles* and denounced him and all the inhabitants of the village as thieves, threatening to report them to the first Turkish authorities whom we might meet. The Governor, notwithstanding his age, jumped from the divan on which he had been sitting cross-legged, and, seizing Giorgio's whip, began lashing the *Odabashi* across the face and shoulders. Some of the bystanders, eager to show their zeal, also threw themselves upon him, and he was soon rolling on the floor shouting for mercy. The scene was so ridiculous that I could not restrain my laughter. The Governor thereupon dropped the whip, which was, however, seized by one of his attendants, who continued the chastisement until I interfered and put a stop to it.

As we left the village we overheard a remark from

the villagers to the effect that "if those Giaours had ventured amongst us a few years ago, their persons and their goods would have fared very differently, and they would not have escaped so easily out of our hands."

We were in search of the ruins of the ancient city of Lystra of Lycaonia where Paul and Barnabas were taken by the heathen for Jupiter and Mercury, and where the two apostles preached to Jews and Gentiles and were stoned by them and left for dead. We had reason to believe that they were known by the name of Madenshehre (? The Treasure City) and Bin-bir-Klissie (the thousand and one churches). Enquiring for these places, we were directed across a stony and precipitous hill. From its summit we looked down upon a small valley, in which we could perceive a large collection of buildings still standing, and on account of their sombre colour scarcely to be distinguished from the surrounding rocks. On reaching them we found that they were principally the remains of Christian basilicas. Amongst them were a few families of shepherds, who pasture their flocks in the valley during a part of the year, and dwell in underground chambers of ancient edifices and shelter their flocks in the aisles of Christian churches during the remainder. After having obtained some bread and milk from these poor people, we proceeded to examine the ruins, which at that time had not, I believe, been visited or described. We discovered the remains of four buildings, apparently of a date preceding the Christian era. They were a small square temple of solid masonry, and well preserved, with the exception of a roof which had fallen in; an octagonal building of stone masonry, also probably a temple; a spacious edifice in which there were two marble columns still standing which appeared to be the remains of palaces, and a large semicircular building, the nature and use of which I was unable to conjecture.

With the exception of these remains and, probably, several spacious vaulted underground chambers, to which access is obtained by flights of stone steps, the ruins at Bin-bir-Klissie are of the Christian era. They consist chiefly of basilicas, some in a very perfect state of preservation. I counted more than twenty of these structures. In some of them, figures of saints in the Byzantine style were still to be seen painted on the walls. Their eyes had been scratched out, and their faces, in some instances, totally destroyed, probably by fanatical Mussulmans, who had taken them for the idols of the Giaours. I found one or two inscriptions in Byzantine Greek. The churches themselves were of the form of early Christian basilicas, divided into three aisles by columns, and having at one end an apse. The roof, which was constructed of flat stones, and was slanting, had in most cases fallen in, but remained in some. The apse and interior walls had evidently been at one time covered with paintings.

The city from its remains must have been of considerable extent, as far as I could judge, about six miles, in circumference. There is no stream near it, nor any water except such as could be procured from wells, according to the shepherds, at two hours' distance. And yet a place of such importance could scarcely have been so ill-provided with drinking water. Some of the vaulted chambers that I discovered may have been cisterns.

The walls and buildings of Lystra were constructed of a brown-coloured sandstone, the quarries from which it was obtained being at a short distance from the city to the south-west. Consequently they had a very dull and monotonous appearance. But the position of the ruins in a valley almost surrounded by precipitous mountains is striking and picturesque.

These ruins were so interesting and important for the history of Byzantine Art, that I regretted that we had not

the time or the means for a careful examination of them, and for drawing the principal objects of interest, especially the wall paintings. I am not aware whether any travellers have since examined them, and if any detailed account of them has been published, but they would be well worthy of careful examination. As we were engaged on a long journey, and were unprovided with instruments necessary to make a proper survey of them, we were forced to leave them after making a few hasty sketches and equally hasty measurements.

Many traditions and stories attach to the site of the ruined and deserted city of Lystra. Amongst them the following was related to us. As the name tells us, it once contained a thousand and one churches. But one of the churches with all its attendant priests suddenly disappeared, and now only one thousand can be counted. These priests appear to mortals once a year, at Easter time, and ask them certain questions: "Have the women borne children?" "Have the sheep thrown lambs?" "Have the cows given milk?" If the answer is in the affirmative they announce that the end of the world is not yet come, if in the negative that it is near. In these foolish superstitions, especially prevalent amongst the Greeks, the Mussulmans believe as well as the Christians, with whom they originated. The Turks of Stamboul flock to the miraculous pool of Balookli to see the fish which, only half fried when Constantinople fell, are to be wholly fried when the city is again about to fall into the hands of the Giaour.

The shepherd Turcomans among the ruins did not interfere with our proceedings, but watched us narrowly, as they were convinced that we were in search of treasure. One was overheard to say that we might be allowed to discover it, as he and his companions were sufficiently numerous to deprive us of it, and another earnestly en-

treated Giorgio to prevail upon us to confide to him our secret for finding buried gold. We enquired of them whether they had ever before seen a European at Bin-bir-Klissie. An aged grey-beard declared that thirty years before a Frank had come to the place, but another maintained that it was only fifteen, whilst a third declared that a Giaour had been known to visit the place only two years before.

We spent the greater part of the day among the ruins, and then, crossing the precipitous range of hills to the south of the valley, came to Choolou, a small village, where we found a much more hospitable reception than we had experienced at our last resting-place. The inhabitants took us for what Giorgio called *nomini del governo*, a belief which we did not fail to encourage, and treated us with corresponding respect. But they, no doubt, rejoiced when we turned our backs upon them without having exacted a handsome contribution in money from them in addition to a night's entertainment, for which, however, we always tendered an adequate remuneration not always received. We took care, however, only to offer what a Turk, travelling under similar circumstances, would have paid. Otherwise there would be a risk of rendering these simple people troublesome and grasping, and exposing future travellers to extortion and vexation. Such has been the case in most parts of the East which have been frequented by Europeans, and especially by the English, who usually squander their money lavishly.

Our road next day passed through the town of Karaman, occupying the site of the ancient and once important city of Laranda, and giving its name to the province of Karamania, the ancient Lycaonia, a picturesque place surrounded by trees and gardens, and with a grand old castle rising boldly above the town, with its frowning towers and battlements which may have been built by the

Turkish rulers of a small independent kingdom which in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had Laranda for its capital. We only remained there for a couple of hours to procure a few things, of which we were in need, from the small and ill-provided bazaar, and to engage a man with a horse to carry our baggage as far as Mout, as our own animals were much fatigued. Leaving Karaman we followed a small stream to the village of Isandé, situated in a ravine, and containing an ancient Christian church converted into a mosque. There we spent the night.

We had now entered the great mountain range of Taurus which separates the high tableland of Asia Minor from the Mediterranean Sea. We continued the whole day winding through deep valleys and crossing precipitous ridges. The mountains, of a calcareous limestone, easily decomposed, and abounding in fossils, had been worn into innumerable pinnacles of the most fantastic shapes, rendering the scenery strange and picturesque. Sometimes we ascended by regular gradations, like flights of gigantic stairs, to broad tablelands. There were but few lofty peaks to be seen, the summits of the mountains appeared from this side of them to be chiefly flat, and there was a total absence of trees and vegetation on their sides. We saw a few excavated tombs and passed some remains of ancient buildings. After dark we reached a small village called Iapandé, and, the *oda* being occupied by several travellers, we had to put up for the night in a room half full of Indian corn and other stores belonging to the owners of the house.

An hour's ride brought us to Mout, a most picturesque place, occupying the site of Claudiopolis, a colony of Claudius Cæsar. It stands on the sides of a deep gorge through which a torrent formed by springs rising at no great distance forces its way, dividing the village into two parts, which are connected by an ancient bridge. A grand

old castle fast falling to ruins rises upon an overhanging rock, and a fine mosque, with its dome and minarets, is seen beneath it. The whole is surrounded by spreading trees and orchards. It was altogether a charming example of a peaceful Turkish town, the inhabitants of which were slowly and idly enduring life, far away from disturbing influences and cares, and ignorant of the exciting events of the outer world. We made our way to the *konak*, where the petty Governor resided. He appeared to be in harmony with the quiet indolence of the place. Lazily reclining on a divan, he was playing a game of chess, which he was apparently losing, as on our entrance he tossed over the board, and directed his attention to us. He was, however, a dignified, well-mannered old Osmanlu, who considered it his duty to be polite and hospitable to the guests of his Padishah. He invited us to be seated, gave us coffee and pipes, asked a few questions, examined with curiosity our firearms, and ordered a man to accompany us with his donkey to carry our effects.

We spent a short time in the village searching for ancient remains. In the walls of the houses and lying about in the streets we discovered the remains of columns and fragments of friezes. In one place we found a marble basin, an ancient fountain or bath, receiving a copious spring issuing from the rock. A short distance from the village there was part of a Greek inscription on a slab. We were told that coins were constantly found in turning up the soil, and many were brought to us, for which their owners were content to receive a trifling present. The castle, which the Turks, as is usually the case in Asia Minor, attribute to the Genoese, is probably the work of the Moslem conquerors, who have used in its construction materials derived from ancient buildings. Built into its massive walls are portions of pillars and other architectural remains; but I could discover no inscriptions of any kind.

A large and ancient Turkish khan partly in ruins stood in the village.

Our path was carried through a valley along the bank of the Calycadnus, a broad and clear stream, now called by the natives the Ghiok Su—"blue water." The mountains on either side were thickly wooded. As the night came on we saw on all sides the fires of an encampment of the Ourouks. Although Iapandé, which we reached after dark, had only three or four houses, it contained the travellers' *oda*, which was rarely, if ever, absent from a Turkish village. There we installed ourselves, and were hospitably supplied with the best supper that the village could produce. The evening meal, served to us by the kindly villagers in the room reserved for their guests, usually consisted of a very palatable soup, small lumps of boiled mutton, an omelet, a pillaf, and large flat cakes of unleavened bread. Sometimes, however, there was no meat to be obtained, as the inhabitants themselves did not often enjoy what was to them a luxury. I need scarcely say that we were never given wine or any spirituous liquor in a Mussulman house, whilst strong *raki* was usually presented to us by Christians, nor had we any provision of such things with us. We drank nothing but water and the usual sour milk which is found in most Turkish cottages in the interior. Fresh milk is considered unwholesome by all Easterns, and is rarely, if ever, drunk. According to the custom of the country, nothing is paid for food, which is furnished by the community gratuitously to a stranger, but it was our invariable habit to give a small sum for the *Odabashi*, or owner, or man in charge of the guest-house. Sometimes we were, in addition, supplied with coverlets, which now that the weather was cold—we were in the month of November—were very acceptable, and we slept on the mattresses covered with European chintz, which formed a kind of low divan round the room, the

floor of which was covered with mats. The principal drawback upon these otherwise pleasant nights' quarters were the fleas and other vermin. We were, however, free from their attacks in our "Levinge" sheets, and they diminished and finally disappeared as the cold weather came on.

Before the supper was brought in upon the polished metal tray, the chief men of the village would sit with us. They retired when we ate and returned after we had finished our meal, leaving us when we desired to retire to rest, which we did very early, as we were generally fatigued with our long day's ride. I still look back to those evenings pleasantly spent in conversing with these simple and kindly people, and in obtaining information as to their country, habits, and customs. I thus learnt to appreciate the many virtues and excellent qualities of the pure Turkish race, and to form that high opinion which I have never had reason to change of the character of the true Osmanlu, before he is corrupted by the temptations and vices of official life and of power, and by intercourse with Europeans and the Europeanised Turks of the capital.

As our road lay over high mountain passes, and our horses were much encumbered even with the little baggage that we had with us, we hired a donkey to carry our effects. Our progress was consequently but slow. We stopped in the middle of the day under some trees, at a short distance from the village of Döörul,[1] to change our donkey. The villagers brought in carpets and cushions and immense water melons and olives, with bread, cheese,

[1] The names of places throughout my journal are written according as I could catch their pronunciation from the inhabitants, and as I had then but a very small knowledge of Turkish, and had, moreover, often to depend for their repetition upon a Greek who invariably mispronounces Turkish words, they are probably in many respects inaccurately given.

and coffee. They sat round us in a wide circle, until we were ready to resume our journey.

We had a very fatiguing ride of five hours before we reached Chiklik, a village situated on a bright stream in a deep glen, surrounded by gardens of olive groves, fig and pomegranate trees, vineyards and lofty walnut and chestnut trees, a very oasis in the midst of the barren and rocky solitude which we had been traversing. The *oda* in this delightful spot was large, roomy, and clean, and we found the best welcome and the greatest comfort that the most exacting and fastidious traveller could expect in this remote and uncivilised region.

A Greek trader whom we met at Chiklik offered us his horse for hire, and to accompany us as a guide—of which in the mountainous and wooded country we were about to traverse we were in much need, as it was easy to follow a wrong track and to lose our way. We had now crossed the upper ridge of the Taurus range, and were descending rapidly towards the Mediterranean coast. The treeless and barren slopes to the north of this great chain of mountains, which extends in an uninterrupted line through the very centre of Asia, were now replaced by forests of oak and richly wooded valleys, through which ran a large stream, the Ghiok Su, the Calycadnus of the ancients, and its numerous confluents. It well deserves the name of the "blue water," for a more pure cerulean blue than the colour of its waters could not be imagined. During our day's ride we passed but two small villages, and the country seemed very thinly inhabited by a settled population; but we saw many Ourouk encampments, and we stopped at one of them for the night. The Turcoman families had only just arrived with their flocks from their summer pasture grounds, and had not yet constructed their circular felt huts, which I have before described. But they had lighted great fires with the branches of trees,

round which the women and children had gathered, whilst the men were busy in unloading the animals, and making their preparations for the night. We were very kindly received; wood for a fire was brought to us, and as soon after our arrival as supper could be prepared—and considering that our hosts had scarcely settled themselves after a long day's march, the delay was very short—we were served with a large tray containing a mess of some vegetables with a little meat, bread fried in butter, a kind of honey or molasses extracted from grapes, and cheese. They furnished us, too, with carpets of fine texture and beautiful colours, made by the Turcoman women from the wool of their flocks dyed with brilliant dyes, and coverlets for the night. We were not sorry to use them, as the night air was cold and keen in those high regions. The men gathered in a circle round us until the evening was far advanced. They told me that during the summer months they drove their flocks for pasture to the great plains between Karaman and Konia, returning as the winter drew near to the sea coasts near Selefkeh (the ancient Seleucia), where they find abundant food for their sheep, goats, cattle, and buffaloes, and a temperate climate. Their huts and furniture are carried for the most part on camels — splendid animals with double humps. They make cheese, butter, and kaimak, which they send for sale to the nearest towns and villages. The *Agha* of the encampment told me that his tribe consisted of between seven and eight hundred families, divided into groups of twelve, each group under a separate head. The Pasha of Konia then named one chief to be over the whole tribe, who accounted to him for its yearly tribute.

The conscription, which has been introduced amongst the Ourouks, the changes in the administration of the Turkish provinces, and the policy of centralisation which has of late years prevailed throughout the Ottoman

Empire, has tended to reduce the numbers of this curious and interesting people, who will soon probably lose, if they have not already lost, their ancient habits, customs, and dress, and be absorbed into the general population.

We lay down to sleep under a bright starlit sky, the fires of the wanderers burning brightly around us on the mountain sides. About two hours before daylight the whole encampment was in movement, men and women loading their camels and other beasts of burden, the boys collecting the flocks. They invited us to accompany them in their migration, and to spend the day with them, but although, like ourselves, they were journeying towards the coast, their progress was too slow, and we were obliged to leave our kind and simple hosts. About three hours after we had left them we fell in with another party of Ourouks bivouacking near the stream, and stopped to breakfast with them.

We followed the direction of the Ghiok Su, which was occasionally lost in deep gorges and ravines. We were compelled consequently to scramble over the most precipitous ridges, constantly losing the track over rocks worn as smooth as glass or in dense forests and brushwood. Our horses had many falls, and we were obliged to travel the greater part of the day on foot. Our Greek, who professed to be our guide, but who knew no more about the country through which we were forcing our way than we did, had to hold his horse by the tail to prevent it slipping down the polished rocks or falling over precipices into the gulf below. But notwithstanding sundry mishaps and much fatigue, we were more than repaid for our dangers and toil by the beauty of the scenery. We now obtained distant glimpses of the blue sea. The pine-clad mountains rose in majestic peaks above us. The bright, clear stream, abounding in trout, was clothed with oleanders. We were under the shade of magnificent forest trees.

High up in the precipitous cliffs which overhang the river we occasionally saw the entrances to tombs or chambers excavated in the rock. We came, in a part where the valley narrowed to a gorge, to the ruins of a Greek or Roman aqueduct, which had been constructed to carry the waters of a crystal spring across the river. Near it were the ruins of some ancient building.

After six hours of this beautiful but toilsome descent we came upon the small plain between the foot of the mountains and the sea, in which stood the Cilician Seleucia, an ancient and wealthy Greek city founded by Seleucus Nicator, the rival of Tarsus, and at one time a great emporium of trade. Its site is now occupied by the Turkish village of Selefkeh. We crossed the Calycadnus by a Greek or Roman bridge of five arches, still well preserved, and took up our quarters at a khan.

As the ancient Greek city has passed away, so has the important Turkish town which replaced it in the Middle Ages become a mere heap of ruins. Two falling mosques and some houses remain, and a picturesque castle of solid masonry, with extensive fortifications, in the walls of which are built fragments of ancient marbles, with time-worn sculpture and Greek inscriptions, crowns an elevation overhanging the village. The bazaar was deserted, and there were only a few fever-stricken inhabitants in the place.

We wandered about during the remainder of the day in search of ruins. We found the remains of two temples with many columns of white marble still standing, and of a theatre with porticoes and adjacent edifices; architectural ornaments of exquisite delicacy of work and beauty of design; numerous capitals and shafts of columns of a florid Corinthian order scattered about the town, and built into the walls of houses—I counted no less than fifteen of the latter in the yard of our khan—an extensive excavation in the rock below the castle, about 150 feet long, 75

broad, and 40 deep, with arches of solid masonry round the sides, the bottom reached by stairs formed of large blocks of stone; many excavated tombs in the surrounding rocks, with the troughs similar to those we had met with in such abundance in Phrygia; sarcophagi used as reservoirs for fountains, with remains of inscriptions, some of the Christian era; and on all sides traces and foundations of ancient buildings.

About two miles from Selefkeh, in a valley wooded with larch, I found an aqueduct of which fifteen arches in two tiers, nine in the lower and six in the upper, still remained. The view which it commanded was of marvellous Southern beauty—the fine old castle and the ruins of the ancient city backed by the lofty serrated range of Taurus, the small plain with its luxuriant vegetation, beyond the blue Mediterranean, in the extreme distance Cyprus faintly visible. Scenery of this exquisite loveliness abounds along the Karamanian coast which we had reached.

The few people that we found in the khan at Selefkeh were grasping and ill-mannered. The place had probably been visited by European ships, and the inhabitants had probably been spoilt. They differed, however, in every way from the honest, dignified Turks with whom we had lived in the interior. We were warned that this population on the coast did not bear a good reputation, that we should find but few villages, and that the Ourouks, living chiefly amongst the ruins, were a wild and lawless set, addicted to robbing and not to be trusted, and that, owing to the recent defeat of the Turkish army at Nizib, and the presence of the Egyptian forces at Tarsus, the country was in more than usual disorder. After various squabbles with the owner of the khan, who attempted to extort money from us upon every possible pretence, we started with an old grey-bearded Turk, from whom we had hired a horse, as far as Tarsus. Although he had a game leg he managed to

limp along faster than our horses could walk. He was an honest, good-natured fellow.

The track along the coast and close to the sea, for road there is none, was carried over slippery rocks, and through great heaps of stones. It was almost impracticable. We had to dismount and to walk, leading our horses, during the greater part of the day. We frequently came upon the remains of an ancient paved road, but we could not avail ourselves of it, as it was almost entirely broken up. Our horses as well as ourselves were constantly falling, and I scarcely remember to have had a more disagreeable day's journey.

We saw many tombs cut in the rocks. Above some of them were inscriptions, which, however, had been almost entirely defaced, and which I was unable consequently to copy.

After passing two hamlets of mud hovels, named Ochir and Pershendi (the latter at a little distance from our path) we came upon the remains of the Roman town of Poccile Petra. They were of considerable extent, and almost concealed by dwarf oaks and myrtles in full flower. The scene was altogether one of surpassing beauty. The ruins occupied a small valley opening upon the sea. Amongst them rose the remains of more than one temple, a triumphal arch, with an inscription stating that the town had been founded by one Flurianus, in the reign of Emperor Valentinian. A beautiful structure of white marble, with a vaulted ceiling and entirely open on one side, stood at a short distance from the town, probably a tomb, as around it were sarcophagi and troughs cut in the rock, from which the lids had been forcibly removed, many of them bearing the traces of inscriptions in Greek characters. On the hill-side to the east stood a long row of twenty arches, forming part of a great edifice, the ruins of which cover an extensive area. The dwellings of the ancient inhabitants,

built of solid stone masonry, are still preserved as if only recently deserted. Solid stone walls mark the site of spacious buildings, and the arches of an aqueduct show that the town was once supplied with water. We had not sufficient time to make a plan of the ruins, and I had to be satisfied with one or two hasty sketches.

As we continued along the coast we passed many ruins, some apparently of small temples, others of tombs and the remains of buildings. During the day we had seen in the distance to the east the mountains of Syria rising majestically from the sea. As we forced our way through myrtle and olive bushes and marshy ground, game of many descriptions rose in all directions—francolins (the black partridge), partridges, quails, snipe, ducks, widgeon, and various kinds of water-fowl. The sun went down in all its glory, lighting up this beautiful coast and the distant mountains of Taurus and Syria, and turning the blue Mediterranean into a sheet of purple and gold. In the distance, close to the coast, rose the picturesque castle of Korgos, built upon a small island. I never saw anything more lovely, nor had I ever enjoyed so many delightful sensations as our day's ride afforded me. I have never forgotten it. The beauty of the distant mountains, the richness of the vegetation, the utter loneliness and desolation of the country, the wonderful remains of ancient civilisation, the graceful elegance of the monuments, the picturesque aspect of the ruins, the blue motionless sea reflecting every object, with here and there a white sail, all combined to form a scene which it would be difficult to equal and impossible to surpass.

At nightfall we reached the ruins of another ancient city, called by the natives Ayash, or sometimes Karadash. Amongst them was a small encampment of Ourouks. I took up my quarters for the night in a spacious subterranean chamber, built of large square blocks and

vaulted, apparently an ancient cistern or reservoir. The men, a wild-looking set of fellows, gathered round us during the evening, examining us with much curiosity. Remembering the warning we had received as to the character of the people we were to find upon our road, we thought it well to show our hosts that we were not unprovided with the means of defence, and discharged our double-barrelled guns and pistols in their presence. The women sat round a fire singing or chanting a dreary ditty to the monotonous beating of a tambourine. They soon, however, left their music to gaze upon the Franks, strange mortals, whom they saw for the first time.

Notwithstanding the ill looks and evil reputation of the Ourouks of Ayash, we were not disturbed in our night's rest. Had they been maligned, or had our European weapons deterred them from molesting us? Probably the former, although Giorgio, like a Greek, always timid, and seeing a cut-throat in every Mussulman, was persuaded that we had miraculously escaped from being robbed and murdered, and vowed some candles to the Virgin and his patron saint.

Our track on the following day lay over the same slippery rocks and loose stones. The paved road, which at one time had been carried along this coast to unite the many towns upon it, still appeared at intervals. For fifteen miles, and until we reached our night's resting-place at Lamas, we passed through the remains of ancient buildings and a perfect street of tombs. A short distance from our path a magnificent aqueduct of splendid stone masonry, faced with fine cement or stucco, was carried nearly the whole way, crossing ravines and passing over the undulating country in a series of arches in double tiers. In one place I counted twenty of these together. It came from the River of Lamus, and once supplied with fresh water a region where this absolute necessity

of life is deficient. An object more beautifully combining with the surrounding scenery, with its rugged mountains, its ruins, and the rich green foliage of the myrtle, it would have been impossible to imagine.

A little beyond the ruins where we had slept, we found ourselves upon the sea-shore, opposite the castle of Korgos, built upon a small island at a very short distance from the coast. As there was no boat to be obtained, we were unable to visit it, but the view of it was charmingly picturesque, with its towers mirrored in the blue waters, especially when seen from amidst the ruins and myrtles from the opposite side of the small arm of the sea, which divided us from it, and upon which rose a second and more extensive castle. The walls and towers of both were still standing. They were both of Turkish origin, and fragments of ancient buildings had been employed in their construction. A moat, still filled with fresh water, now furnishing the only supply to those who inhabit the adjacent ruins, still surrounds the castle on the mainland.

A vast mass of ruins occupies the ancient town of Corycus of Cilicia Tracheia, the name of which is still retained in Korgos. Near it was the Corycian cavern, better known as the Cilician cave of Pindar and Æschylus and the bed of the giant Typhon. Around are, on all sides, ancient tombs cut in the rock, sarcophagi and monuments to the dead. Sometimes the rock itself has been fashioned into a sarcophagus, the pent roof lid of which has been removed by those who in former times rifled it of its contents. Many of these resting-places of the dead had inscriptions, some Pagan, some Christian, but they had all been obliterated more or less by time or man.

I observed many sarcophagi of white marble, sculptured with garlands, the heads of rams or bulls and other orna-

ments. In all instances their lids had been broken or forced off, and were lying by their side.

On the face of a scarped rock not far from the western side of the castle on the mainland, I found somewhat rudely carved the figure of a warrior resting his hand upon his sheathed sword, and near the mouth of an excavated tomb, a group apparently representing a man contending with a centaur. Both these sculptures had been wantonly injured and mutilated. In the interior of many of these tombs I also observed hewn on either side the representation of an altar.

On the summit of a rocky elevation there were the ruins of a vast building, the walls of which, with a number of arches, still remained, and on an opposite hill those of a small temple, with the shafts of its marble fluted columns still erect. As we rode along we passed numerous ancient dwellings, so well preserved that they appeared to have been inhabited but a short time before. Many of them contained several rooms, and one which I entered had three chambers, all vaulted with stone masonry, and a spacious entrance hall.

It would be impossible to describe all the ruins and tombs we saw during our day's ride. Some of the mausolea, or small sepulchral temples of white marble, were of singular beauty, ornamented with exquisitely chiselled architectural devices, and marvellously well preserved. This fact I attributed to the absence of a population which would have used the materials of these ancient buildings to construct their own habitations. It is probable that, when the cities which existed on this rocky coast had fallen and been deserted, and the aqueduct ceased to supply them with water, no attempt was made to form fresh settlements upon their sites.

The mausolea, which usually stood on an eminence or on a rock hanging over the sea, consisted generally of two

vaulted chambers, the outer of which was completely open by a wide arched entrance to the air. It communicated by an arched doorway with an inner chamber, in which stood a sarcophagus. Access was also had to this inner room by a small square doorway at the back of the monument. They had pent roofs of square slabs of stone and pediments supported by pilasters of the Corinthian order.

These ruins continued, as I have said, the whole way, until we reached a small hamlet, still called after the ancient name of the city that occupied the site, and of the small river that passed through it, Lamus. It is only inhabited during the winter months by Ourouks, who spend the remainder of the year in the mountain pasture with their flocks and herds. The greater part of them had not returned, and the few families which had come back to their homes were unable to supply us with a night's lodging and provisions. We took possession of the *Agha's* house, which, however, was without furniture, and the game which we had shot during the day, consisting of wild ducks and francolin, afforded us an excellent supper. A traveller, whom we met on our way, congratulated us upon having escaped from the dwellers amongst the ruins of Ayash, who, he declared, were notorious robbers, and had murdered more than one person who had ventured amongst them. Giorgio was now convinced that he had been miraculously delivered from the most imminent danger of having his throat cut.

We now left the rocky and stony track which we had been following since leaving Selefkeh, and entered a rich plain, now uncultivated, and in many places converted into a marsh by the overflowing of streams coming from the mountains, and everywhere overgrown with myrtles and oleanders. We saw few ruins near our road; the few that we perceived were in the hills. We passed several parties

of Turks, who told us that, having heard much of the justice and good government of Ibrahim Pasha, they had migrated to the adjacent province occupied by the Egyptian armies; but, finding the taxes heavier than they could bear, they were now returning to their homes. We had now left the territory under the direct government of the Sultan, and had entered into that under the rule of his rebellious subject, Mehemet Ali Pasha of Egypt. At Mezetli, a village where we spent the night, I asked the inhabitants whether they had to complain of the taxes imposed upon them by the Egyptians, and how those taxes were levied. Their answer was: "We understand nothing of the matter. All we know is that, when our corn is cut, a Pasha arrives and carries off as much as he thinks proper. When our barley is ready, he comes again and does the like. When our fruit is ripe, he appears for the third time and the same happens to us. How, then, can we not complain?"

Mezetli, or Mezetlu, is not far from the magnificent ruins of the very ancient Greek city of Soli, restored by Pompey, and called after him Pompeiopolis. We rode through them, admiring the magnificent colonnade which once led from a porticus near the harbour to one of the gates. Of the two hundred columns which formed it, a double row, forty-two, were still standing; the remainder were lying where they had been thrown down by an earthquake, which appears to have destroyed all the principal edifices and monuments. These columns, including their bases and capitals, I found to be about 40 feet in height and rather more than 3 feet 5 inches in diameter. Their capitals were of the composite order, and some were fluted. We visited the amphitheatre, with its seats of stone still preserved, and the fine harbour for galleys, constructed of enormous blocks of hewn stone, and still perfect, but now dry, a small spring of fresh water rising in the centre of it. The whole place abounds in the

ruins of buildings, tombs, and sarcophagi, but it is so densely clothed with almost impenetrable thickets and underwood, that it was impossible to explore or even reach the greater part of them. This jungle affords food and shelter to innumerable wild boars, which we constantly disturbed.

With the remains of Pompeiopolis ended the interesting and unequalled series of ruins and the exquisite scenery through which we had passed during our three days' ride from the ancient Seleucia. This beautiful coast, equally rich in materials for the artist and the antiquarian, was then scarcely known. Captain Beaufort had surveyed it, and had noted some of the principal ruins, but it had not, as far as I was aware, been visited by any traveller, although it abounds in every variety of game and in innumerable objects of interest. And now it is within a few hours' sail of the island of Cyprus, our most recent colonial possession.

We had heard that the European Consuls resided at Mersyn, a small modern port at a short distance from the ruins of Soli. On reaching the village we found, however, only an old Turk who acted as the agent of the French Consul. We rode, therefore, to Tarsus, over a rich plain fully deserving its ancient renown of fertility, but then ill cultivated and thinly inhabited. The gardens and minarets of the town had scarcely come in sight when we were overtaken by a thunderstorm of great violence. It was night before we found our way to the gate and entered the flooded streets. Mr Barker, an English gentleman to whom we had letters of recommendation, was away. His servant conducted us to the house of the English Vice-Consul, who, however, had just died of the pernicious fever of the place. We were kept waiting in the pouring rain until a note could be sent to the French Consul, who had taken charge of British interests, and whom we asked to

assist us in procuring a lodging, as all the khans were full, and we knew not where to pass the night. That gentleman's *cawass* immediately afterwards appeared with an invitation from his master to his house. We found Mr Gillet and his amiable wife at dinner. The most hospitable reception awaited us, and we remained for the following day his guests. We then accepted an invitation from Mr Barker to move to his house.

Mr Barker was living entirely in native fashion, having adopted the Arab dress and manners. Having been born and brought up in the East, he spoke the Arabic language with perfect fluency, and could pass at any time for an Arab of the towns. In this respect he resembled his godfather, the celebrated traveller Burckhardt. We spent a very pleasant day under his roof, enjoying some repose after our long journey. With him we visited the principal remains of the ancient city of St Paul, one of the most opulent and renowned in the Eastern world. They are, however, few in number and insignificant, compared with the previous greatness of the city, and consist principally of the foundations of buildings and a few Roman mosaics. But in the neighbourhood of the town I visited with particular interest the great mass of rubble masonry which had long excited the curiosity of travellers, and which some had ventured to connect with the funeral pyre upon which Sardanapalus, the mythical founder of Tarsus, had consumed himself, his wives, and his wealth. It was, however, generally believed to be the remains of an Assyrian monument. It consists of a wall of enormous thickness, which forms a quadrangle inclosure, within which are two enormous square masses of similar masonry. The whole appears to have been faced at one time with square slabs of stone. Nothing whatever remained to indicate the origin and use of this singular monument. Mr Gillet had made excavations of no great extent in some parts

of it, but without any result. He had not discovered the smallest object or fragment of sculpture or inscription which could afford a clue to its history.

The town of Tarsus had fallen into decay. Its flat-roofed houses were for the most part in ruins. Its streets almost impassable for filth and mud. The Cydnus, which had once witnessed the pageants and glories of Antony and Cleopatra, had become an unruly torrent, which, occasionally overflowing its banks, had formed marshes, adding their pestilential miasma to the sickening effluvia arising from the carcasses of animals and putrid animal matter encumbering the streets. It was no matter for surprise that the "Tarsus fever," from which Alexander the Great had not escaped, and from which more than one Roman Emperor had died, had become almost proverbial, and of the Europeans who had settled in the place as Consuls or traders there had been few who had not succumbed to it.

The town was now in the possession of the Egyptians, and the headquarters of Ibrahim Pasha were at Adana. The awkward Turkish troops, with their tall red fezes and their ill-made European uniforms, were replaced by the swarthy, lithe Egyptians, in their red *tarbouches* or loose cap, baggy trousers, and loose jackets, a more becoming and convenient costume for Orientals, and more in accordance with their notions of decency, than the tight-fitting garments which had been adopted by Sultan Mahmoud for his troops. There was a considerable number of these soldiers in Tarsus, and drilling and exercise, drumming and trumpeting, were going on all day. They seemed under better discipline than those in the Turkish service we had met with in our travels, and authority was well maintained in the place, far more so than under the immediate rule of the Porte. The inhabitants were, on the whole, satisfied with the new administration. Their prin-

cipal complaint was against the heavy taxation imposed upon them, a complaint which we had heard in the villages. The fanaticism of the Mussulmans, previously notorious in this part of the Sultan's dominions, had been curbed, the Christians were protected, and justice was fairly and impartially dispensed. The inhabitants of the town and province subsequently looked back with regret to the short period of Egyptian rule.

We had now accomplished one of the most interesting portions of our journey, that across Asia Minor by a route for the greater part through a country unexplored by previous travellers, and thus a blank on our maps. Unfortunately, neither my companion nor myself had sufficiently prepared ourselves for exploring regions so rich in classic and historic associations, and so full of objects probably new to science. I had turned my attention but little to archaeology, and I had but a mere smattering of scientific knowledge of any kind. I never regretted more the incompleteness and neglect of my early education. However, the experience I had acquired of Eastern life and manners, and the information that I had gathered through intercourse with the people, were destined to prove thereafter of use to me. Although I had not profited as much as I ought, and perhaps might have done, by my travels, I had learnt much. I had seen much, and I had passed many happy and delightful days, notwithstanding the toil and privations to which we had been exposed. And, above all, I felt and enjoyed my independence.

We were now to leave the little known regions of Asia Minor for the beaten tracks of Syria, and to pass from the rule of the Sultan to that of his rebellious and powerful subject, the great Mehemet Ali Pasha.

CHAPTER V

THROUGH SYRIA

1839

On the 13th November we left Tarsus, Mr Barker, who was a sportsman after the Turkish fashion, accompanying us for some distance with his hawks and hounds. We crossed an extensive plain with the most fertile soil, but little cultivated, although many villages were scattered over it. The gardens of Adana with their lofty trees had been long visible, but we did not reach the town until after dark, and had some difficulty in finding our way to the quarters of Signor Nani, an Italian doctor in the Egyptian military service. He was lodged with several of his countrymen in a ruined house, which admitted the air and rain through roof and walls, but was no worse than what Egyptian officers were accustomed to. They made the best of it, received us very cordially, were delighted to see a stranger who could speak their language, sent out to the bazaar for baked meats and sweet and savoury pastries, and insisted upon our sharing with them their confined and not over clean lodgings. They had *raki* too, were lively and sociable, as Italians usually are, sat up a good part of the night singing and making merry, and recounted many important and interesting things that they had witnessed during the eventful march of Ibrahim Pasha,

which ended in the defeat of the Turks at Nizib, and the advance of the Egyptian army towards Constantinople.

The filthy ill-built town of Adana was filled with Egyptian troops, a part of the victorious army of Ibrahim Pasha. We received from the Italian doctors a most deplorable account of its condition. According to them, disease and neglect had made terrible havoc in its ranks. The military hospitals were filled with patients dying from malignant fevers. The cold nights of a climate to which the natives of Egypt were unaccustomed, and to which, from the want of proper clothing and shelter, they were exposed, added to the mortality. The pay of the soldiers was twenty months in arrear. The biscuits, their miserable pittance, were mouldy, and so full of maggots as to be unfit for human food. They caused dysentery and other fatal diseases. The hospitals and barracks were indescribably foul, and added to the number of victims. The soldiers, without money and without food, were robbing the private houses and the bazaars, whilst the inhabitants were groaning under heavy taxes, and were further compelled to furnish without payment provisions for the troops, and supplies to the Egyptian authorities. Adana, which had at one time been a flourishing place, and the capital of the province, had, in consequence, been reduced to ruins, and its population to penury.

Such was the description that the Italian doctors gave me of the state of affairs. It was perhaps somewhat exaggerated on account of their own feelings of indignation and bitterness against the Egyptian authorities, who had left them for twenty-two months without pay, and consequently without the means of obtaining even the common necessaries of life. But there was, at the same time, unfortunately a great deal of truth in it. They threw upon Ibrahim Pasha the responsibility of the great mortality in the army, and attributed it to his insatiable

avarice. He was drawing upon the Egyptian Government and extorting from the populations, they declared, the pay and rations for an army which he represented as complete, but the numbers of which had been reduced by at least fifty per cent. by disease and from wilful neglect. He was, consequently, able to put the half of the amount he received for it into his private coffers. This was not the only time that I heard Ibrahim Pasha accused of avarice and corruption. But, on the other hand, it was said that he did not permit his officers and subordinates to indulge in those vices, and that they were punished severely if discovered practising them. His rule in Syria was stern, and on the whole, I believe, just. Order and tranquillity were maintained in all parts of the province to which it extended. The inhabitants were never so well protected from robbery and violence, and travellers never before so safe. On the other hand, the taxation had never been so heavy, and the taxes so harshly and inexorably collected. Still, with peace and security for life and property, this country was beginning to recover from the lax, bad, and corrupt administration of the Turks, and there is little doubt that, had Syria remained under the government of Mehemet Ali Pasha, it would have prospered, and would have been spared many of the calamities which subsequently befell it.

I must say a few words about the Italian doctors in the Egyptian service, of whom our hosts at Adana were not unfavourable specimens, and many of whom I was destined to meet in my wanderings through Syria. They were mostly young men who had left their country for political reasons, having been engaged in conspiracies, or compromised by their relations with secret societies. Some of them had received some kind of medical education at Padua or elsewhere, but many of them had no medical or surgical knowledge whatever, and probably destroyed more lives than they saved. They were

miserably paid, and their pay was generally much in arrear. Being completely unprovided with means, they were obliged to live as best they could upon their rations, which were none of the best. But they were a lively and jovial set of fellows—much given to operatic singing—and not averse to a glass of *raki*, or a bottle of sour wine, when they could get it. At the same time, they performed their duties faithfully, and were not neglectful of the sick. There were at that time at Adana, they told me, about 5000 men in hospital, and they were occupied during the greater part of the twenty-four hours in visiting them. As they always accompanied Mehemet Ali's troops in the various wars in which he had been engaged, they had visited countries of great interest, then unexplored by European travellers, such as the interior of Arabia and remote parts of the Nile Valley. But very few of them had either the education, the ability, or the desire to avail themselves of the opportunities thus afforded to them of contributing to scientific, geographical, or other knowledge. Several whom I met had been to Mecca and Medina, and had been engaged in the expedition against the Wahabbees; but they could give me no information about the holy cities of Islam, nor any account of the remarkable and dangerous sect which, at one time, threatened to subdue the whole of Arabia, and to extend its conquests and its religious influences far into the territories of the Sultan.

The plain we crossed to the south of Adana was still uncultivated, although wonderfully fertile. Large flocks of gazelles, the first I had seen, were feeding not far from our path. We passed some Greek and Roman ruins with the remains of an aqueduct and a triumphal arch, and reached at nightfall the village of Messis, near the River Pyramus, which was crossed by a bridge, partly constructed of fragments from ancient edifices. It had

been partly destroyed by Ibrahim Pasha on his march. The second morning of our journey we passed at Kurtola, a very picturesque village, consisting of a few huts built in the court of an ancient building, which the inhabitants called a khan. Within the same inclosure stood a mosque, a square edifice of solid masonry, and a fountain furnishing an abundant supply of water. The people whom we found on this singular spot were rude, boorish, and inhospitable—very different from the dignified and kindly Turkish population to which we had recently been accustomed in Asia Minor. The inhabitants of this part of Syria—a bastard Arab race, many of them, I believe, of the Mutuali and Ansyri sects—descendants, it is alleged, of the ancient tribe of the Assassins, had the reputation of being notorious robbers, who had little hesitation in shedding blood. Before Ibrahim Pasha had occupied the country, caravans and travellers, unless protected by sufficient guards, rarely ventured through it. At this time, however, the inhabitants feared the Egyptians, and whatever might be their natural propensity to spoil and ill-treat those who might fall into their hands, they well knew that, if they indulged in it, a stern and swift retribution awaited them.

As the inhabitants of the hovels of Kurtola refused to furnish us with a room, we were compelled to take possession, almost by force, in spite of remonstrances and threats, of the hut of the *Sheikh*, who was absent. As for provisions, all we could obtain was some boiled wheat called *bourghoul*—a dish with which we soon became familiar in our wanderings in Syria, and which I learned to like—and some sour curds.

We turned our backs soon after midnight upon this inhospitable village, passed through some ruins, and under an arch which had the appearance in the darkness of being a Greek or Roman work, and reached the sea-shore

at dawn. The sun rose with dazzling brilliancy, lighting up the distant snow-capped peaks of Taurus and the blue Mediterranean, unruffled as an inland lake. Resting for a short time at Baias to examine its fine old fortress, celebrated in mediaeval history and in the wars of the Crusades, and the ruined edifices which remain of the Saracenic town, we reached Iskanderoon or Alexandretta, as the evening gun announced sunset. The British Vice-Consul was absent, but we were kindly received by Signor Jonas, a Piedmontese gentleman and Piedmontese Vice-Consul, who was charged with the affairs of the Consulate. He gave us what to us was an excellent supper, and we enjoyed the inestimable luxury of clean European beds.

We were induced to spend the following day with our kind host. Alexandretta was then little better than a heap of ruins. In the flourishing days of Aleppo it had been a place of considerable importance, as it was the port of that once great emporium of the commerce of the Eastern world. But when trade took new routes, and deserted Aleppo, Iskanderoon fell to decay with it. The few inhabitants who remained were decimated by a pestilential fever, caused by a marsh formed in recent times, which adjoins the town. Under any other Government this swamp, which is of no great extent, might have been drained with little trouble and at little expense. But it had been left to render Alexandretta notoriously the most unhealthy place on the Syrian coast, and notwithstanding its magnificent bay, which furnished the only safe anchorage for shipping on the Syrian coast, and its position at the head of the main road leading into northern Syria, the centre of Asia Minor, and the Mesopotamian Valley, it had gradually dwindled down to a mere collection of native huts, mingled with the more pretentious houses belonging to the few Europeans who were compelled, by their official positions, or from their business as

merchants, to reside there. The ruins of a building, which in the time of the Levant Company was a British "Factory," showed that British trade had once flourished there. The English Government had thought it desirable, in the hope of its partial revival, and as British steamers and other vessels then occasionally touched the port, to keep a British Vice-Consul there. But these unfortunate officials either succumbed, one after the other, to the deadly malaria of the marsh, or were soon compelled to retire with broken health.

No one, however, could even then see Alexandretta without being convinced that it was again destined, from its position and its splendid bay, to become, sooner or later, a place of considerable importance. Its trade and population have, since my first visit, increased. But the deadly marsh is still there, notwithstanding various ill-directed attempts made by the Porte, and probably frustrated by the incapacity, if not by the corruption, of those employed to drain it.

From Alexandretta we crossed the Bailan Pass, where, not long before, Ibrahim Pasha had defeated the Turkish troops, being thus enabled to advance into Asia Minor, and reached Antioch on the same day. In this ancient and interesting city we were hospitably received and lodged by the English Consular Agent, a Christian Arab of the name of Adib. He was a favourable type of the native gentleman, who at that time represented in a subordinate fashion the greater number of the European Powers on the Syrian coast. Without pay, and living upon the advantages and privileges which the protection of their respective Governments afforded them, they were, comparatively speaking, wealthy men, lived in luxurious Oriental style, and liberally, and almost sumptuously, entertained travellers from the nation in whose service they were. It was said of some of them that they

profited by such visitors—that they were in league with the muleteers, antiquaries, *valets de place*, and other persons required by travellers, and shared largely in the profits made out of them, and that, consequently, the prices of mules, corn, and guides were proportionately increased to Europeans, wherever these native Consular Agents resided. But the principal source of their gain was the exemption they enjoyed from taxation, and from the payment of custom duties as traders, and the protection which they afforded to native subjects of the Sultan, who were always ready to pay liberally for being saved from arbitrary proceedings on the part of the authorities, from the bastinado, or from the payment of their just debts, whilst they were able to enforce the payment of those which might not perhaps be justly due to them. These privileges and abuses, although not openly countenanced, were winked at by the Governments, who availed themselves of the services of their unpaid agents, whom they had no other means of rewarding. The Porte, with its usual easy-going indifference, and its dislike to the raising of questions, and to quarrels with European Powers, allowed them to continue, to the great damage of its authority and at a serious loss to its revenues.

However, it is ungracious and ungrateful in me thus to write of gentlemen from whom I received much hospitality and civility. The race, although still existing, is fast passing away. The Porte, less indifferent to its interests and less tolerant of foreign influence, has become alive to the results of such abuses, and is doing its best to put an end to them. Such of the European Governments as would deal justly, honestly, and honourably with it, are now willing to aid it in its endeavours to abolish a system which cannot be defended upon any plausible grounds, and which has neither international obligations nor treaties nor justice in its favour.

But, as I have said, Signor Adib was a favourable specimen of his class. He was known for his disinterested hospitality to English travellers, was highly respected by the native population, enjoyed much influence with the authorities, and had faithfully served the British Government without any pay or reward for four-and-twenty years. His post had not been altogether without danger in so fanatical a place as Antioch. His life had been more than once threatened, and his house had been twice sacked by the populace, on account of his connection with Europeans. He entertained his guests in a handsome hall, surrounded by comfortable divans, on which, provided with soft coverlets and pillows, they passed the night.

Antioch was at this time crowded with Egyptian troops, and as they were not better fed and cared for than those at Adana, the death-rate amongst them was very high. It was scarcely possible to pass through the streets without meeting six or eight soldiers bearing the rude bier, surmounted by the red *tarbouche*, in which they were carrying a comrade to his last resting-place. We hastened to leave the infected town on the following afternoon for Suedia, the residence of Mr Barker, for whom his son, the gentleman whose acquaintance we had made at Tarsus, had given us letters.

The road did not follow the course of the Orontes, but was carried over the mountains through beautiful scenery, and occasionally through a valley wooded with orange and pomegranate trees. On the opposite side of the river, but considerably above it on the hill slope, we could perceive the groves and gardens of Daphne, and the waterfalls from its springs. The vegetation had already acquired the tints of autumn, and the golden leaves of the ash and sycamore were mingled with the rich foliage of the orange and lemon trees. The air was that of a warm, balmy

English spring. We soon came in sight of the blue Mediterranean, and descending upon a small, but fertile and highly-cultivated plain running down to the sea, came to a neat dwelling-house, built more after the English than the Syrian fashion, but with shady verandahs and a flat roof. This was the residence of Mr Barker, who received us with a British welcome, and with a kindness which it would be difficult to surpass.

Mr Barker was an old resident in the East and of what is called a "Levantine" family, well known in Syria, and especially at Aleppo, where it had been connected in trade with the Levant Company, and where he himself had been for some years Consul. He had been officially employed in various parts of Syria during the critical period of Napoleon's wars, when the influence and interests of Great Britain were seriously menaced in the East. He had been able, through his knowledge of the country, his influence and experience, to render signal services to the British Government, and had been rewarded by the appointment of Consul-General in Egypt, from which he had recently retired. His habits and his connections—his wife was, I believe, a native Christian lady of Aleppo—and his repugnance to a northern climate, had induced him to establish himself at Suedia. He could not have chosen a more delightful spot to close his days. This plain was a little paradise, and would have been in every way perfect had it not been for the prevalence, during certain months of the year, of intermittent fever—that curse of all parts of the Turkish dominions, which, however, here showed itself in its lightest form. The climate throughout the year was delightful. In the summer the air was refreshed by the cool breeze from the Mediterranean. In winter the little plain was protected by the mountains and high land, by which it was surrounded, from the cold winds, and seemed to enjoy a perpetual spring.

The scenery was as enchanting as the climate was delightful. The Orontes, winding through orange gardens and olive and pomegranate trees, found its way in a clear deep stream to the sea. To the south rose the grand and solitary mass of Mount Casus or Gebel Acra. To the north the plain was bounded by many-shaped mountains of the range of Issus, ending in Mount Rhossus, another lofty peak overhanging the Mediterranean, and to the east by the gentle hills clothed with fruit trees and orchards, which separated it from the valley of Antioch. It was scarcely surprising that some years later Suedia was recommended, by those who had experienced its climate and admired the wonderful beauty of its scenery, as a sanatorium for invalids, and as a retreat for those who desired to pass a winter in the East. But it was too difficult of access and too distant, besides wanting in all the comforts and necessaries of European life, to become a place of resort either for travellers or invalids.

Mr Barker was a man of a cultivated mind, well read, with some scientific knowledge, especially in horticulture, and a most entertaining companion. He had been in Syria and Egypt during the important events which had occurred in those countries in the early part of this century, and in many of which he had, in his official capacity, taken some part. He was consequently personally acquainted with them, or with their history, and was abounding in anecdotes connected with them, and concerning those who had taken part in them. Amongst the persons with whom he had been brought into both private and official relations was the eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope. He was one of the few Englishmen in whom she had any trust, and whom she honoured with her friendship and confidence. When he was Consul at Beyrout she was in the habit of sending continually for him, and consulting him in her troubles and difficulties, which were, it would appear, many,

on account of her own violent, imperious, and perverse temper.

The anecdotes he had to relate of this strange person were not a few, nor were they wanting in raciness. She lived, as it is well known, at Djoun, on the western slope of Mount Lebanon, in Oriental style and state, looked upon by the natives as a kind of mad prophetess, and by Europeans as a woman whose genius and commanding character might have raised her to the highest station, but which had ended by lodging her somewhere beyond the verge of sanity. Her morbid hatred of her countrymen in general was absurd and amusing. She was, however, wont to make an exception in favour of naval men, whose frankness and bluntness inspired her with confidence. She rarely consented to receive the visits of English travellers, even of those who might claim, for family or other good reasons, the privilege of seeing her. The last Englishman whom she had permitted to approach her was, I believe, Mr Kinglake, who has given a graphic account of his interview with her in Eothen. She lived alone and in solitary state, with her numerous native attendants. Her only European companion was a French doctor, who, however, lived in a separate house. They were both equally crazy. They both believed that they were destined to entertain the Messiah, and each kept a horse in gorgeous trappings ready in the stable for His advent. Although on other questions in cordial agreement, they quarrelled over their respective claims to be the first to receive the Lord on His second coming, and hours were spent in violent altercations and quarrels over this matter. Mr Barker would describe those scenes and others in a very amusing manner. One of Lady Hester's hobbies was to insist upon being informed, even to the very minutest detail, of all that a visitor to her palace, Convent of Djoun, had said and done. She would compel her informants,

who sometimes, notwithstanding the habit of Easterns to "call a spade a spade," hesitated to enter into explanation, to omit nothing.

Mr Barker had, notwithstanding his Eastern life and connections, retained his English habits. He was a frank, amiable, and kindly old gentleman, ready to communicate his knowledge on Eastern as well as other matters, of which he had a vast store, and to advise and help the traveller. From him I obtained a great deal of information as to the political condition of the East, the habits and customs of the populations of Syria and Egypt, the character of the Turkish administration, the nature of the taxation, the resources of these countries, and other subjects. He was never weary of answering my questions, or of giving me notes upon matters which might be interesting and useful to me. We spent a week with him and his family, which consisted of his wife, a married daughter, and a beautiful orphan girl, a Greek, who, when a child, had been saved from the terrible massacre of Schio, had been adopted and educated by him, and was engaged to be married to one of his sons. Staying with them as a guest was a lively, intelligent Frenchman, a M. Arago, an aide-de-camp to Colonel Seve, better known as Suleiman Pasha, a distinguished French general, in the service of Mehemet Ali, who by his abilities and military genius had greatly contributed to the wonderful success and victories of the great Egyptian ruler. In their society we passed some happy and never-to-be-forgotten hours, and in this comfortable home were able to recruit our strength and to prepare for our further hardships and privations. In their company we visited the objects of interest in the neighbourhood, and made the most enjoyable excursions in the surrounding hills, where at every turn and from every height we were enchanted by the wonderful beauty and variety of the scenery.

Amongst the ruins which we visited together were those of the ancient and celebrated Greek city of Seleucia, with its fine harbour for galleys, the solid masonry of which has defied the ravages of the waves and of time, and the great tunnel and water-course, cut with extraordinary labour and skill through the solid rock, to carry off the waters of a torrent which threatened to fill up the port with the mud and stones that it brought down from the mountains, and which were thus diverted to the sea. On all sides we could trace the remains and foundations of temples, public edifices, and the city walls, beyond which were innumerable tombs cut in the rocks and richly sculptured sarcophagi. The amphitheatre, with a portion of its stone benches, was still preserved, but the columns which had been seen still erect by former travellers, had been thrown down by the great earthquake which occurred two years before our visit. It had destroyed many other remains of ancient buildings which had existed not many years before. These ruins have been so fully described that I only refer generally to them here.

Another excursion we made was to the remains of the column, upon the summit of which St Simeon Stylites or Stilita "resisted the heat of thirty summers and the cold of as many winters" (Gibbon). The pedestal of the column, 9 feet square, was still there; but of the column itself only a part of the shaft, 6 feet in diameter, remained.[1]

Near were the ruins of an ancient church and of another edifice. The ascent of these remains was very rocky and difficult, the side of the hill upon the summit of which the pillar stood being covered by enormous blocks of stone over which we had to climb. But our toil was

[1] Gibbon was right in doubting "the narrow circumference of 2 cubits or 3 feet, which Evagrius assigns for the column," as "inconsistent with reason, with facts, and with the rules of architecture," chap. xxxvii.

amply repaid by the glorious view which the spot chosen by the Syrian anchorite commands. The eye ranged on one side over the beautiful valley of Suedia, enclosed by the massive peaks of Mount Casus and Mount Rhossus, rising like two vast pyramids on either side, with the broad expanse of the Mediterranean beyond; on the other, the plain of Antioch, the Orontes winding through its wooded glades, and the city itself, with its castle-crowned eminence visible in the distance, and beyond a sparkling lake, and still further away the shadowy mountains, in which dwelt the Turcomans.

Mr Barker, availing himself of the almost tropical heat of the plain, and of the more temperate climate of the sides of the mountains rising immediately behind his house, had given himself to horticulture. He had made gardens not only round his residence, but at different stages on the acclivities of the neighbouring hills. His flowers were numerous, beautiful, and rare. But it was to the cultivation and improvement of fruit trees that he had chiefly directed his attention, and he boasted of having been successful in producing new species of peaches, apricots, nectarines, greengages, and plums, mostly with sweet kernels, far superior to anything of the kind known in Europe; vines from different countries flourished in his vineyards. He had planted mulberry trees of superior quality, and had brought from afar silk-worms' eggs, producing cocoons from which he had reeled the finest silk, increasing the produce of that valuable article, to the great benefit of the native population. His melons were celebrated. He had introduced all the fruits of Europe, and of temperate Asia, and many of those of tropical regions, into this favoured spot, and had greatly improved the quality of oranges and citrons, as well as of the sweet and sour lemon trees, some of which, in Syria, have been known to bear as many as 10,000 fruit. Of rare plants, shrub trees from every clime,

which he had succeeded in acclimatising, he gave me a list of some pages. To these peaceful and happy pursuits he devoted the end of his useful life.

We visited with him two of his gardens and summer residences high up on the mountain sides. Their sites were chosen with admirable taste. Each commanded the loveliest of prospects over land and sea. One was built near a small Armenian village called Huder (? Hyder) Beg, with a copious spring of the finest water gushing out of a rock, and celebrated throughout the district. The other was at a considerable elevation upon the range of Mount Rhossus. It took us about two hours and a half on horseback to reach it. His cottage was near the little hamlet of Bitias. It would be difficult to describe the beauty of the spot, and of the varied views which it commanded. A bright mountain stream had been led through the grounds, falling in cascades, and feeding graceful fountains. Near the house were the ruins of a Greek temple, which at one time had been converted into a Christian church. The ruins of other edifices were strewed around, and where the rain had washed away the soil were the remains of Roman mosaics. Above the spring, which, issuing from the rock, formed the stream that watered the gardens, was an arch of Greek masonry. The ancients had not overlooked the surpassing loveliness of the place.

During my short visit to this worthy and excellent gentleman, I was able to make many notes relating to the state of affairs in Syria, and to the Egyptian occupation. In Mr Barker's opinion, the Government of Ibrahim Pasha, and the conscription which was vigorously enforced upon all the non-Christian sects, were fast depopulating and ruining a country which had, he maintained, been previously prosperous and flourishing. His experience of the rule of Mehemet Ali Pasha in Egypt was not favourable to it. Although that Prince had fully

established his authority, and life and property were protected as they had never been before in his territories, the Egyptians themselves had been ground to the dust by oppression, and had been reduced to the utmost want and misery by the extortion of their ruler and his officers. The conscription had more than decimated the population; the able-bodied men had been carried away to perish from disease, home-sickness and battle, in distant countries, into which the ambitious Osmanlu had carried his wars. The fields had been left uncultivated, and famine was added to the calamities from which his unhappy subjects had to suffer. A vast number, to escape the conscription, had deprived themselves of an eye, or had cut off a fore-finger. But this did not avail them. Regiments were formed of these poor mutilated wretches, one of which I saw at Adana and another at Antioch.

In Syria, whilst the conscription was rapidly diminishing the Mussulman population, the heavy taxation, and the extortions of Ibrahim Pasha and his officials were impoverishing the Christians, and driving trade and commerce from the country. Whilst admitting, therefore, that life and property were much more secure, and order and tranquillity better maintained throughout Syria than they had ever been under Turkish rule, he thought the Egyptian domination was fast ruining the province, and that the sooner it was rid of the Egyptians the better. His views appear to have been those of the British Government of the day, for shortly afterwards, through the help of England, Ibrahim Pasha and his troops were expelled from Syria.

Some years before my visit to Suedia, Colonel (afterwards General) Chesney chose the small bay and ancient harbour as a landing-place for disembarking the materials for the two small iron steam vessels, which, under his directions, were to be put together near Birijik, on the

Euphrates, and to be used for the navigation of that river and the Tigris. I may have, hereafter, to refer more at length to what was known in those days as the "Euphrates Expedition."[1] Colonel Chesney, its originator and first commander, had chosen Suedia, as affording, by the valley of the Orontes, the easiest and most direct road from the Mediterranean to Northern Syria and Aleppo, and thence to the great rivers of Mesopotamia. The ancients had no doubt constructed the harbour, of which the imposing remains still exist, and built the city of Seleucia for the same reasons. That harbour sufficed for the largest galleys, but would not have held the vessels, whether propelled by steam or wind, employed in modern navigation. The Bay of Suedia is exposed to every wind except that which blows from off the shore, and affords no safe anchorage for shipping. Colonel Chesney was fortunate enough to land the various parts of his steamers and their machinery without accident; but the want of a properly constructed road, and the difficult nature of the country, rendered their transport to Aleppo a matter of great toil and risk. He was unable to pass through the narrow defiles through which the Orontes forces its way, but was compelled to cross the mountains which separate Suedia from the plain of Antioch.

Suedia has been suggested as the most convenient port on the Syrian coast for the commencement of the great railway which is destined to descend the Mesopotamian plains, and ultimately, passing through Persia and Beluchistan, to connect the Mediterranean with India. There is no doubt that the position in many respects is all that could be desired; but, before it could be used for the purpose of forming the terminus of the proposed railway, a harbour capable of protecting shipping would have to be constructed at enormous labour and expense,

[1] In the years 1835-36.

and the road itself carried through the valley of the Orontes at scarcely less cost. To modern engineering skill neither undertaking would present difficulties which could not be overcome. It is merely a question of money, and the day may come when the ancient Seleucia will again be the port of Northern Syria, and the emporium of the trade of the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, and even of India.

Mr Barker's account of the energy and skill displayed by the English officers and engineers in landing and transporting the materials for the two steamers to the Euphrates, and the serious obstacles which impeded their labour, was singularly interesting. We discussed together the possibility of carrying a road along the banks of the Orontes to Antioch, and he proposed to accompany us on our return to that town, and to follow, as well as we were able, the course of that river by the rocky defiles through which it forces its way. He offered to take us at the same time to the site of Daphne. I gratefully accepted his offer.

It was with more than regret that, on the 26th November, we left his hospitable roof and his family, with whom we had spent a most delightful week. Instead of following the road over the mountains which we had taken on our way to Suedia, we rode to the Orontes and continued along the northern bank of the river. We soon came to a deep gorge, formed by lofty, precipitous rocks, between which there was scarcely room for the roaring river to pass. As at this season of the year its waters were low, we were able for some distance to pick our way over the stones and boulders in its deserted bed. But it soon became impossible to do so, and, finding a boat, we crossed to the opposite side of the stream. After continuing to follow the river for a short time, we were compelled to leave it, and, ascending to a considerable

height by a very bad and precipitous pathway, came at length upon a plateau covered with myrtles, pomegranates, olives, and orange and lemon trees, bending under the weight of their fruit. In the midst of this stood the house of the *Muteselim* or Governor of Antioch. From it we enjoyed an enchanting view over the plain of Antioch, with the Orontes winding through it, and of the hill-sides covered with luxuriant vegetation and orange groves, tinted with the golden hues of autumn. I discussed with Mr Barker the comparative beauties of the rich verdure of spring and the more mellow and varied colouring of autumn—and we decided in favour of the latter. Indeed I had rarely beheld anything more beautiful than the splendid autumnal tints of the landscape lighted up by an Eastern sun in an unclouded sky, and it was the first time that I had seen that incomparable sight—a grove of orange trees in full fruit.

After partaking of refreshments which Mr Barker had provided for us at the house of the *Muteselim*, we continued to ascend the mountain until we came to a wooded platform, which our guide identified with the site of Daphne. The natives call the place Beit-el-Moie—the house of waters. It deserves its name. A spring of the clearest and sweetest water bursts out of the living rock in such copious abundance that almost at its very source it serves to turn two or three water-mills, which add to the picturesque beauty of the scene. Then, dividing into a thousand rills which irrigate the surrounding orchards and gardens, it leaps over the sides of the plateau, and falls in cascades and waterfalls, to unite at the bottom of the deep ravine below in a turbulent stream.

Not far from this spring are the foundations of an edifice and some shafts of marble columns, which may mark the site of the celebrated temple of Apollo, which rose on this delicious spot. But the sumptuous edifices, the baths,

the theatres, and the colonnades which surrounded it, have disappeared, and have left no trace behind. The groves of bay trees and cypresses have been replaced by the gardens of orange trees and pomegranates, which give a less sombre appearance to the delicious resort of the inhabitants of Antioch and voluptuaries from all parts of the ancient world. The site still answers to the glowing description of those who had visited in its glory this splendid seat of Pagan worship. "A thousand streams of the purest water, issuing from every hill, preserved the verdure of the earth and the temperature of the air; the senses were gratified with harmonious sounds and aromatic odours; and the peaceful grove was consecrated to health and joy, to luxury and love."[1] But the "vigorous youth," like the god of the shrine, and the "coy maid," like Daphne, had long ages past disappeared, to be succeeded by a few poverty-stricken Arab tillers of the soil.

After spending as much time as we could spare in this delightful spot, we rode to Antioch through an upland, densely wooded with the ilex and arbutus, catching glimpses of the valley below with its vineyards and olive grounds. We reached the town before sunset, and as two regiments of Egyptian soldiers in their white garments arrived at the gates. These poor creatures bivouacked in the open air in their light summer clothing, and the cold nights soon added fresh victims to those who were dying from the pestilential air of the place. We found Signor Adib waiting for us, and with him Mr Charles Barker of Aleppo, another son of our host of Suedia. The latter was suffering from a severe attack of intermittent fever.

We spent a day in visiting what remains of the ancient and renowned city of Antioch. From a distance it would seem to retain something of its former grandeur and prosperity. The massive old walls—founded by Greeks,

[1] Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, chap. xxiii.

added to, repaired, and strengthened with towers and battlements by Crusaders and Turks—still surround it, although shattered by earthquakes, sieges, and wilful injury, encircling that part of it which is in the plain, and climbing over lofty and precipitous rocks to inclose and defend those quarters, which have gradually crept up the mountain side of Silpius. Tall tapering minarets, the domes of mosques, and imposing buildings rising above these walls and the gardens, add to the deception. But, once through the ancient gateways, the traveller finds but a ruined, half-peopled town, with foul and narrow streets, deserted bazaars, and an indigent, dejected, and fever-stricken population. Perhaps no city in the East presents a more striking contrast between its ancient glories and its present wretchedness.

With the exception of the walls, I could find no remains of the Greek city. But Mr Barker conducted me to some rock-cut sculptures high up on Mount Silpius of the highest interest. They consisted of a colossal head about fifteen feet in height, on each side of which was the figure of a man; near them were numerous excavated tombs or chambers. They have been so much defaced by time and weather, that they can scarcely be seen, except when the rays of the sun fall transversely upon them. They were first detected by M. Vincent Germain, a French gentleman of Aleppo, who informed me that he had at the same time discovered near these an entire recumbent Sphinx of enormous proportions, cut out of the solid rock. But, since the great earthquake of 1837, he had not been able to find the latter monument again, notwithstanding repeated search. He conjectured, consequently, that it must have been overthrown by that catastrophe, and that even its fragments had been buried, and had disappeared. Judging from the form and costume of the figures which still remain, I was at that time led to the conclusion that they

were of Egyptian origin, but monuments of similar style, subsequently discovered in Northern Syria and Asia Minor, have been proved to belong to the Hittites, and they may have been the work of that people, whose very existence as a once ancient and powerful nation was a few years ago almost unknown.

On the 28th November we left Antioch for Aleppo, accompanied by M. Arago, whose acquaintance we had made at Suedia. He proved a most pleasant and instructive companion, well acquainted with the events which had recently occurred in Syria, and, having for some time been on the Staff of Suleiman Pasha, with the principal actors in them. Instead of crossing the Orontes by the ancient and still fairly preserved bridge, which united the city with the opposite plain, we followed the left bank of the river until we came to a newly built bridge called Jesr el Hadd (or iron bridge).

We were now traversing a country memorable for the deeds of the Crusaders, and consequently full of interest. During the whole of our journey to Aleppo we came constantly on the remains of ancient towns, churches, convents, castles, and cisterns, and the first night we stopped near a fine specimen of a mediæval fortress at Hirem. But, owing to the conscription and the tax-gatherer, the villages were everywhere deserted, and we had much difficulty in discovering at some distance out of the high road some miserable huts, in which we could find a night's lodging and food for ourselves and our horses.

On the morning of the 30th we came in sight of Aleppo. After crossing a barren, treeless, undulating country for two long days, the sight of the city surrounded by gardens with its minarets and cupolas, and its fine mediæval fortress, was far from unpleasing. Indeed, I

thought it almost imposing, and began to think that, for the first time since leaving Constantinople, I had alighted upon a Turkish town which was not in ruins, and had a large and prosperous population. But on passing through the western gate, I was soon undeceived. Although Aleppo then contained some fine houses and some wealthy merchants and still powerful chiefs, it did not form an exception to other places that I had seen in Asiatic Turkey. The streets were narrow, and deep in mud and filth. Some portions of the city were entirely deserted the houses for the most part falling to ruins, the bazaars, although extensive, poorly provided, the inhabitants in general with a hungry, impoverished look. We could not find accommodation in the khan, to which we were at first conducted by a *cawass* in the service of Mr Wherry, the Vice-Consul, and, after in vain searching for a lodging, were somewhat reluctantly compelled to accept the hospitality which Mr Charles Barker so kindly pressed upon us. He was living in a pleasant house situated in the European and Christian quarter of Aleppo, in the gardens outside the walls of the city.

We remained for a week the guests of Mr Barker. I was suffering during a part of the time from an attack of intermittent fever, for which, as I had been taught at Constantinople, I bled myself. This was then the treatment in the East for ague.[1] However, my illness did not prevent me from visiting the city, or from mixing

[1] In a letter to my mother I thus described it:—"As this treatment differs so much from that pursued in any other part of the world, I give it in detail. Immediately after the first attack of the fever the patient is bled copiously; generally about twelve or fourteen ounces of blood are taken, and as many as fifty leeches frequently applied to the stomach. Next day, before the return of the fever may be expected, fifteen to twenty or even thirty grains of quinine are administered, and quinine, in gradually decreasing doses, is given daily, for about a fortnight. Strict diet is enforced." It is wonderful that I survived this treatment!

in such society as the place afforded. I was struck with the beauty of some of the houses belonging to the Syans, or great local Chiefs, who had at one time lived in feudal state, frequently defying even the authority of the Sultan, but who had been deprived of their wealth and power by Ibrahim Pasha. The bazaars, thronged with Arabs of the town and of the desert—Turks, Persians, Egyptians, Armenian dervishes, and men of every variety of race and creed, mingling with women clothed from head to foot in their great, shapeless, white wrappers—presented a very picturesque and singular scene.

Such society as then existed was mainly composed of Levantines, half-bred Europeans, and a few native Christians. At that time the Levantine, as well as the Christian ladies, Greek, Armenian, and Syrian, and including the ladies of Mr Barker's family, wore the Aleppine costume, which was an exceedingly elegant and becoming one, and well calculated to show off to the greatest advantage their beauty, which was renowned. It consisted of a cloth jacket, richly embroidered with gold, fitting tightly to the person, but open in front over a white chemisette of plaited linen, also open, and leaving the breasts exposed; a pair of very wide *shalwars*, or trousers of silk, or some other light material, fastened at the ankles; over this fell from the waist—around which was rolled a cashmere shawl of price—a kind of petticoat divided into two parts or flaps, also frequently embroidered with gold, or sometimes made of costly flowered silk. On their heads they wore a skull-cap of red cloth, adorned, and sometimes almost covered with small pearls, with an ample tassel of blue silk threads, and kept on the head by a flowered kerchief in the guise of a turban. The hair fell in long plaits behind the back. High, yellow boots of very thin, flexible leather, and yellow slippers completed the costume. Before the arrival of the

Egyptians in Syria, even European women in European dress, with their faces uncovered, ran the risk of being insulted in the streets. It was only long after my visit that the Levantine ladies began to adopt it. They were slowly followed by the Greeks and other Christian sects.

Society at Aleppo consisted of little more than the Levantine ladies and gentlemen, who assembled of an evening and sat round a room on divans, speaking little and low, and every one smoking the *narguilé*. The voices were drowned in the bubbling noise of these water-pipes, and the atmosphere was dense with their somewhat sickly fumes. Sometimes a player on a kind of dulcimer appeared, and one or two of the ladies performed a kind of solemn dance with measured step and a graceful movement of the arms. There was, of course, no conversation of an intellectual kind at such meetings. The men talked about prices in the bazaars or about the last news from Ibrahim Pasha's army. The women whispered scandal to each other. The language generally spoken was Arabic. There were, however, a few Europeans, chiefly Frenchmen and Italians, including some of the Consuls, who were men of education. I remembered especially M. Vincent Germain, who, although he had resided all his life at Aleppo, where he had been born of French parents, was a gentleman of many accomplishments, of varied knowledge and of distinguished manners. From him I learnt much concerning the country, its inhabitants, its resources, and its ancient remains.

I found that the general opinion concerning Ibrahim Pasha, in which those who had known him intimately concurred, was that, although not without capacity, he had neither the genius nor the abilities of his father. With great personal courage which ensured him the devotion of his troops, he lacked coolness and judgment in moments of difficulty, was ignorant of military tactics, and had little

knowledge of the organisation and wants of an army. He owed his successes in the field to the Frenchman, Suleiman Pasha, a man possessing high military qualities, and enjoying the entire confidence of Mehemet Ali Pasha. His avarice was notorious, a rare feature in the character of Easterns of rank, who are usually lavish and ostentatious in squandering money. It was said that Ibrahim never gave a present, although he was willing to receive any number. Although he punished bribery, especially as a judge, with the greatest severity, not infrequently even by decapitation, he was accused of having occasionally taken bribes himself. He was addicted to the excesses of the table and to other vices, and he had been seen to fall dead drunk on the floor in the presence of his officers.

The great severity of his rule, and the weight of the taxation which he had introduced into Syria, had produced the same effect at Aleppo as elsewhere. The city and its inhabitants had been impoverished, and its trade, which at one time, under Turkish rule, was considerable, had been almost destroyed. On the other hand, it was no longer torn by the bloody factions of the different parties, who contended for the mastery; its inhabitants were no longer oppressed and fleeced by the Syans, and the wild Arab of the desert no longer planted his spear at the gates.

We rode from Aleppo through an undulating, barren, and uninteresting country, to Hamah. The winter was now setting in, and in those high uplands the cold is severe. We suffered from it. The clouds, too, began to gather round the snow-covered summits of Mount Lebanon, and the rainy season was setting in. Everywhere the villages were either deserted, or their inhabitants were reduced to such straits that we could rarely obtain more than a little *bourghoul*, or prepared boiled wheat with melted butter, which amongst these poor people takes the place of rice for their daily food. We were glad to share the stable with

our horses. It was warm in the cold nights, and was not more infested with vermin than the dirty hovels crowded with the Arab peasants and their families. Their dwellings in this part of Syria are generally surmounted by a white dome, in the shape of a sugar loaf, which gives them, at a distance, the appearance of the tall felt caps worn by the dancing dervishes. During my excavations in Assyria I found similar dwellings represented in the bas-reliefs. As they appeared to be the habitations of some foreign people who were conquered by the Ninevite kings, they may very possibly have been those of the Syrians of that time, so little do the habits and modes of life differ through ages in the East.

At Hamah we found ourselves again on the Orontes. The enormous water wheels, turned by the stream, their creaking noises and groans heard from afar, are a remarkable feature in the town. Although Hamah occupied almost as much space as Aleppo, its houses were low, small and mean, its streets narrow, and its bazaars ill-provided, close, and dirty. We were well-nigh eaten up by vermin in the place in which we were lodged, and not sorry to continue our journey on the following day to Homs.

From a distance this town had a rather imposing appearance, with its old and picturesque castle rising boldly on an eminence in its centre, its minarets, towers, and spacious houses. We were sent by the Governor to lodge with a Greek. There were then about 3000 Christians in the place, who were, on the whole, in a fairly prosperous condition. Owing to its position on the outskirts of the Syrian desert Homs was a position of strategical importance, with a view to keeping in restraint the Bedouin tribes, which during the Turkish domination were constantly invading border districts, plundering the villages and caravans, and even threatening the town itself. The inhabitants were constantly under the necessity of

paying heavy blackmail to these marauders, to preserve their property. Ibrahim Pasha accordingly maintained a considerable force there, and we had passed on our road a well-mounted and well-equipped regiment of Lancers, who were employed in checking Arab inroads.

I was struck at Homs by the remarkable smallness of the doors to houses, otherwise of large proportions and well-built. Some of them were not much above three feet in height, the largest scarcely above five, so that we had to bend very low to enter them. I was told that they were so constructed to prevent the Turks and other unwelcome visitors from stabling their horses in them, when they billeted themselves upon the owners. I subsequently during my travels saw doorways similarly constructed, and for the same reasons—especially in the instance of Christian churches in the midst of a fanatical Mussulman population—in other parts of the East. Our host, upon whom, according to the then fashion of the country, we had been billeted by the Governor, was not altogether averse to receiving us, as he knew that he would not have to lodge and feed us without some remuneration. But, when shortly after our arrival an officer in the service of the Government arrived, accompanied by a *cawass*, he hid himself in a closet, and his wife declared that, as he was from home far away from the town, she could not receive strangers in his absence; that, moreover, the only spare room in the house was already occupied by Europeans, who had been sent by the Governor. Notwithstanding these excuses and many remonstrances, the Egyptian official made his way into the house, and installed himself in the room which had been assigned to us, and into which the closet where our host had concealed himself opened. I was much amused at watching the various manœuvres and artifices to which his wife had recourse in order to release him. She contrived at last to induce the officer to go to

the stable to see that his horse was properly attended to, when her husband slipped out of his hiding-place and took to his heels, to avoid the drubbing which he would no doubt have received for his attempt to evade the duty imposed upon him of receiving the Government officials. He was the chief of the Christian quarter, and by trade a silk-weaver. Homs was at that time celebrated for its silk and for its very beautiful manufactures in that material, which were distinguished by their fine colours, designs, and texture.

Our horses, which had borne us so well during our long fatiguing journey from Constantinople, were now suffering from sore backs, and could scarcely continue to carry us, especially now that the roads were everywhere deep in mud and crossed by water-courses. We determined, therefore, to sell them, and sent them to the *maidan*, or square, where on certain mornings of the week there was an auction for horses and other animals. We obtained about half the price we had originally given for them, and, considering the time which they had served us, and the work we had got out of them, we had no great reason to complain. They were strong, hardy animals, and we parted with them with regret. We had hoped to replace them by others, but either the prices asked were too high for our means, or we could not suit ourselves.

After spending two days looking at horses and bargaining, we determined not to lose any further time, and, having hired three donkeys, we mounted them, and in this ignoble fashion started for Tripoli. The road was deep in mud. Our donkeys could scarcely make their way, and were constantly stumbling and falling, and I found myself rolling with the luggage on the swampy ground. We had much difficulty in reaching, on the first day, a miserable hamlet near the grand mediæval ruins of Kalat el Hosn.

It was not until the third day that we reached Tripoli, having experienced heavy rain during our journey, and having found scarcely sufficient to eat in the villages, some of them Christian, which had been deserted by their inhabitants in consequence of recent visits of the tax-gatherers. We were kindly received and entertained by Mr Catzeflis, the British Consular Agent, an Arab gentleman holding a position similar to that held by Mr Adib at Antioch. Besides being in the British unpaid service, he represented, after a fashion, almost every other European nation except France, which had a *bonâ fide* Frenchman as a Consul at this port. He lived in a handsome and spacious house—one of the best, I believe, in the town.

Tripoli had a more flourishing appearance than any town I had seen since leaving Constantinople. The bazaars were extensive, and appeared to be well supplied with the produce of the country and foreign merchandise. They were filled with a busy crowd from the town itself and the surrounding country, especially from Mount Lebanon, which rises behind it. The place was carrying on a brisk trade in silk and oil.

The appearance of Tripoli at the foot of Lebanon was pleasing and picturesque, especially from the port which was at some distance, and to which I rode on one of the donkeys kept at the gate for the use of those who have to go down to the sea. A castle, then in ruins, stands on an eminence in the centre of the town. The houses are flat-roofed and covered outside with a brilliant white cement which makes them sparkle in the sun. Many of them contain ample courts and gardens filled with orange trees, at that season of the year in full fruit. Palm groves, orange, lemon, and mulberry trees, and many other fruit-bearing trees mingled with the tall sugar-cane, surround the place, and line the road to the harbour. But the tall minarets which usually distinguish Turkish cities are absent.

The mountains, rising abruptly behind it, were covered with snow.

The inhabitants, of whom a considerable part were Christians of the Greek faith, were fairly prosperous before the Egyptian occupation.[1] Amongst them were many wealthy Arabs, notables of ancient family, who exercised a kind of semi-independent authority in the town and neighbourhood. The heavy taxation imposed by Ibrahim Pasha upon the town caused great discontent, and threatened to bring about an insurrection. But he obtained information of the conspiracy, and, seizing some sixty of the principal citizens, he caused them to be beheaded on one of the bridges. The executions continued, I was informed, for four days, and the bodies of the victims were left for more than a week exposed, as a warning to the discontented. This act of severity produced its effect. It had struck terror into the Mussulman population, previously a notoriously unruly and turbulent set, and it had made no further attempt to resist the Egyptian Government, which kept a garrison of about 600 men in the place.

We had intended to cross the Lebanon to Baalbec, but the heavy snows which had fallen during the previous days had rendered the road impracticable. Mitford decided upon going to Beyrout, and, as I had determined to visit the cedars, we separated, agreeing to meet again at that port on Christmas Day. We were, however, detained for three days by the difficulty of hiring horses or mules. We found that the warning we had received as to the impostures practised upon travellers at the Consular Agencies were not ill-founded. The *cawass* and hangers-on of our Vice-Consulate—we did not accuse our host himself—insisted upon sharing with the muleteers the hire of their

[1] Tripoli was then believed to contain between 15,000 and 20,000 inhabitants.

beasts. We were, consequently, asked considerably above the usual rate for them. This led to bargainings and altercations. The Consular *cawass* being all-powerful in the bazaar, no one ventured to let us have mules, or indeed anything else we reqnired, without his consent, for which of course, he had to be paid. Whether or not his master, who played the part of a mediator, divided the profits, I will not venture to say. At length matters were arranged by our being compelled to hire some horses belonging to the *cawass* himself, for which we had to pay considerably more than the proper price. This important official, like his master, received no regular pay, but by imposing upon travellers and extorting money from those who sought Consular protection, he managed to maintain a position of dignity and to keep three or four servants.

Taking advantage of a gleam of sunshine, I left Tripoli for Eden, a village high up on the mountain side, and not distant from the cedars. I was accompanied by Giorgio and a boy to take care of the horses. We began to ascend almost immediately after leaving the eastern gate of the town. My first glimpse of Lebanon gave me a very favourable impression of the industry of its inhabitants and of the beauty of its scenery. A light breeze soon rolled away the clouds that had been hanging for some days round the mountain, and exposed its snowy summit. The air was delightfully cool and refreshing. We rode through a highly cultivated country. The olive trees scattered over the undulating country gave it a park-like appearance. Amongst them were oxen drawing the plough. The villages we passed through were neat and flourishing. I saw no ruined or deserted hamlets. The contrast between the Lebanon and the country through which I had been previously travelling was to be attributed to the fact that it had not been visited by the heavy hand of Ibrahim Pasha. The Christian inhabitants of

this part of the mountain—the Maronites—were protected by the French Government, and had, through its influence, retained their ancient institutions, and had, whilst paying their appointed tribute, been freed from any direct interference on the part of the Egyptian authorities in their affairs. They were a hardy, intelligent, and industrious race. They had shown their independence by resisting all attempts on the part of the Church of Rome to induce them to renounce some of the tenets of their ancient faith —such, for instance, as the marriage of the clergy—whilst at the same time fully admitting the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. But, withal, they were as priest-ridden as any Western Roman Catholic community. They were practically governed by their Patriarch, bishops, and priests, who directed all their affairs, spiritual and temporal, political and domestic, although they owed allegiance to the great Druse Chief, the Emir Beshire, who had the supreme power in the mountain, and was accountable to Mehemet Ali Pasha for the administration and the revenue. Being able to enjoy the fruits of their toil under the powerful protection of the French Government, the Maronites assiduously cultivated the rugged and rocky sides of the mountain, bringing the soil from afar and building it up in terraces, on which they planted their olive and mulberry trees and their vines. The face of Lebanon had the appearance of a garden. As I rode along, I was addressed more than once in French, that language being generally taught in the schools which the French missionaries had founded in the mountain.

As the clouds gathered again and it began to rain, I was compelled to seek shelter in a village called Fereachik, the priest of which, an old man of venerable and benign appearance, found me a clean room, and honoured me with his company for the rest of the day. He was very willing to answer any questions that I might put to him, but was

singularly ignorant. He declared that he had never heard of the cedars, although they were not very far from where he had lived all his life. He had never been to Tripoli or any of the towns on the coast, and, with the exception of an occasional visit to a neighbouring church to celebrate the holy offices, had scarcely ever left the place where he had been born. The only books he possessed were a Missal and the "Lives of the Saints" in Syriac, printed by the Propaganda at Rome. He lived in a neat and comfortable cottage, had a kind of bedstead, and a few flowers in pots in his window.

From what I could learn from the priest and one or two of the elders of the village who came to me in the evening, the taxes paid by the inhabitants of the Lebanon to the Emir Beshire were much lighter than those imposed by the Egyptian Government in the rest of Syria. They paid the *Furdhe* (property tax?), the *Kharatch* (capitation tax), and the *Miri* (a tax upon the produce of their lands and garden). There was besides a tax upon olive trees. Wine, which was produced in considerable quantities and was of good quality, paid a very trifling duty of about 50 paras the oke of 2½ lbs. Of this wine my friend, the priest, gave me some of his own making, which, he said, was five or six years old. It was not undeserving of the praise he bestowed upon it.

The rain clouds had been blown away and had been succeeded by a sky of the brightest blue. It was a delicious morning when I wished the good priest good-bye and received his blessing. I had a most delightful ride amidst terraces piled one above the other and planted with olive and mulberry trees, and through Alpine scenery of the greatest beauty and grandeur. Above me rose the snowy peaks of Lebanon, and beneath me spread the boundless expanse of the Mediterranean, with the white houses of Tripoli glimmering in the sunlight amongst the stately

palms. About mid-day I reached the village of Eden. I at once engaged a boy as guide to the cedars.

As I ascended, the scenery became more wild and magnificent. I continued for some time along the edge of a deep gorge, through which a foaming torrent found its way to the sea. As I gazed downwards I saw on all sides, perched upon almost inaccessible rocks or nestling amongst trees on the mountain slopes, neat villages with their white houses sparkling in the sun. The sound of a church bell rose from the valley—a sound then unusual in the East, as bells were forbidden except in the Christian parts of the Sultan's dominions, and one which I had not heard for many months. It awakened many memories, and in imagination carried me to far distant scenes and climes. Behind me rose abruptly the snow-covered summit of Lebanon. I thought that neither in Switzerland nor elsewhere had I beheld a prospect of such exquisite loveliness mingled with so much grandeur.

The cedars had been much reduced in number of late years. Ibrahim Pasha had cut down many—especially on the eastern side of the mountain—for the purpose of constructing his new barracks at Baalbec, as the Assyrian kings had done some three thousand years before to build their palaces at Nineveh. Those above Eden formed a group of, I believe, fourteen or fifteen trees. At the time of my visit the snow almost descended to them, and their branches were sprinkled with that which had fallen on the previous day. Between two of them a solitary hermit had suspended a sleeping-place made of the boughs of trees, to which he ascended by a rude ladder. As the cold weather had set in, he had taken refuge in a cave, as a squirrel would in his hole.

I cut my name on one of the trees—no doubt a foolish custom—but one which may perhaps be justified in this particular instance; at any rate, those who had done so

before me had left pleasing and interesting records of their visits to the celebrated spot. Amongst them were travellers who had made their pilgrimage to the place nearly two centuries before. No monument of ancient art was disfigured and the place was then beyond the reach of the vulgar tourist who wrote his name wherever he went. I placed mine under that of Laborde, the well-known traveller. On another tree was that of Lamartine, who, I was assured, had never visited the place, but had sent up a man from the coast for the sole purpose of having his name cut upon a cedar of Lebanon.

It was night before I reached Eden on my return after enjoying a sunset of great splendour. The large straggling village was almost deserted at this time of the year, the inhabitants seeking a warmer temperature during the winter in the valleys below. I was not sorry to take refuge against a keen wind which began to blow, in a hut belonging to the family of my guide, consisting of an old man and his two sons and their two sisters. They lighted a fire in the middle of it, and busied themselves to prepare me a supper, consisting of *bourghoul* and boiled potatoes with sour milk. They were poor, but honest and kindly young people, and were anxious to do their best for me. I had, however, to share the room, or rather stable, with a cow, a donkey, and some sheep and goats, and the place was filled with a dense smoke. It was not surprising that, after passing the night in such a place, I should have risen with a headache. But I was soon relieved of it by the cool and bracing morning air as I rode from the village. It was Sunday, and the bells were pealing through the valleys, and I passed groups of people in their holiday dresses on their way to and from church.

The boy who had guided me to the cedars undertook to take me to the Convent of St Anthony or Mar Antonius. We had to descend into the precipitous ravine below Eden,

and then to ascend on the opposite side to reach the convent, which is built on the rocky side of another gorge. Our road, which was difficult for the horses, continued through magnificent scenery. Wherever it was possible to construct terraces with loose stones on the mountain sides, there the industrious Maronites had brought earth and vegetable mould, and had planted their olive trees and vines and sown their corn. A perfect system of irrigation, which is necessary, as water is very scarce and precious, enables them to bring these artificial plots of soil into a high state of cultivation. By local regulations the springs are equally divided amongst the cultivators, each having the enjoyment of his share of the water during a certain number of hours of the day and night. The rules for its regular supply are strictly enforced. I am told that, in order to prevent a neighbour from availing himself of the darkness to turn a rivulet to his own terraces before the hour that he was entitled to it, a man would frequently sleep with his legs in it. If it ceased to flow he would be at once awakened.

The convent, a large and picturesque edifice of three stories, built of stone upon a rocky slope, the bare mountain rising precipitously at the back of it and a roaring torrent rushing past its walls, was approached by a long flight of steps. I found a number of monks assembled in the portico. It was somewhat doubtful whether I should be admitted into the building if I were known to be an Englishman, as my countrymen were at that time looked upon with great suspicion by the Maronite clergy. Giorgio, therefore, declared that I was an Austrian, leaving it to be inferred that I was a Roman Catholic. This gained our admission, and I was shown over the church and other parts of the convent, which consisted of several detached buildings of considerable size. They contained nothing remarkable, and appeared to me very dirty and ill-kept.

The monks lived in cells opening on long corridors, each having a small bedstead, a mattress and a wadded cotton coverlet for protection from the cold, which is severe in winter.

The principal boast of the convent was then a small printing press, by which a few religious tracts and the Offices of the Church were printed in Syriac. It was intended by these means to counteract the work of the English and American Protestant Missionaries, who possessed a printing press at Beyrout, were distributing controversial tracts in the mountain, and already boasted of having secured many converts. But the attempt of the Maronite and Romish clergy to defeat the labours of the Protestants was not confined to mere religious controversy. They took stronger measures, and called upon the Christian inhabitants of the Lebanon to give up the Protestant Bibles and tracts which had been distributed amongst them. The dangerous volumes were then collected together, and a bonfire was made of them. This vigorous act led to disturbances. Some sympathy being shown for the Missionaries, who had gained credit for their zeal and superior education, they had been ordered by the Maronite authorities to leave the mountain, and had, in order to avoid excesses, considered it desirable to do so. This state of things accounted for the suspicion entertained of Europeans in the Lebanon, and especially of Englishmen, who were all confounded with the obnoxious propagandists. Whatever may have been the success of the English and American Missions in making converts, they may claim the credit of having compelled the Maronite clergy to devote themselves more than they had previously done to the education and improvement of the intellectual condition of their flocks. They discovered, in the end, that they could drive their rivals more effectually out of the field by opening schools and entering into competition with them in educating the

people than by burning their Bibles and tracts. Such has been the case in other parts of the East, where Protestant Missions have been established amongst the Christian sects of various denominations. In this has been their real success, and by these means they have conferred substantial benefits upon the native populations. At the time of my first visit to the Lebanon the Maronite clergy were uneducated and profoundly ignorant, with the exception perhaps of a few priests who had been brought up by the Propaganda at Rome. These priests had no great influence over the people, as they were suspected of having been gained over to Rome, of whose encroachments the Maronites were then exceedingly jealous. It was said that it was equally the object of the Maronite clergy and of the Roman priests who were settled in the Lebanon to keep the inhabitants of the mountain in the most complete state of ignorance. It was to this intention that was attributed their hostility to the Protestant Missionaries, their dread of the Protestant schools which had been established at Beyrout and elsewhere, and their determination to stamp out at every risk the Protestant propagandism which had met with some little success.

I was struck by the hale and healthy appearance of the monks, then, including novices, 123 in number. The climate, indeed, in which they lived left little to be desired. The winter, though somewhat severe, was short, and was succeeded by a long and delightful spring, such as the inhabitants of the coast and the plains of Syria never enjoy. The scenery surrounding the convent was of exquisite beauty. One end of the ravine in which it stands above a foaming torrent is closed by the snowy summit of Lebanon, the other opens upon the distant blue sea of the Mediterranean. The mountain slopes are well cultivated and well wooded. The monks themselves have their terraces, on which grow in abundance the olive and the vine.

After partaking of a modest collation of olives and eggs, washed down by some excellent wine made by the monks, I resumed my journey. The Patriarch of the Maronites was then residing at Canobin. As the ascent to his convent was difficult, and would have required three hours' hard work, I renounced my idea of visiting him, and descended the mountain towards the sea. I passed the night in a small village, the inhabitants of which were disinclined to give me shelter. It was only through the intervention of the priest, to whom I addressed myself in my difficulty, that they consented to give me a room. They alleged extreme poverty for their want of hospitality, complaining bitterly of the heavy taxation to which they were subjected by the Emir Beshire. The village, however, contrasted favourably with those which I had seen outside that celebrated Chief's dominions, and had a flourishing appearance.

The following day I reached the sea-shore, and, leaving my hired mules at Gebail, the ancient Gibellus, took a boat for Beyrout. A light breeze carried me there in a few hours, but as the sanitary regulations prevented me from landing until sunrise, I was obliged to pass the remainder of the night on board. I here rejoined my companion, Mr Mitford, who had been waiting for me. The next day was Christmas Day, and we expected to receive an invitation to pass it in the house of the English Consul, Mr Moore, for whom we were provided with letters of introduction. We were disappointed, and had to make the best of a wretched dinner in the small and dirty inn which then afforded the only accommodation to travellers in the town.

CHAPTER VI

SYRIA AND PALESTINE

1840

WE remained for three days at Beyrout, receiving much civility from Mr Kilbee, an English merchant, whose acquaintance we had made by chance, and none from our Consul, notwithstanding the letters of recommendation we had brought to him. The town itself and its population—Mussulman (Arab), Christian, and European—made no very favourable impression upon me. The place was dirty and half in ruins. There was little or no commercial activity, and the few Europeans who resided there were divided into small cliques, very hostile the one to the other, each intriguing and doing its best to discredit the others. The Egyptian occupation, and the rule of Ibrahim Pasha, had done little to improve the condition of the place or to develop its trade. The Europeans enjoyed more security for their lives and property than they had previously done, but the native population had gained little by the change. Their Egyptian Governors were not less corrupt and arbitrary in their proceedings than their Turkish predecessors, and one heard the same complaints of extortion, cruelty, and oppression, notwithstanding the professed intention of Mehemet Ali Pasha to reform and improve the government, and to rule with justice, and the measures which his son, Ibrahim Pasha, had introduced with this

object. His laws and his orders were evaded or openly disobeyed, and he appeared to have little power, if he had the desire, to enforce them.

I find the following account in my journal of the proceedings of the then Governor of Beyrout, one Mahmoud Bey, who, like many of Mehemet Ali Pasha's functionaries, had been sent to France for his education and to learn the nature of European civilisation. It illustrates the state of things then prevailing in Syria, and the manner in which that fine province was brought to ruin, by the misgovernment of its rulers, whether Turks or Egyptians. This individual, being in want of some ready money, applied to the Government Treasurer, a certain Ayoub Nastalla, a Syrian Christian, and an old man of seventy-five years of age, for the loan of 8000 piastres. Knowing full well that such loans were never repaid, and being unwilling to bear the loss, Ayoub directed the official cashier to advance the required sum and to debit the Governor with it in his books. Shortly afterwards the periodical visit to Beyrout of the Comptroller of Public Accounts was announced. The cashier, having advanced or appropriated moneys for which he could not account, considered it prudent to take to his heels. His books were seized and sealed up by the Governor, who suggested to the Comptroller on his arrival that all those who might be found to have borrowed Government money, and whose names appeared in the accounts as debtors to the State, should receive the bastinado. To this suggestion the Comptroller readily assented. The books were opened, and the first name which appeared as a borrower of public money was that of the Mahmoud Bey. His rage at having been outwitted knew no bounds. As soon as the Comptroller had left Beyrout to continue his tour of inspection, the Governor ordered the unfortunate Ayoub Nastalla to be seized, with

one of his sons—two others having succeeded in effecting their escape. He was thrown into a filthy dungeon, and heavy irons were placed round his neck, wrists, and ankles, his body being curved almost double. The bastinado was then applied to his feet until they were reduced to an almost shapeless mass, whilst his legs swelled to an enormous size. As his victim did not succumb to his terrible sufferings, Mahmoud Bey invented a new instrument of torture. He contrived an iron hoop which could be tightened by means of screws. This circle was placed round the head of the wretched Christian, and pebbles placed between it and parts of the skull. It was then screwed until the skull was nearly crushed, and the aged sufferer fell senseless to the ground.

As Ayoub Nastalla survived even these tortures, an attempt was made to destroy him by depriving him of rest. With this object, the end of a chain to which he was fastened was passed through a hole in the boards, which blocked up the only opening which admitted light into his cell, and being continually pulled from the outside, he was unable to sleep night or day. When in this condition, his sufferings became known to a European Catholic priest, who had the courage to denounce the Governor to the foreign Consuls, and to demand their interference, in the name of humanity, on behalf of his victim. They all agreed to sign a protest, although not in their official capacity, against the cruelties thus inflicted upon an aged man, except the English Consul, who refused on the ground that it was not a case for foreign interference. The projected protest consequently fell through.

Mr Kilbee, the English merchant to whom I have referred, having mentioned the case to his correspondent at Alexandria, it was brought to the notice of Mehemet Ali Pasha, who at once gave orders that Ayoub Nastalla

and his son should be released, and should be sent to Damascus for trial if there were any charge against them. They had been sent there when I arrived at Beyrout. I never learnt the result, or whether Mahmoud Bey was deprived of his post, or otherwise punished for his infamous conduct. The part which our Consul had taken in the matter had rendered him very unpopular with the European residents at Beyrout, who attributed his refusal to interfere on behalf of the aged Christian Treasurer to the influence of his dragoman—a native of the country who was suspected of having pecuniary relations with the Governor, and to be interested in maintaining him in his office.

This Mahmoud Bey was, I fear, a type of the men who were employed by the Egyptian Government to administer the province that Mehemet Ali Pasha had wrested from the Sultan. Educated in Europe—usually in France—they appeared to have lost few of their national prejudices, and, if they had abandoned any of their native vices, it was only to acquire fresh ones. Speaking French, sometimes with fluency, they had a kind of varnish of civilisation, beneath which they had preserved the cruelty, the venality, and the want of any sense of right and justice, which have been long conspicuous in the governing class in the East, but which are not to be found in the character of the genuine Turkish Mussulman population.

As the result of my experience in Syria, I noted in my journal that justice was everywhere sold, places under Government bought, and the Governors, unable to live upon their small salaries, compelled to oppress and cruelly ill-treat the people in order to extort money from them. Complaint was rarely made to Ibrahim Pasha from fear of the accusation falling through, when the complainant would be exposed to the revenge of the authority against whom he had brought his charge.

Giorgio, our Greek dragoman and servant, who had accompanied us from Constantinople, being now tired of our wanderings, and probably little satisfied with the rough life and privations to which, in common with ourselves, he had been compelled to submit, left us of his own accord at Beyrout. He had proved an active, intelligent, and, for a Greek, honest follower, and although we felt that we could do well enough without his services, we were sorry to part with him. We did not think it necessary to replace him, but, hiring a couple of horses, we left Beyrout alone for Jerusalem, trusting to the experience we had acquired in travelling to make our way without any great difficulty.

Two days after, early in the morning, we reached Saida, the ancient Sidon, after suffering a good deal from the heavy rain which fell during the greater part of our ride along the rude and rocky coasts. Suleiman Pasha, who had then acquired a European reputation as the ablest and most successful of Mehemet Ali Pasha's Generals, was then residing there. We had letters of introduction for him, and as soon as we had found a room in a Christian house, to which we had been recommended by the native gentleman who acted as British Consular Agent, we called upon him. He received us with great kindness and cordiality, and insisted that we should spend the remainder of the day and dine with him.

The Pasha was a man of somewhat beyond middle age, somewhat short, with a florid complexion and a lively, rather excited address. He was in every respect the very type of the Frenchman of that period who had served in the "Grande Armée," of which he was intensely proud, or vain, and to which, when conversing on any subject, he was in the habit of constantly referring. He had all the good qualities, and some of the bad, of the French soldier. Open and frank, loquacious and ready to pour out his thoughts and opinions, even to a stranger, at a moment's notice, he was to

some extent what his countrymen term a "*blagueur*," and what we might perhaps have called, without great injustice to him, a "boaster." But he had the reputation of being an honest, straightforward, kind-hearted, generous, and brave man. Of his military capacity and genius there could be no doubt. He had given ample proofs of them during the time that he had served Mehemet Ali Pasha.

He wore the Egyptian military uniform, consisting of the *tarbouche*, or loose red cap, with a long tassel of blue silk, an embroidered cloth jacket, a waistcoat buttoned up to the throat, large baggy trousers, fastened at the knee, and held at the waist by an ample silk shawl of many colours, gaiters, and red shoes turned up at the toes—replaced when in active service by high boots. He lived entirely in the Egyptian fashion, and his rooms were furnished with the usual divans, on which he sat smoking his *narguilé*, or occasionally a long Turkish pipe.

Within a short time after I had made his acquaintance he began to talk to me very freely on political and other subjects. He condemned in strong terms the policy of England and the European Powers who desired to restore Syria to the rule of the Sultan, and to restrict the authority of Mehemet Ali Pasha. France, he maintained, was pursuing a wiser and more generous policy in supporting an enlightened and successful ruler, who was introducing great reforms into the East, civilising the populations, and putting an end to the corrupt and effete dominion of the Sultan. He was convinced, however, that whatever course the European Powers might decide upon taking, Mehemet Ali would not renounce his conquests unless he were ultimately compelled to yield to force. He would blow up Alexandria and Cairo, and retire with a few troops into the remotest part of Upper Egypt rather than submit to dictation. If the Powers did not interfere, Ibrahim Pasha would have no difficulty in making himself

master of Asia Minor, and ultimately of Constantinople. In this opinion he was no doubt right. After the signal defeat of the Turkish army at Nizib, the Ottoman power in Asia was paralysed, and the panic which ensued had opened the road to the capital.

But, I suggested, Russia might again come to the aid of the Sultan and land troops on the Asiatic coast for the defence of Constantinople. If she were to do so, he replied, we should not be discouraged. We should avoid giving them battle, for although the Egyptians are ten times better soldiers than the Russians, we are greatly deficient in good officers. But, he continued, I will make them wear out a deal of shoe leather. An Egyptian soldier can march sixteen hours a day without serious inconvenience, living upon nothing but a little bread and water. No Russian could overtake him. It would be impossible, he declared, to find more docile, obedient, and orderly troops than the Egyptians, and he was prepared to lead them anywhere.

He soon commenced talking of himself, and giving me particulars of his personal history. From what he told me, and from what I gathered from M. Clément, an old comrade in the wars of Napoleon, who was then staying with him, and from his physician M. Galiardot, also a Frenchman, he was a native of Lyons, and appears to have begun life as a common sailor in the French navy. He subsequently passed into the army, and served in the cavalry and artillery in some of the principal campaigns of Napoleon. After fourteen years' service in the ranks, he became a *sous lieutenant*, when the battle of Waterloo destroyed his prospects of advancement. He consequently left the army and married a woman who had put by a little money, which he employed in a speculation for supplying Paris with hired cabriolets. Having failed in this undertaking, and being in debt, he quitted the capital with the intention

of going to Persia and seeking employment in the Shah's army.

He took ship at Marseilles for Alexandria. On his arrival in Egypt he learnt that Mehemet Ali Pasha was about to send an expedition to Upper Egypt in search of coal. On the advice of an acquaintance he offered to conduct it, and his proposal was accepted. Having no practical acquaintance with the methods adopted in seeking for this mineral, he set to work to obtain all the information that could be acquired on the subject at Cairo, and obtained what he considered sufficient knowledge of the work he had undertaken. He remained for three years in Upper Egypt, receiving the small salary of 300 piastres (about £30) a month. He failed in discovering coal, but acquired a knowledge of the people, their habits and their language, which were afterwards of the greatest value to him.

On his return to Cairo, Mehemet Ali, who was satisfied with the zeal and intelligence he had displayed in his search after coal, gave him the appointment of military instructor in the regular army which he was then forming, with the monthly pay of about £50. When the French General (I forget his name) who had organised this army threw up his command rather than take part in the war against the Greeks who had risen against the Ottoman rule, Mehemet Ali, who had formed a high opinion of the military capacity and fidelity of M. Sève, offered him the post thus vacated. Sève at once accepted, having none of his predecessor's scruples as regards a campaign against the insurgent Christians. He advanced rapidly in the favour of the Pasha, and in rank. But the highest positions in the Egyptian army were closed to a Christian. Having no religious prejudices or opinions—after the fashion of his kind—Colonel Sève experienced no difficulty in publicly renouncing the Christian faith and professing that of Islam,

taking the name of Suleiman. He was shortly afterwards raised to the dignity of Pasha, and placed in high command. The services which he subsequently rendered to Mehemet Ali Pasha fully justified the confidence which that remarkable man had placed in him. The successes of the Egyptian arms in Syria and Asia Minor were generally attributed to his military capacity. Ibrahim Pasha, although a brave and dauntless leader on the field of battle, was entirely ignorant of military science and tactics. He was consequently compelled to have constant recourse to the knowledge and experience of Suleiman Pasha, to whom he owed his victories. Whilst, however, ready to avail himself of the Frenchman's aid, he was, as is usually the case in such circumstances, intensely jealous of him, and of the great favour and distinction with which he was treated by Mehemet Ali Pasha, who knew his merits and was well aware of the rashness and want of military knowledge of Ibrahim.

The Egyptian army, although at that time far inferior in many respects to that of any European country, owed its organisation and discipline to Suleiman Pasha. They were very creditable to his energy and influence. It was in the commissariat and scientific departments that it was then chiefly deficient. This has been hitherto invariably the case with Eastern armies. Suleiman readily acknowledged this state of things, and admitted his inability to find a remedy for it. At that time there were no means of obtaining trained and educated officers. Those who were employed had risen from the ranks, and were as ignorant as the common soldiers they commanded. But considering the difficulties with which Suleiman Pasha had to contend, and the materials, the discipline of the army was remarkably good, and few complaints were heard of misconduct on the part of the troops from the populations of the country they had occupied.

Suleiman Pasha deplored to me the civil government of Syria, and the ill-treatment, oppression, and extortion to which the inhabitants of the province were subjected. His European ideas revolted against the want of justice and good faith with which they were treated, and condemned the short-sighted policy of those who rendered the Egyptian rule hateful to them. But his advice was not listened to, and he had no power to interfere, as he possessed no authority except that which his military rank gave him in military affairs.

As a convert to Islamism on avowed grounds of self-interest, he was not much respected by the Mohammedans, whose prejudices he outraged by openly transgressing their religious laws and the precepts of the Koran. He was never seen to say his appointed prayers or to enter a mosque. He drank wine and spirits, perhaps more than freely. But his children, of whom he had several by more than one wife, were brought up strictly in the Mussulman faith. With the native Christians and with Europeans he was a general favourite on account of his genial manners, his good humour and his open-handedness.

He gave us an excellent dinner, in which French and Cyprus wines were not wanting. Three of his children, two very pretty girls and a beautiful boy, were introduced to us. They spoke nothing but Arabic, having been brought up entirely in the Harem after the Eastern fashion.

After dinner we retired to smoke and drink coffee in his private room, which he called the "Cabinet Napoléon," dedicated to that great military genius. The walls were covered with portraits of the Emperor and his family. No others were admitted into this sanctuary. A kind of trophy had been constructed of gold-embroidered, silken Turkish flags, and of various arms and trumpets, the spoils of Nizib, which was surmounted by a bust of Napoleon.

Stretched on comfortable divans, and smoking our *narguilés,* we listened with amusement and interest to the two veterans of the "Grande Armée" discussing their campaigns, and fighting their battles over again, a discussion diversified by stories and anecdotes which were not of the most edifying, and snatches from songs of the bivouac of the same description. These were intermingled with repeated toasts in champagne and brandy to the heroes of the great war and the victories of their immortal chief. As I have said, Suleiman Pasha was the type of the French soldier of the First Empire. Napoleon was his idol, or his God, and the "Grande Armée" the ever victorious and the conqueror of the world. He entertained the profoundest contempt for all nations except his own, which politeness and consideration for his guests only enabled him with difficulty to conceal. Waterloo was the result of treachery on the part of Generals who had been bought by the English and the Bourbons. Had it not been for their treason, by which the Prussians were allowed to surprise the rear of the French army, Napoleon, for whom victory had been already declared, would have swept all his enemies into the sea. We could afford to smile at these and other bravadoes which were stimulated by ample potations, and encouraged by his old companion in the wars, M. Clément. Tea was served to us, and we retired for the night before the carousal had come to an end.

Suleiman Pasha had promised me letters of recommendation to the *Moudir* of Acre and the *Muteselim* of Jerusalem.[1] I called upon him early on the following morning to receive them. He renewed his conversation of the previous day on Syrian affairs. He complained bitterly of the interference of the foreign Consular Agents in local matters, to which he attributed, not without reason,

[1] These were titles of local Governors.

many of the abuses which existed in the country, and the maladministration arising out of them. I have already referred to my experience of these gentlemen. Further acquaintance with them and their proceedings did not induce me to modify my opinion with respect to them.

He gave me some interesting geographical notes, and described several monuments of antiquity which he had discovered during his campaigns in Syria and Asia Minor. The maps of Syria which had then been published he pronounced very inaccurate, pointing out to me many errors in them, which his intimate knowledge of the country had enabled him to rectify. At length, after receiving the promised letters from him, and taking an affectionate leave, I rejoined my companion, and we left Saida for Sour, the ancient Tyre.

We reached our destination after a long and fatiguing ride, some time after nightfall. The British Consular Agent, a Christian native, placed a room in his house at our disposal. We were detained during three days by one of the most violent storms of wind and rain I had ever witnessed. Our time, however, passed pleasantly enough in the company of Horace Vernet, the celebrated French painter, who, with two companions, was there, after travelling in Southern Syria on his way to the camp of Ibrahim Pasha at Marash, and to the field of Nizib, with the intention of making sketches and studies to enable him to paint a picture of the battle in which the Ottoman troops had suffered so disastrous a defeat. They were lodged in the same house as ourselves. With him we visited the few remains which could then be seen of the ancient city of Tyre. They consisted principally of the ruins of an aqueduct of stone, a sarcophagus or two, and a few fallen columns—all of the Greek, or rather Græco-Roman, period. Such part of the city as is not covered by the advancing sea is occupied

by a miserable village surrounded by a mud wall. M. Vernet was provided with a Daguerrotype—then only recently discovered, and the first I had seen—and was able with it to take views of the principal monuments and scenes which he visited.

Horace Vernet told me that he had exhibited the machine to Mehemet Ali Pasha. The operator and the Pasha had to be in total darkness whilst the impression taken was being developed. After the process was believed to be complete, Horace Vernet suddenly struck a light with a lucifer match, when Mehemet Ali, apparently frightened by the sudden flash of light, and taking it for the discharge of a pistol, gave utterance to the strangest and most unearthly noises. Vernet was afterwards informed that such was his habit when alarmed by any sudden noise, since the massacre of the Mamelukes.

We spent at Tyre the first day of the new year, 1840, which we celebrated with Horace Vernet and his friends, lively and entertaining companions whose society I greatly enjoyed. His portfolio was full of interesting drawings, and I had an opportunity of witnessing the rapidity and accuracy with which he made his sketches. His descriptions of his travels and adventures were highly graphic and amusing. He was a short, well-built, active man—with very much the appearance of a French soldier of the Line—with a bright, intelligent countenance, a restless, penetrating, and observing eye, such as one might have expected in a painter of his quality, vivacious, inexhaustible in mirth and anecdotes, and endowed with amazing energy. We struck up a friendship, and many years after, when passing through Paris, I always received a warm welcome in his studio.

On the 2nd January the storm (which had raged with the greatest violence during the three days) having somewhat abated, Mitford and I mounted our horses and started

for Acre. The country through which we had to pass had recently been in a very insecure and unsettled condition, owing to the depredations of the Mutuali, a savage sect of mountaineers of whose religious tenets little was known at that time, except that they professed hatred for Christians and Mussulmans alike, and were accused of committing great cruelties upon the prisoners of both faiths. They had become so formidable that, shortly before my visit, they had threatened to attack Saida and Sour. Ibrahim Pasha had sent several expeditions against them, but had failed in reducing them to subjection, as they were a brave and hardy race, and defied the Egyptian troops in their mountain fastnesses. It was only with the aid of the Emir Beshire, the then powerful chief of Mount Lebanon, that he at last succeeded in reducing them under his authority. Their country was now occupied by Egyptian soldiers, and the roads along the coast were again perfectly secure. We did not ask for an escort; a guide was equally unnecessary.

We crossed Cape Bianco and descended to the village of Makhora, where, as the rain had recommenced to descend in torrents, we were compelled to pass the night in a filthy khan, the prey to innumerable vermin. Passing through groves of orange and lemon trees, we reached Acre soon after mid-day, and took up our quarters in the Franciscan Convent, where a comfortable room was assigned to us. Three monks only occupied the extensive building, the greater part of which, with the church, was in ruins. They were Spaniards. At that time Spain was still one of the European Powers which protected the Roman Catholic religion, and the institutions appertaining to it, in the Levant. The rights and privileges in this respect which she then enjoyed have since been usurped by France, who has arbitrarily constituted herself the sole representative of the Catholic faith in the East, and has

insisted upon a claim to jurisdiction over all convents, churches, and religious bodies connected with it. The convent at Acre was dependent upon that of Mount Carmel.

Acre had suffered from the bombardment to which it had been subjected by Ibrahim Pasha. A great part of the town was in ruins, and the inhabitants who were left complained bitterly of the oppression of the Egyptians. Few towns in the East had suffered more, from the earliest times, from the calamities of war. Its importance as a strategical position had exposed it to constant sieges and sacks. The fortifications and defences of the place were being repaired with great energy under the superintendence of Suleiman Pasha, who foresaw that another siege and bombardment were impending, and that it was of the utmost importance to the possession of Syria by Mehemet Ali Pasha that he should be prepared for them. They were already "booming in the distance." It was evident that, if the European Powers joined with the Sultan in compelling Mehemet Ali to withdraw his troops from Syria, Acre would be the first place attacked as the key to the Egyptian position in Syria.

The *Moudir*, or Governor, of Acre at that time was a local hereditary chief, only inferior in influence and authority to the Emir Beshire. He had adhered to the Egyptian cause, and had rendered important services to Ibrahim Pasha in establishing his rule in Southern Syria and Palestine. He had the reputation of being an honest and just man, although he was accused of losing no opportunity of filling his coffers. The older inhabitants of the town still remember Djezan (or the Executioner) Pasha who governed the place at the time of its celebrated siege by Sir Sydney Smith, and who was notorious for his courage, and at the same time for his cruelties. Some of his victims, eyeless or earless, might even still be seen in

the streets. Anecdotes relating to the shocking tortures practised upon his subjects were still current among the inhabitants. It was told me that his principal secretary, a man of energy and administrative capacity, to whom the Pasha principally entrusted the government, had on successive occasions, when he had incurred his master's displeasure, lost an eye, then one ear, then the second, and finally most of his fingers. Through his influence the succession to the "Executioner" was given to one Abdullah Pasha, who was no less cruel than his predecessor, and rewarded the services rendered to him by the Chief Secretary by depriving him of his head.

The vast Palace of Djezan Pasha had been turned into a hospital, and was filled with Egyptian soldiers, amongst whom disease was making great ravages. With their light garments they were unable to withstand the cold of a Syrian winter.

The fortress was used, as it has since been by the Turks, as a prison for malefactors. Gangs of these unfortunate wretches, chained together, were seen working in the town or at the fortifications. It was said that in the filthy dungeons were many innocent men who, for political and other reasons, had incurred the resentment of Ibrahim Pasha. At that time a great deal of ill-feeling existed amongst the population of Acre against the Christians and Europeans in general, which was encouraged by the Egyptian authorities. They were insulted in the streets, and even the Consular Agents of the European Powers did not escape. Some of their servants had been maltreated and imprisoned, and the English Vice-Consul, in consequence of an outrage of the kind, had recently lowered his flag, and had proceeded to Beyrout to ask the assistance of the Consul in procuring redress, which, however, to the further scandal of the British community, he failed

to obtain. At that time, it was declared, British interests found but little support or protection in this part of the Levant.

On the following day we quitted Acre, and crossing in a frail boat the "Brook Kishon," which from a little rivulet had been converted by the winter rains into a roaring torrent, reached, shortly before dark, the Convent of Mount Carmel. Here we remained for a day, and were most hospitably entertained by the monks, who were then twelve in number. The head of the convent (or "Padre Vicario"), brother Eustachio, was scarcely forty years of age—a Roman of engaging manners and some learning. We spent most of our time in pleasant conversation with him, and he lent me, from the library of the convent, a rare work by one "Fra Giambattista di S. Alessio, Carmelitano Scalzo," published in 1780, which professes to give a complete history of Mount Carmel, of the buildings upon it, and of the Carmelitan Order. I made copious extracts from it in my journal.[1]

The last name which had been written in the Strangers' Book, to which we also contributed our names, was that of the Count Christian le Clerc de Juignes, a young Frenchman of my own age, who had recently visited the convent. He had left it in excellent health and spirits to conclude in Syria a long and adventurous journey in the East, undertaken with a companion, the Count de Civrac, whom I had met a short time before at Tripoli. He was suddenly taken ill after having dined with the *Sheikh* of the village of Naif, a day's journey from Mount Carmel. In a few hours he was a corpse. His body was brought to the convent, and an autopsy proved that he had been poisoned. It was

[1] The complete title of the work is "Compendio Istorico della Stato Antico e moderno del Carmelo, dei paesi adjacente, e dell' ordine Monastico orientale. Opera di Fra Giambattista di S. Alessio Carmelitano Scalzo, professo della Provincia di Piemonte e Missionario per piu anni nel detto Monte. Torino, 1780."

believed that a native servant, whom he had struck for some misconduct, had placed poison in the coffee served to him after dinner, and of which, fortunately, his companion had not partaken. He was described to me as a very amiable, accomplished, and handsome young man, who, during a few days' residence at the convent, had succeeded in winning the friendship of the brothers. They were occupied in carving an inscription to his memory which was to be erected in the church.

At the time of our visit, the convent and the church were still unfinished, and the monks were making periodical pilgrimages to different parts of Europe, including England, to collect funds for the completion of the buildings. One, Padre Battista, had just returned from one of these missions with the not inconsiderable sum of 160,000 francs, which he had succeeded in obtaining from the Faithful. The revenues of the convent were small, being chiefly derived from some flour-mills which it possessed at the foot of the hill, and from the voluntary contributions by travellers in return for the hospitality and excellent treatment they received from the good monks.

The magnificent view commanded by the convent, situated on the summit of the precipitous headland known as Mount Carmel, has often been described—a vast expanse of blue sea stretching from its base, the bay, with the lofty snow-capped mountains of Lebanon beyond, the town of Sour or Sidon, and Caipha Acre with its citadel and towers, and to the north the distant hills of Nazareth and Tiberias; few scenes could exceed it in beauty, or in the number and interest of its Biblical and historical associations.

After a most enjoyable, though too short, visit of a day, we left Mount Carmel on the 6th January, the Feast of the Three Kings. High Mass was being celebrated in the church, whence came the solemn peals of the organ. The

French tricolor flag was floating over the convent, proclaiming the right of France to protect the building and its inmates. We descended by the rough and precipitous path which leads to Caipha, and, passing through the town, chose the road to Nazareth, which skirts the hills and avoids the plain, at that time converted into a swamp by the winter rains. We had, however, to ford the river Kishon, at this time of the year a broad and deep torrent, at others a mere brook scarcely ten feet in width. The villages through which we passed had an air of extreme poverty, and the fields appeared to be uncultivated and neglected. The monks of Mount Carmel have selected in these hills various spots which they have identified as the sites of the principal events in the Biblical relation of the history of Elijah. Biblical students and religious enthusiasts—not to say religious impostors—have had little difficulty in doing the same for all events referred to in Holy Writ. Passing through a pretty village called Mucobei, pleasantly situated in a sheltered valley, amongst orange and lemon trees, palms and olive groves, we reached Nazareth, which is so completely embedded amongst the hills that we found ourselves in its ruined streets before we were aware that we had reached the town.

We were received very hospitably, as travellers at that time usually were, by the Franciscan friars in the Roman Catholic convent. A notice at the entrance warned us that this hospitality was extended gratuitously to pilgrims and others who might visit the sacred shrines and holy places for three days only. In that time they were believed to be able to accomplish the object of their pilgrimage and to perform their devotions. After its expiration they were to depart, although it was understood that the term would be willingly extended for those who were able to pay by contributions to the funds of the convent for the hospitality extended to them. A less delay than three days was

sufficient to enable us to visit the various sacred spots which were claimed and fought over by Roman Catholic and Orthodox Greek monks and priests—the cave in which the Angel appeared to the Virgin Mary at the Annunciation, the well from which she drew water, the workshop of St Joseph the carpenter, the synagogue in which Christ taught, the rock from which the Jews sought to cast Him, and the scene of many other events equally well authenticated. As we felt no need of the plenary indulgences promised to those who offered up certain prayers and performed certain ceremonies at these sacred places, we hurried past them, and in the afternoon continued our journey towards Jerusalem.

The Convent of Nazareth, a large, strongly constructed stone edifice, then contained fifteen friars—four of whom, including the Superior, were Spaniards. Of the 4500 inhabitants of the town 4000 were Christians—part of them, however, belonged to the Greek Church, and disputed with the Roman Catholics the right of possession of the holy places. The remainder of the population consisted of Mussulman Arabs.

We crossed a monotonous hilly country, uncultivated and covered with stones. There were distant views of the conical peak of Mount Tabor which gave some interest to our ride. When we descended into the plain, we found ourselves in a swamp. Not having a guide, and ignorant of the proper road, we soon found ourselves in difficulties. Mitford's horse almost disappeared in the mud, and I had some trouble in extricating him and his beast from the perilous situation in which they found themselves. After a long struggle through the quagmire we reached, early in the afternoon, the village of Jenin. Our horses were quite unable to proceed any further, owing to the fatigue they had endured in making their way through the marshy ground which we had crossed. We were com-

pelled, therefore, to share a wretched cottage with its Arab inmates, male and female, old and young, for the night.

The plain between Jenin and Nablous having been reduced to one great swamp by the heavy rains which had recently fallen, we were unable to follow the direct track to this latter place. We had to continue by a difficult pathway over the hills, leaving Sebaste, the ancient Samaria, to our left. As we drew nearer to Nablous, we found the hill-sides better cultivated. Terraces had been constructed upon them, by piling up stones into walls and bringing mould and earth to make platforms, on which olive-trees and the vine were planted in abundance. We passed a few villages, but they are for the most part at the bottom of the valleys and ravines which intersect this undulating country, and are thus generally out of sight unless approached. But the wells which supply them with water are frequently at some distance from them, and we constantly came upon groups of women, bearing their two-handled vases of antique shape on their heads or shoulders, gathered round the well-mouths, or walking erect with majestic step back to their homes. I could not fail to be struck by the beauty of many of the girls—their regular and handsome features, their bright eyes, and their elegant and graceful forms. They mostly wore ornaments formed by coins, ancient and modern, lapping over each other, bound over their foreheads, or falling on either side of the face. Their costume consisted of the usual blue Arab shirt, with a jacket or outer garment of red, the two colours which the painters have almost universally chosen for the dress of the Virgin in their pictures.

The town of Nablous, the ancient Shechem, was in as ruinous and squalid a condition as others through which we had passed. It was surrounded by a crumbling wall, and contained a small and ill-provided bazaar. A few granite columns, lying in the streets or used in the con-

struction of buildings, were the only remains that I saw of the ancient city. It was but a long day's ride to Jerusalem. But our horses were tired, the road was stony and bad, and by the time we had reached a small half-ruined village called Einbroot, or Anabrood, they could carry us no longer. The place was wretchedly poor, and we could only find a hut, occupied already by a whole family, and swarming with vermin, in which to pass the night. The villages which we had seen during the day were equally poverty-stricken. During our wanderings in the East I had not seen a more miserable population. We heard on every side the same story of want and oppression. The Egyptian authorities had heavily taxed the inhabitants, and were exacting the taxes to the last farthing—imprisoning the village chiefs, grossly ill-treating the villagers and impounding their little property. The very seed for their next year's harvest had been taken from them, and they had nothing left them for food but the coarsest bread and a few olives. We were unable to procure even the prepared wheat, or *bourghoul*, which we had found in the poorest hamlets in the more independent districts at the foot of Mount Lebanon and along the sea-coast, the inhabitants of which Ibrahim Pasha had not ventured to treat with the same rigour and cruelty. This extreme poverty and distress prevailed throughout Palestine at this time, and the inhabitants of the Province were loud and bitter in their complaints against the Egyptian rule, which, they declared, was far worse and more oppressive than that of the Turks or of their own semi-independent local chiefs.

The physical features of the land, "the hill country of Judea," corresponded with the wretched condition of its inhabitants. For three days we rode over stony, barren hills, succeeding each other like the great rolling waves of the Atlantic, the solitude and desolation only occasion-

ally relieved by a terrace laboriously constructed on the side of a declivity from which the rocks had been removed, and planted with olive and fig trees. As it was mid-winter, there was little or no vegetation except the cold grey foliage of the olive tree. I still entertain a painful recollection of our weary ride—expecting as we reached the summit of every hill to see the distant walls and towers of Jerusalem, but finding still before us the naked rolling hills, which appeared everywhere to bound the horizon; occasionally they were crowned by the ruins of a village from which the inhabitants had been driven by the *Cawass* or the tax-gatherer. There was scarcely a living creature to be seen.

At length, on Friday, the 10th of February, after winding until mid-day through the mournful and deserted country, we came suddenly in sight of the dome of the Mosque of Omar, and the cupolas of the Church and Convent of the Holy Sepulchre. Then followed the walls, the gates, and the low minarets of the city, with Mount Zion in the background, crowned by its mosque, covering the tomb of David. Our joy at having accomplished so much of our long and perilous journey, and at seeing at last the city before us after so many disappointments, was scarcely less than that of the pilgrim crusaders when, for the first time, the Holy City burst upon their view. The sight recalled vividly to my memory the fine passage in the "Gerusalemme Liberata," but as I could not quote it correctly, and had no Tasso with me, I was compelled to leave a blank for it in my journal:

> "Ali ha ciascuno al core ed ali al piede,
> Né del suo ratto andar peró s'accorge:
> Ma, quando il Sol gli aridi campi fiede
> Con raggi assai fervente, e in alto sorge,
> Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede,
> Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge;
> Ecco da mille voci unitamente
> Gerusalemme salutar si sente.

> "Cosi di naviganti audace stuolo,
> Che mova a ricercar estranio lido,
> E in mar dubbioso e sotto ignoto polo
> Provi l'onde fallaci e il vento infido,
> S'alfin discopre il desiato suolo,
> Il saluta da lunge in lieto grido;
> E l'uno all' altro il mostra, e intanto oblia
> La noia e il mal della passata via."—(*Canto* iii.).

We reached the Damascus Gate, which, the day being Friday, was closed during the time of morning prayer in the mosques. Other travellers and a few peasants with their laden animals arrived there at the same moment, and a small crowd was gathered together waiting for the opening of the great iron-bound doors. When they were at length thrown back, a stream of Arabs, with their camels and donkeys which had been pent up on the inside, burst forth, and closed the passage against us. We had to wait until it had ceased, after a long struggle, mingled with guttural shouts and execrations and the noise of repeated blows, as the animals in their eagerness to get into the open country hustled against each other, upsetting their loads, and were restrained or urged onwards by their impatient and excitable drivers. We made our way through the narrow, ill-paved or unpaved, streets to the British Consulate, where we were received by Mr Young, then H.M. Consul, who sent us to a room which had been retained for the accommodation of English travellers. It was bare of furniture, and at the top of a native house, with a vaulted ceiling. The weather was intensely cold. The brazier, which we succeeded after some difficulty and delay in obtaining, afforded us little warmth. We spread our carpets in the corner, prepared to spend our time in Jerusalem in this uncomfortable fashion. However, we were now seasoned travellers, and as the cold and the stucco walls and floor of our apartment gave us hopes that we should at least be free from vermin, we did not repine.

Jerusalem, at the time of my first visit to it, in the winter of 1839-40, was in a very different condition to that in which I found it on returning there in the autumn of 1879. It had suffered no less than other parts of Syria from the rule of the Egyptians. It was evident to me that, with the system of administration introduced by Ibrahim Pasha into Syria, the rule of Mehemet Ali in that province was destined to be but short. The finances were administered by ignorant and truculent Greeks and Armenians, who cared for little but enriching themselves. The authorities, military and civil, were Turks who had no consideration for the population, and who were corrupt and brutal. No Arabs were, I believed, employed, as they were mistrusted. The result was naturally the rapid impoverishment of the country and general disaffection to the Egyptian rule, to which, by a little justice and forbearance, they might have been reconciled. The little commerce which had at one time existed in Jerusalem had been almost destroyed. The population of the place was reduced to about 20,000, of whom between 6000 and 7000 were Mussulmans, and 5000 Jews. The remainder were Christians of various denominations—Roman Catholics, Orthodox and Catholic Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and others. An English Protestant Mission, chiefly intended for the conversion of the Jews, had been established in the city, but had hitherto met with but little success. A few Jews, alleged to be converts, and reported as such to the Society in England which provided the funds for their conversion, attended the Protestant service which was performed on Sundays in the British Consulate; but it was maliciously declared that they received a small sum for so doing, and that they were no less regular in their attendance in the synagogue on their own Sabbath. But this was probably a calumny invented by the Roman Catholics and by the other sects, who hated and feared the Protestant heretics

and the money they were alleged to be spending in buying over converts to their heresy.

There was then no English Protestant church in Jerusalem, but the erection of one was contemplated, and a site had been already obtained for the purpose through the aid of the Egyptian Government, which in these respects was liberal and tolerant enough. Subscriptions were being raised in England with the object of commencing the building, and £20,000 had been already, I was informed, contributed. At the head of the Protestant Mission was the Rev. M. Nicholaison, of Hebrew and German origin, I believe, a gentleman of a pious, devoted, and enthusiastic character, earnestly engaged in his work, and at the same time a man of learning and well versed in the history and topography of the Holy City. In his company I visited during my short residence in Jerusalem all the principal spots of interest—enjoying the advantage of his explanations and descriptions of the events for which they were celebrated, and listening to the arguments and illustrations by which he strove to identify them. Our daily walks through the city and beyond its walls were as instructive as they were delightful. I find in my journal a number of notes and observations on the spots we examined together—which are crude enough, and now of no value whatever, since the topography of Jerusalem and its environs have been so fully described and illustrated. At that time little had been done scientifically in that direction. Whilst the numerous identifications founded upon silly monkish traditions, and accepted by credulous pilgrims, might be rejected without much hesitation, there was little founded upon trustworthy evidence to replace them. To some extent, recent researches and investigations on the spot have cleared up the difficulties and doubts which then existed.

At this time there was only one Consul resident in

Jerusalem—the British. French subjects and interests were temporarily under the protection of Suleiman Pasha. The Russian Consul at Jaffa exercised jurisdiction over Russian subjects in Jerusalem, and protected the Orthodox Greeks and their churches and religious institutions. He even claimed the right to protect the Jews—most of whom came from Poland and other parts of the Russian dominions. He occasionally visited Jerusalem, and exercised his authority, it was asserted, in a very arbitrary fashion. He had recently deposed the Greek Patriarch, who had shown too much independence, and had replaced him by a priest who was more amenable to Russian influence. The chief Rabbi had experienced the same fate for similar reasons. The Europeans and native Christian population were much excited by the unusual efforts which Russia was then believed to be making to establish a preponderating, if not exclusive, political as well as religious influence in Palestine. The conversation in the bazaars and coffee-houses turned chiefly on this matter. The Russian Consul was said to have obtained the right from the Porte to protect and to exercise authority over all persons who professed the Orthodox faith, and all religious and charitable institutions appertaining to it. It was even affirmed that Russia was about to obtain for the Greek Church the exclusive possession of the sacred places, including the Holy Sepulchre, the joint ownership and protection of which had been claimed from time immemorial by the Roman Catholics and other Christian communities.

This pretension of Russia had already roused the indignation of the Roman Catholics and the susceptibilities of France, who claimed the exclusive right of protecting them and their religious establishments. Quarrels and scandalous broils, which had even ended in bloodshed, had already taken place between the rival communities within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself. During the celebra-

tion of the previous Easter festivities it had been the scene of a tumult which had caused the loss of several lives, and had only been appeased by the intervention of the Egyptian authorities, who had driven out the pious combatants at the point of the bayonet, and had closed the doors of the edifice. Since that time they were only opened on certain festivals, the Governor himself keeping the keys and sending troops to preserve the peace within when the faithful were admitted. A wealthy traveller might, by means of a commensurate *backshish*, obtain admittance on other occasions, but as I did not come under this category, I availed myself of a feast day which happened to fall during my residence in Jerusalem to visit the church and holy places. I found, as I entered, Egyptian officers with a guard seated in the portico, smoking their pipes, to preserve order in case of necessity. When the doors were closed, one or two Greek monks were allowed to remain inside, receiving their food through a small opening made for the purpose.

The dissensions between the Orthodox and Roman Catholics, which had then recently assumed formidable dimensions in consequence of the attempt of Russia to obtain a preponderant influence in Palestine and the exclusive possession of certain much venerated spots, were laying the foundation of the quarrel between that Power and France which some years later led to the Crimean War.

The intrigues of Russia were not confined to Palestine, but were extended, it was said, to all parts of Syria, and even to Mount Lebanon, her agents having found their way even into the Maronite convents. As the native Christians complained sorely of oppression and extortion, and Russian Consuls and Agents were always ready to interfere for their protection and to obtain for them redress, Russian influence was naturally extended, especially as

neither England nor France was at that time disposed to take any measures to counteract it by similar means.

The Mosque of Omar, into which, after the rule of Mehemet Ali had been established in Syria, Europeans had been allowed to enter, had been again closed to them in consequence, it was stated, of the conduct of Prince Puckler Muskan, who had forced his way indecently into a place held sacred by the Mussulmans, and had even written his name on the tomb of David. I was consequently unable to visit either the mosque or the tomb. The Europeans in Syria were much exercised by the behaviour of this Prince, who, I believe, afterwards wrote an inflated account of his travels in the Levant. With the intrigues of Russia it formed the principal subject of gossip and conversation in Frank circles. He had availed himself, it was reported, of a Firman which he had received from Mehemet Ali Pasha, who had treated him as a royal personage and as his guest, not only to travel at the expense of His Highness, but to refer to him for payment of the trifling expenses of the bath and the bills of the shopkeepers in the bazaars, from which he had obtained curiosities and other objects as records of his travels in the East. These proceedings having reached the ears of the Pasha, and having given rise to much scandal, orders were sent for the withdrawal of the Firman. He had, however, reached Aleppo before he was exposed to the ignominy of having it taken from him.

Although I could not fail to be interested by my visit to Jerusalem, I was not much edified by it. My feelings were, I have no doubt, not dissimilar to those of others who have been witnesses on the spot to the degrading superstitions and practices which have been nourished by priestcraft and ignorance, and of the ignoble and shameful contests between rival Christians which have desecrated and stained with blood even the spot where the

Christian faith—the faith of peace, brotherhood and love—had its birth. I was not sorry when the time came for me to leave it.

I had determined to visit Petra and some of the more important sites and ruins on the other side of Jordan. The authority of the Egyptian Government had not been established to the east of that river, nor were the troops of Ibrahim Pasha in occupation of any of the places which I was anxious to explore. The country was consequently unsafe for travellers, and the British Consul, and such Europeans as I had met in Jerusalem, declared that I could not attempt to pass through it without running the greatest risk. Parties of Bedouin marauders were said to be scouring the plains, and the scanty Arab population of Moab and Petra was said to be treacherous, fanatical, and hostile to Europeans. Wherever I might go I should find myself in the midst of robbers and assassins. It would be impossible to reach Petra without either engaging the services of an Arab *Sheikh* of local influence and of power, who could conduct me in safety through the independent tribes on my route, for which I should have to pay a handsome *backshish*, or without a large military escort, which the Egyptian authorities would be unable to afford me.

I addressed myself to the *Muteselim*, or Governor of Jerusalem, who partly confirmed what I had heard. He was obliging and polite, and expressed his willingness to help me. He could give me an escort as far as Hebron but no further. But he would furnish me with a letter to the Governor of that place, who would no doubt be in communication with some of the Arab *Sheikhs* of the district in which were the ruins of Petra, to whom he would recommend me, making them answerable for my safety. If I were determined to venture to the east of the Dead Sea and of Jordan, he would give me a recom-

mendation to the chief of Karak, in the mountains of Moab, who had visited Jerusalem, and had submitted himself to the Egyptian Government. But he warned me that he could not be held responsible for my safety, for, although his authority might nominally extend to the districts beyond Jordan, he had no troops there to enforce it or to protect a traveller.

The difficulties and dangers of this expedition which I meditated appeared to be so great, and the warnings of the Consul and others were so serious and urgent, that my companion, Mr Mitford, considered it prudent not to run them. I was determined, however, not to be baffled. We agreed to part for the time, and to meet again at Aleppo, to which place he would proceed leisurely by way of Damascus, after prolonging for some time his stay in Jerusalem. I was to make the best of my way to that place through the desert.

I endeavoured in vain to find any one who would accompany me in my adventurous journey. At length I alighted by chance on an Arab boy of about nineteen years old, who belonged to a tribe inhabiting the country to the south of the Dead Sea, and who declared himself well acquainted with the country I wished to visit. He had served in the Latin Convent, where he had been baptised with the Christian name of Antonio, and had picked up a few words of Italian and Spanish which, mixed with his native language, made an unintelligible jargon. Having made an arrangement with him, I called again on the Governor, who, finding me determined to carry out my intention of visiting Petra and the country to the east of Jordan, gave me the letters he had promised, warning me again, at the same time, that he must consider himself as relieved from all responsibility for my safety. I declined his offer of an escort as far as Hebron, as the Egyptian authority was established in that part of the

district, and I knew that even a single traveller could consequently proceed through it in perfect security.

Consul Young and my other European acquaintances considered me guilty of unjustifiable foolhardiness in undertaking so dangerous a journey under such conditions, and foretold that all manner of mishaps were certain to befall me, the least of which would be that I should be stripped to the skin and have to find the way back to Jerusalem naked and barefooted. They were right, and had I had a little experience of Arabs and of travelling in the desert, I should have listened to their warning. But I had romantic ideas about Bedouin hospitality, and believed that if I trusted to it, and placed myself unreservedly in the power of Bedouin tribes, trusting to their respect for their guests, I should incur no danger. I did not know that the Arab tribes who inhabit the country to the south and east of the Dead Sea differ much from the Bedouins of the desert, of whom I had read in the travels of Burkhardt, and that they fully deserved the evil reputation which they had acquired at Jerusalem.

NOTE BY EDITOR.

The perils and adventures of this solitary expedition, in the course of which he visited Hebron, Petra, the Eastern shore of the Dead Sea, Kerat, Ammon, Jerash, Tiberias, and Damascus, and rejoined his companion at Aleppo, *via* the Anti-Lebanon and Baalbek, are told with great spirit in "Layard's Early Adventures," chapters ii.-v., in vol. i. of the book as originally published, and pp. 1-90, of the later edition in one volume.

CHAPTER VII

ALEPPO TO MOSUL

1840

AT Aleppo I found Mr Mitford, who, tired of waiting for me, was about to continue his journey towards Baghdad. He had established himself in a small lodging in the Christian quarter outside the town, where I joined him. We remained there together for a week, spending most of our time with our kind and hospitable friends, the Barkers, who collected in their house the best native and the only European society in the city. There with pleasant and instructive conversation, for there were at that time several accomplished and interesting men residing in Aleppo, with beautiful and amiable women; and with picnics in the gardens and the neighbourhood, which were then in the full glories of Spring, the few days we could spare passed too rapidly away. I still look back to that short week, which is like an oasis in my toilsome and lonely wanderings.

We left Aleppo together on the 18th March. We had determined to travel without a servant, to carry all the baggage we possessed in our saddle-bags, and to lead our own horses. We were thus completely independent, and might go as we listed, relying upon falling in with travellers or caravans on our road, and guiding ourselves by the compass. The first day, however, we lost our way. We wandered for many hours over the rolling hills which

surround Aleppo, and which restrict the view on all sides, and offer no landmark to guide the traveller, and, as the rain began to fall heavily, we were glad to find ourselves, as the sun went down, at the entrance to some caverns. They were occupied by some Yezidi families. We were allowed by them to share one with their cattle, and they gave us a heap of clean straw to sleep upon. This was the first time that I had fallen in with those strange people, the "Devil-Worshippers," as they are called in the East, who enjoy, very undeservedly, an evil reputation. They were as hospitable as their extreme poverty would allow, and in my intercourse with them in after days I never found them otherwise. A few ruined huts near the caves, which appeared to have once formed a village, were called "Abouserir" (?)

We reached Birijik, or Bir, in four days, visiting on our way the battlefield of Nizib, which was still covered with round shot, broken arms, fragments of shells and remains of clothing. The country through which we passed was covered with the flocks of the Arabs, who had come there for its rich pasture grounds. We stopped at their tents, and were everywhere hospitably received. We constantly fell in with parties of them, mounted on their high-bred mares and armed with their long tufted spears. They saluted us and passed on, and offered us no molestation, although we were unprotected travellers. They knew us to be Franks, and believed that we were Englishmen, and at that time the English enjoyed a high reputation in these parts, and were much respected, owing to the intercourse which had been carried on with the inhabitants, and perhaps the money spent amongst them by the English officers who were engaged under General Chesney in transporting and putting together the two small steamers for the navigation of the Euphrates which were launched near Birijik. In this village the names of some of those

officers, and especially of Captain Lynch, were still remembered.

In the few villages through which we passed, the inhabitants, who were in a wretched state of poverty, complained loudly against the Egyptian rule, and especially of the exorbitant taxes to which they were subjected, and of the conscription which was being enforced with great severity. I found during my travels that, everywhere to the south of the Taurus range, the population were crying out for the return of the Sultan and the Turkish authorities, whilst to the north of those mountains they were asking for Ibrahim Pasha and the Egyptians. I inferred consequently that there was not much difference between the two in respect to the oppression and injustice with which the government of these unfortunate lands was carried on.

We crossed the Euphrates at Birijik in a boat. The river was at that time much swollen in consequence of the recent rains, and we were carried down more than a mile before we could reach the opposite bank. Birijik from a distance has a somewhat grand and imposing appearance, with its fine old castle of the time of the crusaders rising boldly upon a height above the river. But we found it to be a mere cluster of ruined houses and mud hovels. We passed the night in one of the latter. During the afternoon I explored the castle, in which I found remains of ancient Christian paintings on the walls, and numerous halls and vaulted passages.

Beyond Birijik the country was a complete desert. It was only at nightfall, after a long day's ride, that we came to a few huts gathered round an extensive khan, which had been built by the Egyptians and was already falling into ruins. We established ourselves in a vaulted recess in it. The following day we crossed a similarly deserted region. This had been for some time a kind of border-

land between the Turks and the Egyptians, the inhabitants exposed to ill-treatment from both sides, and to the depredations of the Bedouins, who, taking advantage of the anarchy which prevailed, had left their villages and sought refuge in the mountains of Kurdistan.

A cold bleak wind coming from those mountains, which we could see in the distance covered with snow, swept across the low rocky hills which separated us from Orfa. I was suffering from an attack of ague—a malady which never left me during my travels in the East—and was not sorry when, after a fatiguing ride over rough stony ground, very trying to our horses, we entered that ancient city.

Orfa was at that time occupied by a considerable Egyptian force. It was on the frontier of the territory occupied by Ibrahim Pasha. We had a letter for a certain Mohammed Bey — commonly known as the "Majum Bey"—who was in command of a body of irregular cavalry raised from the Bedouins. We enquired for him, but were unable to find his quarters. A respectable Turk whom we accosted, seeing that we were Europeans and strangers in the place, led us to a house inhabited by a Hungarian doctor, attached to the Egyptian army, named Comnenus. That gentleman received us very civilly, and offered to accompany us to the Bey. We found him with some other officers in a large building which had been fortified, and was defended by a number of guns. The people of Orfa had been much exasperated by the ill-treatment which they had experienced, and it was feared that they might rise against the Egyptian authorities. These precautions were consequently deemed necessary.

The Bey received us with much politeness; but when we asked him for an escort as far as Mardin, or to some place where we should find a properly constituted Turkish authority, he declared that he could do no more than

protect us as far as the outlying Egyptian posts, and that beyond them the country was impassable to travellers, owing to the depredations of the Bedouins. He informed us, however, that he was about to proceed with a large body of irregular cavalry to chastise the Arabs and to put a stop to their plundering excursions, and if we liked to go with him we could, he thought, reach either Mardin or Nisibin within the Turkish frontier. We decided to follow his advice, and to wait a day or two at Orfa until he was ready to leave the town with his troops.

I was suffering severely from my attack of ague, and was not sorry of the excuse to have a little rest. We found a room in the house of a poor Armenian family, and spent most of our time with Dr Comnenus, and some Italian doctors and military instructors and an Italian bandmaster. There were amongst them some well-educated young men who had passed through the Universities of Bologna and Padua; but they were, for the most part, mere adventurers who had taken service with Mehemet Ali Pasha, and were entirely ignorant of the professions which they pretended to practise.

In company with Dr Comnenus I visited the principal objects of interest in the town. Unfortunately I could not obtain admission to the castle, an ancient and extensive building, said to have been erected by the crusaders upon the ruins or foundations of an edifice dating from the remotest antiquity. It was then occupied by Egyptian troops, and no stranger or person of the town was allowed to enter. I could not, therefore, examine the two lofty columns which could be seen towering above the castle walls—and which were said to have formed part of a very ancient temple—or the inscription in an unknown character which, I was assured, still existed in the fortress.

The Mosque of Abraham and its dependent buildings were used as a hospital for the troops, and I was taken

over them by an Italian doctor who had charge of the sick. The mosque itself, a small building of elegant Arab architecture, with three domes or cupolas elaborately gilded and ornamented with beautiful Eastern designs in the brightest but most harmonious colours, was attached to a *medresch*, or college, and dwellings for the attendant Mullahs; on either side, by an open colonnade, above it rose two slender and graceful minarets. This group of buildings was mirrored in a great reservoir of clear water, and backed by a grove of tall dark cypresses. I had never beheld a more picturesque or enchanting scene.

In the reservoir were a number of fish believed by true Mussulmans to be the descendants of those placed there by Abraham, if not the very fish themselves; they were consequently protected and fed by the people of the town, and had attained a considerable size. At that time it was the general opinion of the learned in such matters that Orfa was to be identified with the Ur of the Chaldees, whence the patriarch migrated to Syria and Palestine. It has since been assumed, in consequence of the discoveries amongst ancient ruins in Babylonia, that that city was in the south of Mesopotamia. But the Arab conquerors no doubt followed Christian traditions, and built the mosque and the reservoir with the sacred fish in honour of one of the greatest of their prophets—held almost in as much reverence as Mahomet himself. The place consequently became one of pilgrimage to the true believers, and a very holy spot. It was now desecrated and polluted by the sick soldiers of Mehemet Ali, who had little reverence for it. They were, at the time of my visit, lying in filth on the ground, in rooms without windows and doors, uncared for, and dying in numbers. In the mosque itself were a number of poor wretches who had received the bastinado, and were lying writhing and groaning on the naked stone pavement. It was a sad spectacle. The Egyptians in their light clothing

being unable to resist the winter cold of Northern Syria, and pining away far from their homes. They were, indeed, objects of pity.

Orfa was a considerable town, with a busy and prosperous appearance, probably on account of the presence in it of a considerable force of Egyptian troops. It contained a few well-built houses, but some of its quarters were in ruins, and the population had evidently been once very much larger. It was surrounded by a wall not capable of defence.

Signor Gasparini, an Italian doctor whose acquaintance I had made at Orfa, and who had been present at the battle of Nizib, told me that a large number of Turkish soldiers had come over to the Egyptians, and, surrendering themselves prisoners, had torn off their uniforms, thanking God that they were again among the faithful, and saying that Sultan Mahmoud had been defeated and given over to his enemies by Allah for making true believers wear the dress of the Franks. When some of these prisoners were taken to Aleppo, they went at once to the mosque to return thanks for having been allowed to return to a Mussulman country —so great was at that time the repugnance of a large part of the Mohammedan population of Turkey to the reforms introduced by Sultan Mahmoud, and especially to his attempt to organise and clothe his troops after the European fashion.

Two days after our arrival at Orfa, Mohammed Bey left the town with his Arab horsemen without having given us notice of his intended departure. We were told that he had been summoned away by news that a large body of Bedouins had appeared not far from the town and were plundering the villages. We applied to Selim Pasha, the Governor, for an escort to the Turkish frontier. He declared that he was unable to do more than give us a soldier to conduct us to the tents of a Kurdish Chief who possessed

much influence over the tribes which inhabited the country between Orfa and Mardin, and would be able to see to our safety as far as the latter place. To this Chief he offered us a letter, but he warned us that he could not be held responsible for any accident that might befall us on the road. The Shammar Arabs, he said, were marauding in all parts of the country, and it was impossible to know where their horsemen might appear. The roads were completely closed, and no single travellers or caravans ventured to the east of the town.

We were obliged to accept the Pasha's offer, as we could no longer delay our journey. On the 27th March we left Orfa, accompanied for some distance by Dr Comnenus and some of the Italians whose acquaintance we had made. We found the country entirely deserted. The inhabitants, fearing the Bedouins, had abandoned their villages, flying to the town or the mountains. After riding for many hours, without seeing any Bedouins, and scarcely a human being, over a fertile but extremely uncultivated plain—now covered with the most luxuriant grass, affording the richest pasture—we came late in the afternoon to vast flocks of sheep and herds of camels grazing on the sides of the low hills which skirted the plain. We shortly afterwards reached a large Arab encampment. The *Sheikh*, a tall man of handsome and very prepossessing appearance, endeavoured to prevail upon us to pass the night under his tent. But as we had learnt that the Kurdish Chief, for whom Selim Pasha had given us a letter, was not far distant, we determined to continue our journey, and asked him for a guide, whom he at once procured. It was sunset before we reached the encampment of Atash Bey, or Beg, for whom I had a letter from the Pasha of Orfa.

He was the chief of one of those Kurdish tribes which reside in the mountains of Kurdistan during the summer months, and migrate to the plains of Mesopotamia, at their

feet, during winter, in search of pasture for their cattle and great flocks of sheep and goats. They have consequently acquired, in some respects, the habits and character of Arabs. I did not note in my journal the name of this particular tribe. It was probably a branch of the Milli.

Atash Bey was at his prayers on a carpet spread before his tent. We waited until he had done, and then handed him our letter. He read it, bade us welcome, and invited us to be his guests for the night. His encampment was very extensive, and occupied a small valley and the sides of the opposite hills. Not far off were the ruins of a village called Sutarmish. We were soon surrounded by a crowd of Kurds, with their many-coloured garments enormous turbans, and every manner of arms. The Chief was a fine old man, of venerable and dignified appearance, with a flowing white beard. He had been a soldier, and was attracted by my double-barrelled gun, which he took into his hand to explain the details of it to his followers. It was loaded, and in fingering the lock he accidentally discharged it. Fortunately no one was injured, although the ball passed through the circle of bystanders, who appeared to be more surprised than alarmed at what had occurred. The Bey exclaimed "Allah!—Allah!" and threw down the gun, not wishing to have anything more to do with it.

Our host had been the Commander in his youth of a body of irregular Kurdish horse in the service of the Sultan, and had been at the siege of Acre in 1799. He consequently knew the difference between the English and the French, describing it to the crowd who had assembled to look at the Franks, and expressing his friendship and admiration for the former, and his little consideration for the latter. He gave us a proof of his feelings towards our countrymen by treating us with much civility and hospitality, killing a kid, which formed the centre of an

enormous pillaf of rice, and regaling us with all the luxuries that his tribe could produce in the shape of *kaimak,* or sour milk, dried figs and honey. His tent of black goat-hair, supported by enormous poles, was divided into several compartments by screens formed of canes and reeds fastened together by woollen cords of different bright colours, worked into elegant patterns. It was carpeted with those carpets of beautiful texture and rich design which are made by the Kurdish women, and are greatly valued throughout the East. They were not then so well known in Europe as they have since become. Comfortable mattresses were brought to us to sleep upon. It was the first time that I had passed a night under a Kurdish tent, and I was much impressed by the simple luxury which the Chieftain of a roving tribe could display.

Atash Bey sent two horsemen armed with spears with us on the following morning to the encampment of another Chief. We crossed a hilly country which was covered with flocks and herds moving northwards, their owners driving them into the mountains in fear of the Bedouins, who were reported to be plundering in great numbers the tribes who had encamped in the plains. We came upon long lines of baggage animals, loaded with tents and their scanty furniture, and carrying the women and children. The mounted horsemen who accompanied them asked for news, and seemed to be somewhat re-assured when they learnt from us that the Majum Bey had left Orfa with a considerable force of irregular cavalry to drive back the marauding Arabs and to restore security to the country.

Ayoub Bey, to whom Atash Bey's horsemen were to conduct us, was absent from his tents, which were being thrown down, when we reached them, as the owners, like their neighbours, were moving to the hills to escape the Arabs. We fell in, however, with another Chief with some

horsemen, who was returning to his encampment, and invited us to go with him, promising to furnish us with an escort next day. As it was on our road we agreed to do so. The country through which we passed, and which had been the day before covered with tents and flocks, was entirely deserted on account of the Bedouins. We occasionally came upon the ruins of a village, but the sedentary population had been completely driven away, and a rich and fertile soil was left untilled. Such was the condition of all the region bordering on the desert, and subject to the incursions of the great Bedouin tribes of Aneyza and Shammar.

As we rode along, we saw in the distance a number of horsemen with long, tufted spears. We at first thought that they were Arabs, and our companions prepared for defence. But they proved to belong to the tribe of the Kurdish Chief whom we were accompanying. They informed him that they were returning from following a large party of Bedouins who had in the morning driven off a flock of his sheep, which they had failed to recover. They were returning, and joined our party. When we reached the encampment, we found it in the greatest confusion and commotion, the men bringing in the cattle, the women hurrying about amongst the tents and collecting their cooking utensils and furniture. They were in apprehension of an immediate attack, and were preparing to defend themselves.

Mohammed Bey, the Chief whom we accompanied, learned that three hundred of his sheep had been driven away by the Bedouins; but he seemed to bear his loss with equanimity and resignation, and immediately set to work to restore order in his encampment. The night was far advanced before the shrill voices of the women and the cries of the men driving in the flocks ceased, and we could compose ourselves to rest.

A Mohammedan merchant, gaily attired, and accompanied by servants and baggage horses, arrived at the tent at daybreak, on his way to Mardin, where he resided. He was well known to Mohammed Bey and other Chiefs of the tribe, from whom he was accustomed to purchase the wool of their sheep. He only stopped to breakfast and to obtain a guide. He allowed us to accompany him on his journey. Being an intelligent and polite person, and well acquainted with the country and with the various tribes which inhabit it, he proved an amusing and interesting companion.

Our host had treated us with the greatest kindness and hospitality, and quite confirmed the favourable impression which I had formed of the Kurdish Chiefs, after my short intercourse with them. They had a frank, manly countenance and address, which was in striking contrast with the truculent and cunning look and sordid character of the *Sheikhs* of the Arab tribes whom I had seen in the Syrian desert.

We kept during our day's journey as much as possible in the broken ground at the foot of the mountain to avoid the Bedouins. The little valleys which we crossed were clothed with the richest verdure and innumerable flowers, and filled with flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, and the black tents of the Kurds. We passed several ruins of ancient edifices, and the remains of one considerable building, but I could not learn the names of any of them. In the middle of the day we stopped to rest at the tent of one Dervish Bey, which, from its beautiful carpets and luxurious cushions and divans, had an appearance of much elegance and comfort. He told me that he had once been at Cairo, and had seen many Franks, of whose language he pretended to know a little. In the encampment at which we stopped for the night we found the *Sheikh*, or Chief, of Ras-el-Ain, an ancient site which I had been very desirous of visiting. He had fled

from it on account of the Bedouins, who had plundered his house and driven off his flocks. He assured me that it would be impossible to reach the place at that time without falling into the hands of those robbers, but invited me to visit him when the Shammar had left the country, and we could do so with safety. He described many ruins and ancient remains which he said existed near the place, and which he promised to show us. His swarthy countenance was not prepossessing, but he was courteous and civil to us. He wore a long robe of blue silk and an ample white turban.

We were here joined by another merchant on his way to Mardin with his servants, and our party now formed a small caravan. Our day's journey was a very fatiguing one, and the deep, narrow valleys which we had to cross were so deep in mud that our horses were frequently up to their bellies in it, and had great difficulty in floundering through. None of us escaped a roll in it, and we were all covered with it from head to foot. We were compelled to stop at sunset at a small encampment of very poor Kurds, who could scarcely find food for ourselves and our beasts.

It snowed and hailed during the night, and a high wind blew down some of the tents, which were small and in a very tattered condition, quite unable to keep out the rain. Sleep was out of the question, and I was not sorry when the dawn appeared and our travelling companions were ready to resume their journey. Mardin was now visible in the distance, perched upon the summit of a mountain, but we had a long and weary ride before we reached the steep track leading up to it. The snow and rain had rendered the low country almost impassable. When we arrived at the small village of Koshhissar at the foot of the ascent, our fellow-travellers, the merchants, declared that they could proceed no further that day, as both they and

their beasts were exhausted. As Mitford and myself were determined to push on to Mardin, we left them, and, leading our tired horses by the halter, began the precipitous ascent on foot. The path was stony and rocky, and it was more than an hour before we reached the outskirts of the town.

Mardin from a distance has a picturesque and imposing appearance. Its houses of stone, large, substantial and flat-roofed, are grouped together round a fine old castle, which is perched upon the summit of the mountain. They are built one above another, upon a declivity which is so steep and rapid that the doors of those forming one side of a street are nearly on a level with the roofs of the dwellings on the opposite side. A most extensive and marvellous view stretches over a vast expanse of plain as far as the eye can reach. This is the Mesopotamian desert, which is watered by the Khabour, and is bordered to the west by the Euphrates, and which at this time of the year is one great garden of flowers, and green with the most abundant pastures. Owing to exposure to the raids of the Aneyza and Shammar Bedouins, who alternately lead their camels and flocks to it, this beautiful and fertile region was then without cultivation and without settled inhabitants.[1]

We were now again in territory under the direct rule of the Sultan, the Egyptians not having extended their occupation further east than Orfa. We rode to the *Serai*, or Government House, and found the Turkish Governor surrounded by officers and scribes. After the usual exchange of compliments, he directed a *Cawass* to find us a suitable lodging, and promised to give us every assistance in his power to enable us to reach Mosul.

[1] It is fully described in my published narrative of a journey to the Khabour—the Habor, or Chebar, of the "Captivity." (See my "Nineveh and Babylon.")

A short time before, Mardin formed part of the Pashalic of which that city was the capital, but owing to the war and the disturbed state of the country lying between the two places, it had recently been detached from it and added to that of Diarbekir.

We soon found ourselves comfortably installed in the house of a Syrian, or Jacobite, Christian, a spacious building of stone commanding the fine view over the plain to which I have already referred.

On rising at daybreak we found the roofs of the houses covered with snow which had fallen during the night. Although it was the first of April, the cold in that high region was still severe, whilst, in the plains at the foot of the mountain, the vegetation of spring was far advanced and the temperature was delightful. The Governor had promised that a guard should be ready at the *Serai* early in the morning to accompany us to Nisibin; but when we went there we could hear nothing of them, and as the Governor was still in his harem asleep, and could not be disturbed, we determined to proceed without him.

We had no difficulty in finding our way to Nisibin, as we met with some travellers on our road. But the plain had been converted into a swamp, and was almost impassable on account of the innumerable rivulets which crossed the beaten track, and which were so deep in mud that our horses could scarcely force their way through them, and we had to divest ourselves of the greater part of our clothes in order to wade through them. The site of this ancient and flourishing city, the residence of the Emperor Trajan when engaged in the Parthian War, was at the time of our visit occupied by a few ruined huts. Some remains of Roman buildings, shafts of columns, friezes and fragments of architectural ornaments, were to be found amongst them, and a ruined Christian church, built at an early period out of

those remains and dedicated to St James, was all that was left of a place of considerable importance, even in the Middle Ages. Hafiz Pasha, who commanded the Turkish army which was defeated at Nizib, had endeavoured to rebuild the place, and with this view had brought a number of Christians of the Syrian sect to it, and had erected extensive barracks for the troops which were intended to keep the Bedouins in check. But after his defeat the Christians, finding that there was no protection upon which they could depend, returned whence they came, and the barracks were already falling into ruins. This appeared to be the usual result of attempts made by the Turkish Government or authorities to found new settlements or to restore the old.

We continued the next day over the same swampy plain, and reached at nightfall, without adventure, the village of Chiliagha (?) Its Chief was sitting in a large chamber or hall, entirely open on one side to the air, surrounded by a number of ferocious-looking men, armed to the teeth. Appearances were not very promising, and I was disposed to think that we had fallen into a robber's den; but he was civil, and invited us to stay in his house for the night. He, however, declared that it would be utterly impossible for us to continue in the direct route to Mosul through the plain, as, in addition to Arab and Kurdish marauders, there were bands of Yezidis, or Devil-Worshippers, from the Sinjar hills, who were roving over the country robbing caravans—a ferocious and bloodthirsty set, who always put their prisoners to death. He could not, therefore, allow us to proceed by the road we had intended to take, as he would be held responsible for any accident that might befall us.

As the direct road to Mosul through the desert appeared to be really impracticable, except with a very large escort, we determined to abandon the idea of following it, and,

turning towards the mountains, to take the alternative route by Zezireh. We should thus avoid the Arabs; but the Kurdish tribes which inhabited that district were in a very disturbed state, and had risen against the Turkish Government. Still, we hoped that by addressing ourselves to their Chiefs we should, under their protection, be able to accomplish our journey in safety. The *Sheikh* of Chiliagha was still unwilling to allow us to leave his village without a strong escort, which he declared himself unable to provide; but he expected, he said, some soldiers who were to pass through on their way to Mosul, and we could wait for them. When, however, he found that we were resolved not to submit to the delay, and that we were preparing to proceed alone, he offered to send a guide with us to the next village.

By taking a guide from village to village, we succeeded after two days' journey through indescribable mud, and exposed to constant tropical rain, in reaching Zezireh. We met with no adventures or dangers on the road, except that we had to cross a rapid and swollen stream, which enters the Tigris near that town, and were nearly carried away by it, the water reaching to our saddles. The town itself stands on an island in the Tigris, hence its name. The arches of the bridge had been carried away, and planks of wood had been placed from pier to pier, by which foot passengers could cross, though not without some risk. For horses, the passage was not a little hazardous.

Zezireh was at that time under the rule of Beder Khan Bey, a notorious Kurdish Chief, who was in constant rebellion against the Porte. He was a man of fanatical and bloodthirsty character, a persecutor of the Christians, and the author, some years after, of a shocking massacre of the Nestorians. He was then living in the mountains, and was represented at Zezireh, whence the Turkish authorities

had been expelled, by a Kurd of ferocious appearance, wearing a prodigious turban of black cotton figured with bright red roses, and garments of all the colours of the rainbow. We found him at his prayers. When he had finished them, notwithstanding his forbidding appearance, he received us courteously, enquired about our wants, promised us a guide for the morrow, and sent one of his guards with us, who found us a dirty room in a house inhabited by a poor Armenian family. In the evening he sent us provisions for ourselves, and barley and straw for our horses.

This ancient town, the site of many a contest between the Romans and the Persians, was a mass of ruins. A part of the old castle, and of the wall which once surrounded the place, still remained. The position must have been a strong one, and was fortified by the Romans for the defence of the Eastern frontiers of the Empire. It was known as Bazabde and Phienica. The houses being constructed of a black basalt, give the place a dull and mournful appearance. With the exception of an early Christian church, adorned with sculptured monsters, such as lions whose tails ended in dragons' heads, and various fanciful designs, I found no edifice of any interest or importance. Amongst the Kurdish population were a few families of different Christian sects — Armenians, Chaldeans (Roman Catholics), and Nestorians, very poor, and living chiefly by trading in European wares, such as cotton prints of lively colours and hardware, with the Kurds. Our room was crowded with them until a late hour in the night. They could not understand why we had ventured into the country, and insisted that we must be either pedlars with something to sell, or agents for the purchase of goat hair and wool. They were very troublesome and ill-mannered, and would not leave our small room and allow us to go to sleep for the night when we

requested them to do so. We had at last to turn them out almost by force.

The weather having cleared up about noon on the following day, we went to the *Agha* to ask for the guide he had promised us. We found him holding a *Mejles*, or court for business, on the flat roof of the house, surrounded by ferocious-looking Kurds with their huge turbans and many coloured garments, all armed with matchlock pistols and scimitars. He directed a petty chief to accompany us, and we left the town. The Tigris was much swollen, and we had to cross it on a small raft constructed of inflated sheepskins, upon which rushes were laid, whilst our horses were driven into the rapid stream, and compelled to swim to the other side, led by their halters from the raft. It was a somewhat perilous operation for men and beasts, but we reached the opposite side in safety—although at a considerable distance below. There had once been a bridge across the river at this place, some of the piers of which were still standing.

The rain began again to fall heavily, and the roads were almost impassable. The streams and torrents from the mountains were much swollen, and we had to spend the night in a stable, half filled with water, in a miserable Christian village called Nakrwan. The ford across the Hazel Su River was not practicable, and we had to follow its banks for several miles until we found a Kurd who had constructed a small raft of skins for his own use, and consented to ferry us across. It was a most frail concern, which scarcely held together, and not more than three persons could sit together upon it. The owner paddled it across skilfully, but we were carried nearly a mile down, and through whirlpools, and over rocks which threatened to dash us to pieces before we reached the opposite side. Two strong-built Kurds undertook to swim our horses across, which appeared to be a very dangerous

operation. Stripping themselves naked, they seized the halters of the animals, which struggled hard when taken into the rapid and boisterous water, and succeeded in landing them safely on the other bank. It was altogether a most hazardous and perilous proceeding, and I was rejoiced when we found ourselves safely landed.

We now entered upon the plain of Zakon, being separated from that small Kurdish town by the Khabour, a considerable stream. This river, although known by the same name, is not the Khabour of Mesopotamia, which falls into the Euphrates, and has its source in the neighbourhood of Ras el Ain. It rises in the Kurdistan mountains, and, sweeping round a precipitous and serrated range of hills which forms the eastern boundary of the plain of Zakon, joins the Tigris. We crossed it about a mile below the town by a ruined stone bridge, narrow and without a parapet, and paved with slippery slabs. The horses could scarcely keep their feet, and were in imminent danger of being precipitated into the stream.

We found the *Agha* of the place, a Kurd, residing in an old castle built on the river bank and towering above the low houses of the town. We entered it by a long, narrow, vaulted passage, in which were a few lazy guards, who seemed surprised at the sudden appearance of two strangers, but allowed us to pass without asking any questions. It led into a spacious courtyard, the walls of which were decorated with the horns of the ibex, or wild mountain goat, which abounds in the mountains of Kurdistan, and is a favourite object of the chase amongst the Kurds.

At the upper end of this yard was a spacious building with an open corridor or balcony occupying the whole of the first floor and approached by a flight of stairs. In it was seated the *Agha* surrounded by a number of armed attendants. He was a kind of feudal chieftain, who was then in rebellion both against the great Kurdish Chief Beder

Khan Bey and against the Turkish Government. His stronghold at Zaku had enabled him to resist the attacks of the irregular troops sent against him, and his reputation for courage and daring had gathered round him several of the mountain tribes. At the head of these fighting men he had made successful inroads upon the surrounding districts, plundering the villages and caravans. He was old, but still energetic and active, with a wild restless eye, in every respect the type of the Kurdish robber Chief. He received us hospitably, and invited us to be his guests.

We were shown into a spacious hall, hung round with arms of all kinds. At the upper end was a kind of raised platform or daïs, on which were low divans and fine carpets. There he invited us to be seated, and as he could only speak Kurdish, he sent for a Jew who understood Arabic to interpret for us. He showed us his arms, of which he was very proud—a sword of damask steel, guns and pistols richly ornamented, a circular shield of rhinoceros hide adorned with bosses of silver and with designs in gold, and a large ivory-handled dagger. With the latter, he observed, he fought in the mountains, whilst the spear was the proper weapon for combats in the plains. He tried to induce me to let him have my mare, with which he was much taken, offering me an active little Kurdish stallion in exchange, but I declined to part with her. He then sent for his son, a fine boy of about ten years of age, who was suffering from ophthalmia, and, assuming that, being a Frank, I must also be a *hakim*, or physician, requested me to give the child medicine for his eyes. I could not refuse, and prepared a lotion of sugar of lead and water, which at least could do no harm.

When the evening drew near, a fire of huge logs of wood was made on a kind of hearth in the centre of the hall, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof, but hanging about the room at the same time in a manner unpleasant

to the eyes and respiration. When the hour for the evening meal approached, long strips of linen serving for tablecloths were spread the whole length of the daïs. The chief, who had retired to his harem to his prayers, having returned and taken his seat, huge wooden platters filled with pillaf, lambs roasted whole, balls of mince-meat, bowls of cream and sour milk, and other Kurdish delicacies were arranged before him, and his armed retainers who had been standing about the hall were invited to the feast. They sat on their haunches on the platform, and helped themselves, as we did, with their fingers. There was no light except that given by the blazing logs on the hearth. The scene was a strange and weird one, and such as might have been witnessed in the castle of a feudal chief of the Middle Ages. When the repast was ended and the *Agha* retired for the night to the women's apartments, after having put Mitford and myself through a long series of questions as to our country, the object of our journey, and the war between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali, his followers laid themselves down for the night on the floor, and were soon fast asleep. We prepared to pass it on the comfortable divans on the daïs.

We were up at daybreak, and, picking our way through the sleeping Kurds, descended into the courtyard, found and saddled our horses, which had been well cared for, and left the castle. Our stealthy departure might have been considered ungrateful to our host, who had treated us so hospitably, but we justified it to ourselves by the reflection that the *Agha* would probably not leave his harem until late in the morning, and that he would seek to detain us as his guests. We were anxious to get to Mosul, and had no time to spare.

We followed a track which led from the small ruined town of Zaku up the steep hills which overhung it. The road was very steep and stony, and the mountain sides were broken with numerous deep and narrow ravines

which were sometimes difficult to cross. The small valleys were filled with oak trees. When we reached the summit we gazed over a plain stretching to the Tigris, which could be traced winding through it by its wooded banks. At the foot of the mountains we could see a large village, to which we descended: but, on reaching it, found that it had been abandoned by its inhabitants, who had either fled from the Bedouins or driven their cattle and flocks to some distant pastures. We rode during the whole day through a desert plain without seeing a human being, although constantly on the look-out for the Bedouins, who were said to be hovering about. At nightfall we reached Edlip, a small Christian village. We left it long before daylight in the hope of reaching Mosul before night, but our horses were so much knocked up by their hard work and scanty food that we could make but little progress. Mitford was compelled to stop at a village early in the day. I still pushed on in the expectation of getting to Mosul, but I could not get further than the large Chaldean village of Tel-kef, having walked the greater part of the day, leading my mare. Early next morning Mitford joined me again. Our horses were somewhat refreshed by their night's rest and the barley which, for the first time for many days, we were able to obtain for them.

In an hour, after wandering amongst some low hills, we came in sight of Mosul. The town, with its walls and minarets and gardens, stretching along the right bank of the Tigris, has the appearance of a considerable city. It was only when we entered it that we realised the condition of ruin and decay to which it had been reduced by long misgovernment and neglect. In front of us were the vast mounds that marked the site of ancient Nineveh, and covered the ruins which it was my destiny at a future period to discover. I was deeply moved and impressed by their desolate and solitary grandeur; but we had no

time to linger amongst them as we were anxious to get to the end of this stage of our journey. On account of the spring floods in the Tigris, the bridge of boats, by which it was at other times covered, had been removed, and we were obliged to cross with our horses in a rude flat-bottomed vessel of a singular form, having a very high fronted stern and a low flat prow. We could see the piers of a bridge which had at one time spanned the river, but it had long been swept away, and, under the careless and fatuous rule of the Turks, no attempt had been made to replace it.

Mr Ainsworth, known by his book of travels in Mesopotamia, and Mr Christian Rassam, a native gentleman of Chaldean origin, who had accompanied Colonel Chesney during the Euphrates expedition as interpreter, and who had been recently appointed British Vice-Consul at Mosul, were then living there. They invited us to be their guests. During a week we spent with them I was daily amongst the ruins of Nineveh, taking measurements and searching for fragments of marble and bricks with cuneiform inscriptions, which were then occasionally found amongst the ruins. The site was covered with grass and flowers, and the inclosure, formed by the long line of mounds which marked the ancient walls of the city, afforded pasture to the flocks of a few poor Arabs who had pitched their black tents within it. There was at that time nothing to indicate the existence of the splendid remains of Assyrian palaces which were covered by the heaps of earth and rubbish. It was believed that the great edifices and monuments which had rendered Nineveh one of the most famous and magnificent cities of the ancient world had perished with her people, and like them had left no wreck behind. But even then, as I wandered over and amongst these vast mounds, I was convinced that they must cover some vestiges of the great capital, and I felt an intense

longing to dig into them. That longing was gratified some years later, with the results which are known.

The town of Mosul was then governed by a Pasha of the old school and under the old system. He had to remit annually a certain tribute to the Porte, and, as long as he paid it regularly, he was allowed to do pretty well as he liked. The Turkish Government concerned itself little, if at all, with the condition of the Pashalic and of its inhabitants. In fact, the Pasha was almost independent of any control, and could oppress the subjects of the Sultan under his rule, extort money from them, and reduce them to utter ruin and misery with impunity. These local governors were often encouraged, by the freedom which they enjoyed from interference on the part of the central Government, to rebel against the Sultan, and to seek to establish themselves as independent rulers. Mehemet Ali Pasha of Egypt, and the celebrated Ali Pasha of Janina, furnish instances, the one of a successful attempt in this direction, the other of an unsuccessful struggle in which he lost his head, the usual fate of those who, not satisfied with their semi-independence, endeavour to rebel altogether against the authority of the Sultan. Sometimes an honest and intelligent governor, freed from the pernicious control and meddling of the Porte, was able to effect much good under this system, and the populations under him were flourishing and contented, but these cases were, unfortunately, very rare, and the state of things which I have described was rapidly bringing the Empire to that condition of exhaustion and ruin from which it is not likely that it will recover.

Sultan Mahmoud had endeavoured, amongst his various reforms, to put an end to these semi-independent Pashas, and to bring all the provincial governors under the immediate control of the central power. They were no longer allowed to raise their own irregular and other troops,

which were replaced by the Nizam, or regular soldiers, under the command of officers receiving their instructions and orders from the Minister of War. The annual tribute was exchanged for the regular taxes, levied equally in all parts of the Empire, and collected by regular tax-gatherers sent from Constantinople. The independent authority of the Pasha was thus entirely taken from him.

The Pasha of Mosul, at the time of my visit, was, as I have said, of the old school, and the reforms which had been put into execution elsewhere had not yet extended to this remote part of the Empire. He was, however, the last of the race, and already the new system was being gradually introduced, notwithstanding his disgust and opposition, into his Pashalic, and the district of Mardin had already, as I have mentioned, been detached from his government. He was known as Mehemet Sujeh Bairakdar, or "Mehemet the little Standard Bearer," from the grade he had once held in the irregular cavalry, and from which he had risen by his abilities and courage to be the Governor of a province. He was a man of great energy and vigour, but ignorant and corrupt. He had maintained something like order in his Pashalic, kept the Bedouins in check, and was the terror of robbers. But he oppressed the people, and his only conception of governing them was to get as much money out of them as he could. Consequently, misery and want everywhere prevailed. Most of the money which he thus exacted was sent to Constantinople to obtain the influence of functionaries at the Porte and of high personages in the Palace, by which means he hoped to retain his position and power. When I called upon him with Mr Ainsworth and Mr Rassam, I found him surrounded by a crowd of writers, officers of the irregular cavalry, in the most varied and picturesque attire, pipe-bearers and those innumerable dirty, slipshod attendants, which in those days were considered necessary

to the state and dignity of a Turkish Pasha of three tails.

Mosul was said to contain at that time between forty and fifty thousand inhabitants, comprising Mussulmans, Christians of various denominations, and Jews. The Christians were chiefly Chaldeans, as the converts from the ancient Nestorian faith to Roman Catholicism are termed, Jacobites and Syrian Catholics, or Jacobites who had gone over to Rome. There were in addition a few Jewish families in the town. The principal Mohammedans and Christians inhabited houses which had once been very beautiful, and still retained some of their former magnificence; the walls of the inner courts and of the rooms being panelled with sculptured alabaster, and the floors of the same material, the ceilings elaborately decorated with Arabian designs in gorgeous colours, and fountains constantly playing. The exterior of those dwellings which faced the street, like those of Damascus, were of bricks and mud mixed with chopped straw and dried in the sun, and were without windows or architectural ornament of any kind. The town had consequently a mean and poverty-stricken appearance. Whole quarters were in actual ruins and almost without inhabitants, and a great part of the population dwelt in mere hovels. The bazaars were not ill supplied with European goods, as well as with native manufactures and products. They were always thronged with a busy and noisy crowd, as the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, the sedentary Arabs who pitch their tents on the borders of the Tigris and its confluents, the Bedouins of the desert and the wild Kurds from the mountains, were dependent upon Mosul for their supplies of all kinds, and for a market for the produce of their respective districts. But notwithstanding this apparent activity, oppression and bad government had reduced the population to extreme poverty and want. The

Christians especially were in dire distress and indigence. At that time there was no English or French Consul in the place to represent their grievances and to afford them protection from persecution and ill-treatment.

Mr Ainsworth and Mr Rassam having formed a plan to explore the ruins of Al Hadhar, the ancient Hatra, situated in the middle of the Mesopotamian desert, Mr Mitford and I agreed to accompany them. These remains had been, I believe, discovered by Dr Ross, the physician attached to the Political Resident, or diplomatic Agent of the East India Company at Baghdad. He had been the first to visit them, and an account of his journey to them had been published in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*. But he had reached them from the south, and we had to find them from the opposite side. There were no indications of any kind to guide us on our journey. All we knew was, that they were situated in the Thathar on a small salt stream rising in the desert and losing itself in a marsh after traversing the ancient city. It was in the camping-grounds of the Shammar Bedouins, but there was no Arab of the tribe in Mosul who could serve us for a guide, or give us information which might enable us to find our way to the place.

We determined, therefore, to shape our course by the compass, and to reach, if possible, the stream upon whose banks we knew the ruins to be. The Pasha, whom we acquainted with our intention, offered to send a *cawass* with us as an escort. We did not need him, as a single horseman would be of little avail to save us from being attacked and plundered by a party of Bedouins. We relied more upon the intimate knowledge of the habits and language of those wild inhabitants of the desert possessed by Mr Rassam, who, during his connection with the Euphrates expedition, had been personally acquainted with many of their chiefs, and had been of use in many

ways to them. However, we accepted the Governor's offer, and on the 18th of April left Mosul on our expedition.

I was suffering from an attack of ague, and had been delirious for some hours. I was consequently very weak, but in the fine air of the desert I soon regained my strength. We slept the first night at the village of Hammun Ali, or the "Baths of Ali," to which persons suffering from cutaneous diseases and leprosy are wont to resort to bathe in the warm sulphur springs. Mohammed Pasha had enclosed these springs in a vaulted building, and had settled round it some Christian families, in the hope of making money out of the place. But, owing to the oppression and constant exactions to which they were subjected, these poor people had returned to their homes in the mountains, where they suffered less from the Kurds than from the Turkish authorities. The village was consequently deserted, like those we had passed in coming from Mosul. Beyond Hammun Ali there were no settled habitations, and even the Arab tribes, who are accustomed to pitch their tents during the greater part of the year on the banks of the Tigris, were far away on the Mesopotamian desert, seeking its rich spring pastures.

This, my first visit to Hammun Ali, has been indelibly fixed in my memory, and to it the pleasantest recollections are attached. From the ruined village, as the sun went down, I saw for the first time the great conical mound of Nimroud rising against the clear evening sky. It was on the opposite side of the river and not very distant, and the impression that it made upon me was one never to be forgotten. After my visit to Kouyunjik and Nebbi Yunus, opposite Mosul, and the distant view of Nimroud, my thoughts ran constantly upon the possibility of thoroughly exploring with the spade those great ruins.

The next morning we left the Tigris, and crossing

some low stony hills, abounding with antelope and other game, we came to the desert, now a vast garden of flowers of every colour, enamelling the unequalled pastures of the Mesopotamian wilds during the spring months. Hadji Ali, the *cawass* sent with us by the Pasha, seeing that we were striking into the desert without any definite idea of where we were going, or where the ruins of which we were in search were to be found, declared that he would no longer go with us. We should inevitably, he thought, fall into the hands of the Bedouins, who would rob us of everything and leave us naked to perish, or if we escaped them, it would only be to die of hunger, as we should find no human habitation where we could procure food. As we gave no heed to his threat, he wished us God-speed, and, urging on his horse, soon lost sight of us, having made up his mind that he should never see us again. The fate that he had anticipated for us befell himself. He never reached Mosul, and was believed to have been murdered on his way, either by a party of Shammar Bedouins, or by some Arabs who had their tents on the banks of the Tigris, and sought to revenge themselves for the oppression and ill-usage to which they had been subjected by the Pasha, by killing one of his officers.

We had only a little bread and dried fruit for ourselves, and some tea. We trusted to our guns to obtain further provisions. During the day we shot several partridges of the two species that are found in the stony hills about Mosul. The red-legged partridges of large size, known, I believe, as the Syrian variety, and the *hadjel*, a very small bird of the most delicate flavour. Our horses found abundant food in the rich pastures through which we were riding.

In the middle of the day we came to a small stream. We at first supposed it to be the Thathar, of which we were in search; but it soon lost itself in a small marsh overgrown

with high reeds. As we approached it, a herd of wild boars issued from it. An exciting chase ensued, in which one old sow was killed and three sucking pigs captured. Near this marsh, in some low hills, we discovered some extensive bitumen pits, with springs of pitch bubbling up. As we had failed to reach the Thathar, and we considered it advisable not to spend the night in the open plain, where we might have been watched by thieves, who would perhaps succeed in stealing our horses in the darkness, we determined to return to the Tigris, hoping to see some Arab tents near the river. It was nightfall before we reached it, near a mound of some size covering some Assyrian ruin, but we were disappointed in our expectations of finding an encampment. We listened in vain for the distant barking of a watch-dog, and we looked in vain for distant lights. We made up our minds, therefore, to shelter ourselves for the night amongst the trees and thick brushwood which clothed the river banks. With the help of an Arab groom who had accompanied us, we collected some dry wood, and, making a fire, cooked our partridges and one of our young boars. He was ordered to keep up the fire during the night, both to watch the horses and to keep off the lions, which are occasionally found in the jungle in this part of Mesopotamia.

We passed the night without being disturbed either by thieves or lions; but although we were well into spring, the early morning air was bitterly cold, and as I was still suffering from ague, I was not the better for sleeping on the bare ground with only a light cloak to cover me. We were on our way again by daybreak, and soon after, upon ascending an eminence, saw a huge mound in the distance, which, from its rising in a cone at one of its corners, we at once recognised as marking the extensive Assyrian ruins of Kalah Shirghat, which has been described by Dr Ross in his account of his visit to Al Hadhar. We reached them

in a couple of hours, and spent the rest of the day amongst them, taking plans and measurements. Amongst the fragments of stone, bricks, and pottery which cover them in all parts, we discovered a few traces of cuneiform inscriptions, and in the ravines formed by the winter rains, and where the river had washed away the soil, we found walls of sun-dried bricks and the foundations of buildings of the same materials. These remains, with a wall of hewn stones carefully joined together without cement, and surmounted by an ornament very common in Assyrian architecture in the form of gradines, or steps, were all that was then to be found above ground at Kalah Shirghat.

Some years later I made excavations in the great mound, and found that it contained the remains of an Assyrian city of a very early period, probably founded before Nineveh. Amongst the ruins some highly important monuments and inscriptions were discovered, which have been described in the account of the researches carried on there in my works on the excavations in Assyria.

We again passed the night in the dense jungle which clothes the banks of the Tigris on this part of its course. A hare which we had shot amongst the ruins was added to our stock of game of the previous day, and we contrived to cook a supper which, in the condition of our appetites, we found not unpalatable.

Dr Ross, whose memoirs we had with us, had given in them the approximate bearings of Al Hadhar from Kalah Shirghat. By the aid of the compass, therefore, we hoped to have no difficulty in finding the ruins. But we wandered about the desert during the greater part of the day without reaching them, having been led a good deal out of our course by a distant *tel*, or mound, which we mistook for the remains of which we were in search. Late in the afternoon we found ourselves on the banks of a small river, about

twenty feet wide, with a very sluggish stream and high banks. We stopped to bathe, and found the water deep and so salt as to be scarcely drinkable. The ruins of Al Hadhar were not to be seen, and we came to the conclusion that we had gone out of our way, misled by the mound, and had struck the Thathar too much to the south of them. We, therefore, followed our course, searching for a ford. It was almost nightfall before we succeeded in finding one, and in crossing the river, on the opposite side of which we knew, from Dr Ross's description, the ruins of Al Hadhar to be situated. However, as it was getting dark, we could not proceed any further, and decided to remain where we were until morning. We saw several spots where the Bedouins had recently encamped, but they had left in search of fresh pastures, and we had no means of ascertaining in which direction they had gone with their camels, their flocks, and their tents. We had, fortunately, killed some partridges during the day, otherwise we should have been supperless.

To add to our troubles, it came on to rain during the night, and we were without any shelter. At daybreak a thick white mist covered the face of the desert. We were convinced that the ruins could not be far distant from the place where we were, and that by ascending the stream we must sooner or later discover them. We rode, however, for two hours without doing so, and we began to fear that we had passed them owing to the fog, which prevented our seeing any object at many yards' distance. We were deliberating as to the course we should pursue, whether to turn back or to continue along the banks of the Thathar, when suddenly a slight breeze sprang up and drove before it the morning mist, which lifted like a curtain. Not far from us rose a vast and magnificent pile of buildings, and a long line of walls of stone masonry with equidistant towers. Around them were scattered flocks of

sheep and innumerable camels, and on all sides we could see the black tents of the Bedouins, rising upon the green sward, and marked by the spears tufted with ostrich feathers which were planted in the ground before them. This picturesque and striking scene thus suddenly disclosed to us filled me with wonder and delight. It was so fairy-like and unexpected that I could scarcely believe my senses, and fancied myself in a dream. We had reached the object of our adventurous journey!

Mr Rassam, who was well acquainted with the customs and character of the Bedouins, advised us to urge our horses as fast as the tired animals could carry us, so that we might enter the encampment, and claim the hospitality of the *Sheikh* of it, before our approach was noticed by the Arabs. We accordingly galloped onwards, and in a few minutes found ourselves in the midst of the tents. We dismounted at the entrance of the largest, which, from several high-bred mares tethered in front of it, and the unusually large tuft of ostrich feathers which adorned the spear stuck in front of it, we conjectured to be that of the Chief of the tribe. We were not mistaken. A group of Bedouins in their long parti-coloured cloaks and striped *keffiehs*, or kerchiefs, covering their heads, with the tasselled cords hanging down their backs and shoulders, were crouching round the embers of a fire, with their pipes and little cups of coffee. They rose to their feet as soon as they perceived us, and as they gave us the usual salute of welcome, we entered the tent, and seated ourselves upon the dirty and well-worn carpet which was spread at the upper end of it. The owner was a *Sheikh* at the head of a branch, called "El Lamond," of the great Bedouin tribe of Shammar, which claims as its pasture grounds the whole of the country between the Tigris and Euphrates, and, as a right, the exaction of tribute from the sedentary and cultivating Arabs within the villages, which they pay

to save themselves from the plunder of their goods, and their flocks and herds.

Our host was fortunately known personally to Mr Rassam, who had had dealings with him in wool when he had come to Mosul to sell the produce of his flocks, and to lay in his provisions. He received us very hospitably, and proceeded to give us coffee and huge bowls of sour curds and camel's milk, whilst the women of his harem were preparing our breakfast. The tent was soon inconveniently crowded with a number of wild and dirty Arabs, whose savage countenances were rendered still more ferocious by their bright restless eyes and their white teeth, which gleamed through their lips. They wanted to know why and how we had come, and how it was that Franks and Christians had ventured to their tents. Mr Rassam and the *Sheikh*, who exerted himself to befriend us, had much difficulty in making them understand that the object of our visit was to see the ruins of an ancient city, and to gratify a simple curiosity. They maintained that we were in search of treasure, and knew exactly where great hoards of gold and silver were concealed. Some, in a peremptory and menacing tone, insisted that we should be compelled to point out the spots where these riches were concealed, as the country appertained to the Bedouins, and they were entitled to all that it contained, and would not allow what belonged of right to them to be carried off by Europeans. Their language became so excited and violent, and their manner so menacing, that at one moment we had some apprehension lest they should attempt to use violence towards us, and we began to consider whether we should defend ourselves.

However, at last they were pacified by our friendly *Sheikh*, who, having seen something of the world in his visits to Mosul, was somewhat more enlightened and

intelligent than his ignorant and barbarous followers. But when we rose and walked to the ruins, we were followed by a crowd of Arabs, who watched all our movements in the expectation that we were on the point of discovering the treasure of which we were in search, and which they had, no doubt, made up their minds to appropriate at all cost. They were specially suspicious and excited when we made a sketch, and attempted to take measurements with a measuring tape. They were persuaded that these were magical processes and incantations to find the exact spot where the gold was buried, and that if we were not ourselves going to carry it away, we were obtaining information for a European army, of which we were the forerunners, and which was shortly to arrive to take possession of the country and treasures of the Bedouins by force.

It was some time after mid-day before we got rid of these troublesome and truculent fellows. Fortunately, the tribe was about to move to fresh pastures, and early in the afternoon, the tents having been struck, the Bedouins and their wives and families and their camels and flocks moved off into the desert, and were soon lost in the distance. They were the more anxious to get away, as they fully believed that European troops, or the Egyptian army, with Ibrahim Pasha himself, were closely following us. The *Sheikh* himself, however, with one or two followers, remained behind to entertain us and to discharge the duties of hospitality, always incumbent upon a Bedouin Chief when a stranger seeks shelter in, or comes as a guest to, his tent.

The *Sheikh* informed us in the evening that he had had some difficulty in restraining the tribe from stripping us to the skin and perhaps ill-using us. There was especially a one-eyed ferocious-looking fellow, whom we had observed in the morning, very active in his endeavours

to incite the Arabs against us. Our host described him to us as a very dangerous and mischievous fellow, who might persuade some evilly disposed men like himself to follow us with the object of robbing us after we had left Al Hadhar. He offered to accompany us on our return to Mosul until we were a safe distance from the town. As our presence in the desert was now known, and as it was far from improbable that the *Sheikh's* suspicions were well founded, or that we might fall in with other Bedouin marauders, we accepted his offer. As a Shammar whose bread we had eaten and whose guests we had been, he would be bound and able to protect us against an attack of people of his own tribe, and it was not probable that we should fall in with Arabs of any other.

We left early in the morning, and continued on the western side of the Thathar, until the *Sheikh*, perceiving some horsemen in the distance whose appearance he did not like, insisted that we should cross the stream, although there was no ford at the spot. Stripping off his clothes, making a bundle of them, which he placed on his head, and leading his mare, he plunged into the water, which rose to about his armpits, and was soon struggling up the steep and slippery bank on the other side. We had nothing to do but to follow his example. The *Sheikh* then urged on his mare at a rapid pace, with which our jaded horses could with great difficulty keep up. About four in the afternoon we reached a large encampment belonging to the Jebour Arab tribe, which was to a certain extent dependent upon the Shammar. We rested for a short time, and our *Sheikh*, having found a man to be our guide, and telling us that we had nothing more to apprehend from the Shammar Bedouins, took leave of us and returned to his tents.

About sunset we found ourselves in another encampment belonging to the same tribe, and our guide left us.

We were now, moreover, near the beaten track leading to Mosul, and although it was getting dark and the town was still distant, we determined to make an effort to reach it. We soon, however, lost our way, and wandered for a long time, directing our course as well as we could by the stars. At length we came to some ruins, which Mr Rassam recognised as those of a Christian church and convent five or six miles distant from Mosul. A thunderstorm with vivid lightning enabled us to see our way, and loud rolling thunder now overtook us. We hastened onward, and about midnight perceived the walls of the town. But the country had been flooded by the recent rains, and we had great trouble in finding our way to one of the gates. It was closed for the night, and the guard refused to open it without orders from the Pasha.

Mr Rassam rode to the *Serai*, nearly a mile outside the town where the Pasha resided. But he had retired to his harem and could not be disturbed. We were compelled to sit in the porch outside the gate until the sun rose and it was opened. We were overcome with fatigue, having ridden about sixty miles, without food, during the day.

During our absence from Mosul, M. Texier, the well-known French traveller, had arrived there, accompanied by the Comte de Guiche and the Comte de la Bourdonnais. He had visited the principal ruins and ancient monuments of the Persepolitan era in Persia, and had made very detailed and careful drawings of them. He was good enough to show and explain them to me. They excited my imagination, and added to the ardour I felt, after seeing for the first time the great mounds of Nineveh, to discover the remains of those great nations which had spread civilisation through the East, and whose traces, I felt convinced, were yet to be found beneath these vast and shapeless masses of earth. M. Texier afterwards published these drawings and an account of his journey in Persia,

as he had already, I believe, published the results of his explorations in Asia Minor. He was an agreeable and instructive companion, and I was constantly with him during the few days we remained at Mosul, visiting and examining with him the ruins of Nineveh, and obtaining information from him which afterwards proved useful to me on my travels.

CHAPTER VIII

MOSUL TO BAGHDAD

1840

THE Tigris was now swollen by the melting of the snow in the great range of mountains in which it takes its source. During the usual floods of spring, which generally last for about two months, the inhabitants of the banks use its rapid stream for the conveyance of their merchandise and other produce by raft to Baghdad. These rafts, which are frequently of large size, are made of the inflated skins of sheep and goats, which are fastened together by willow twigs. Upon these are laid reeds and planks, on which the goods to be conveyed are piled. They are guided by one or two men, and, when large, by more with paddles. When they arrive at their destination they are, after being unladen, broken up. The wood finds a ready sale—the skins are brought back for further use.

When travellers use these rafts, as they frequently do, they have wooden bedsteads placed upon them, which, formed into a kind of hut by being arched over with canes covered with felt, afford a pleasant shelter from the sun during the day, and from the cold air during the night. We determined to avail ourselves of this comfortable means of conveyance to Baghdad, and to sell our horses. I sold my mare—although greatly out of

condition after her long journey—for about the same price as I had paid for her. She was a strong, well-built animal, and the Arabs consequently prized her for breeding purposes. The poor beast had served me well, and I parted from her with regret. I had myself tended and cared for her, and a kind of affection had sprung up between us. I hope she fell into kind hands. By travelling with our own horses as we had done, and living after the fashion of the country, Mitford and I found that our expenses had been very small indeed. I think that on making up our account since leaving Constantinople, including the purchase of our horses and the wages of our Greek dragoman, Giorgio, during the first part of our journey, we had spent less than four shillings a day between us. This, however, did not comprise the small sums of which I had been robbed when in the desert.

The right of making rafts was reserved to the Pasha, who sold the monopoly by auction to the highest bidder for it. It was, at this time, in the hands of a Chaldean Christian, with whom we had to bargain. Having, after the usual amount of wrangling and disputing, come to an arrangement with him, and all our preparations being complete, we took leave of our kind friends and hosts, and on the 29th of April embarked on our frail and strange vessel: strange to us, but not to the inhabitants of the country watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates, who, as the sculptured monuments of Assyria have shown us and Xenophon has told us, have used the like from the remotest times.

Our raft was about twelve feet long and eight feet wide, and was made up of fifty skins, the price of a raft being regulated according to their number. On the planks and reeds which were laid across them were placed two bedsteads such as I have described. One boatman only was required to guide our craft. He seated himself on his

hams on a board, with paddle in hand, which he used to keep the raft in the centre of the stream, or to impel it to the bank in case we desired to land.

We shot rapidly down the current in the middle of the river, which had overflowed its banks to a considerable distance, and were soon out of sight of Mosul. Late in the afternoon we perceived the great conical mound of Nimroud, which I had before seen from Hammun Ali, rising in the distance. We were carried over the remains of a very ancient dam, probably of Assyrian times, over which the river dashed in foaming waves. Our pilot skilfully guided his raft, which bent and heaved as if it were about to break up and deposit us in the stream, through the perilous rapids. We then glided swiftly and calmly onwards, the huge Assyrian mounds gradually disappearing in the evening twilight. During the night we continued our voyage, our boatman apparently not sleeping, and in the morning when we woke, found ourselves floating past the barren, precipitous Hamrin Hills, through the lower ridge of which, soon losing itself in the desert, the Tigris forces its way. We swept by many ancient mounds and ruins, with the walls and foundations of buildings exposed where the banks had been washed away by the impetuous stream. I endeavoured to obtain the names of these from our boatman, and to fix their position by means of the compass. I find a number of notes and bearings respecting them in my journal, but as the ruins of Mesopotamia are now well known through the full and accurate surveys of the officers connected with the Euphrates expedition, and afterwards in charge of the steamers on the Tigris belonging to the British Government, they are of no value.

We reached the ruin of Tekrit, inhabited by Arabs, in the afternoon. Here we had to wait for about an hour to change our boatman, and to refill the skins of the raft,

from which the air had escaped. We then resumed our voyage, and the next day, having floated onward all night, came in sight, about noon, of the first grove of palms on the Tigris, and the first that I had ever seen. Amongst these tall and graceful trees, and beneath their shade, were clusters of orange, citron, and pomegranate trees, in the full blossom of spring. A gentle breeze wafted a delicious odour over the river, with the cooing of innumerable turtle-doves. The creaking of the water-wheels, worked by oxen, and the cries of the Arabs on the banks added life and animation to the scene. I thought that I had never seen anything so truly beautiful, and all my "Arabian Nights'" dreams were almost more than realised.

I know of no more enchanting and enjoyable mode of travelling than that of floating leisurely down the Tigris on a raft, landing ever and anon to examine some ruin of the Assyrian or early Arabian time, to shoot game, which abounds in endless variety on its banks, or to cook our daily food. It is a perfect condition of gentle idleness and repose, especially in the spring. The weather was delightful—the days not too hot, the nights balmy and still. We were warned that there were Arabs on the banks who would rob us and plunder us of our raft if we ventured to land, or would fire upon us if we refused to approach the shore. But we saw none of them. The Bedouins who occasionally despoil merchants and travellers, and the Arabs who have guns, were far away in the desert with their flocks, and until we reached Tekrit we did not see a human being. But our raftman would not stop during the night for fear of marauders and thieves, and, as he averred, of lions, who are occasionally, but very rarely, found so far north on the banks of the Tigris.

The river, when we reached the palm-groves, had become a broad stream, with a gentle, equal current, running between two banks of rich alluvial soil. As all

danger from wandering Bedouins had passed, we made fast for the night near an Arab village, half hidden amongst the palms and the orange and pomegranate trees, and went on shore to procure milk and butter and other provisions of which we were in need. We found the inhabitants, men and women, busily engaged in irrigating their gardens, consisting chiefly of melon grounds and beds for vegetables of various kinds. They were civil and obliging, and ready to give us what we required, even without payment. But they appeared to be very poor, the men almost naked in their coarse tattered cloaks, the women with no other garment than a long blue Arab shirt descending to their feet. But the latter had bracelets, armlets, and ankle and nose rings of silver, and many wore strings of coins and beads, amongst which were occasionally Babylonian, Parthian, and Sassanian cylinders and gems. Their swarthy but handsome faces, as well as their bodies, were profusely tattooed with fanciful designs. They wore no veils, and did not fear to show themselves to strangers. These Arabs were equally dirty in their persons and their habitations, but I thought them a fine and well-proportioned race. The girls especially were singularly graceful and well-made.

We resumed our voyage long before daylight. As the sun rose, the gilded domes and minarets of Baghdad and its sacred suburb of Kasimari appeared above the dense forest of palms through which the river flowed. Before approaching nearer the city, we stopped to wash and change our travelling garments as far as we were able, so that we might make a decent appearance on our re-entrance into civilised life, as we expected to find many of our countrymen and European society in Baghdad. I had finished my imperfect toilet, and had made myself as tidy and decent as my very limited wardrobe would permit, when, on returning to the raft, my foot slipped upon the yielding skins, and I fell head foremost into the stream. Completely

drenched to the skin, I had nothing left wherewith to change my garments, soaked with water, except my travelling garments, which, after all they had gone through, were scarcely presentable. But I was compelled to submit to my fate, and to trust that my character as an adventurous traveller with small means would furnish me with a suitable excuse for my forlorn and somewhat wretched plight.

We continued to float through these endless groves of palm-trees, the air laden with the delicious odour of the orange and citron trees, until, sweeping round a bend of the river, we came in sight of the city rising majestically on its banks—with its innumerable painted domes and minarets, its lofty walls and towers, its palaces and painted kiosks. It seemed to be all that I had pictured to myself of the city of the Caliphs and the sojourn of Haroun al Reshid. I was, however, doomed to disappointment, for we had scarcely landed where a bridge of boats stretching across the Tigris impeded the further progress of our raft, when I found that, instead of the magnificent capital whose distant view had enchanted me, I was in the midst of an assemblage of mean, mud-built dwellings and a heap of ruins. Even one of the mosques, with its cupola panelled with painted tiles, forming a most lovely tracery, which had excited my admiration from a distance, proved to be only half a building, the stream having carried away the remainder, leaving exposed a section of the dome and the deserted and ruinous interior.

We changed our raft for a circular boat made of reeds thickly coated with bitumen, which could pass through the intervals between the boats forming the bridge. It was a kind of basket holding four or five persons, floating almost on the surface of the water, and skilfully managed by a half-naked Arab with a short paddle. He landed us on the left bank of the river, beneath a large building over

which floated the British flag. This was the residence of Colonel Taylor, at that time the Political Resident or Agent of the East India Company at Baghdad. We passed through a vaulted entrance, at which was a sepoy sentinel, belonging to a guard of native Indian troops attached to the Residency, and a number of *cawasses* and attendants in every variety of attire. This entrance opened into a spacious courtyard, round which were balconies or terraces, and the doors of a number of rooms. This was the *Divan Khaneh*, or part of the house in which the Resident received visitors and transacted his official business. It was divided by a high wall from a second courtyard, surrounded by the apartments of the Resident and his family, and, as in Mohammedan establishments, called the *anderun*, or harem.

Colonel Taylor received us in his *sordaub*, a chamber partly or wholly underground, in which the inhabitants of Baghdad, and other cities and towns in Mesopotamia and Susiana, spend the day during the great heats of summer. He was a small, slight, and wizened man, considerably past middle age, with a bright and intellectual countenance. Before his appointment as "Resident in Turkish Arabia," an office which he had now held for some years, he had served in the Indian army, distinguishing himself by his profound knowledge of Eastern languages and his general learning. He welcomed us kindly and cordially to Baghdad, placed a small house in a garden belonging to him, and near to the Residency, at our disposal, and invited us to be his guests as long as we remained in the city.

At that time there was a small English colony at Baghdad, and the traveller found in it very agreeable and intelligent society. Colonel Taylor's wife was an Armenian lady, whose family came originally, I believe, from Isfahan. He had two daughters, one of whom was married to Captain, afterwards Admiral, Lynch, who was then in com-

mand of the so-called Euphrates expedition, and who had accompanied General Chesney in his descent of that river, during which one of the two steamers that had been put together on the river near Birijik perished with part of her crew during a tornado. She had been replaced by another vessel. The attempt to navigate the Euphrates was not renewed, and the two steamers were now used to keep up the communication by the Tigris between Baghdad and Bussorah, and to explore the little-known and interesting country watered by that river and its confluents. Captain Lynch was an experienced traveller, intimately acquainted with Mesopotamia and the Arab population, whose language and that of Persia he spoke with fluency.

The officers under him—Lieutenants Jones, Campbell, Selby, and others whose names I have forgotten, were young men of enterprise and intelligence, taking a lively interest in all that concerned the country in which they were employed and its inhabitants, employing themselves whilst engaged in their professional duties in geographical and archæological researches. They belonged to the Indian Navy, a very valuable branch of the Public Service, which was, in my opinion, unwisely and unnecessarily abolished. By their researches and explorations in the country watered by the great rivers of Mesopotamia, and by their careful surveys, they added greatly to our knowledge of it, its topography and ancient history. The most distinguished amongst them was Captain Felix Jones, afterwards Political Resident at Bushire, where he rendered important services during our war with Persia in 1857. His maps and plans of the ruins of Nineveh, Babylon, and other ancient cities in Assyria and Babylonia, are models of delicate and accurate execution, and have been of the greatest value to scholars engaged in the study of the history and geography of those ancient empires.

These officers, as well as others in the Indian Navy,

spoke for the most part the Arabic and Persian languages in addition to Hindustani. This, and their intimate acquaintance with the manners and habits of the Arabs, and of Easterns in general, had enabled them to obtain great influence over the wild inhabitants of the countries in which they were employed. Through it they could promote to no inconsiderable extent the interests of their country, of humanity, and civilisation. Through it and their exertions the name of England was respected; the Arab tribes, which had hitherto subsisted mainly upon robbery and plunder, were induced to trade with British merchants, and piracy and the slave trade had almost disappeared in the Persian Gulf and Indian Seas.

When the Indian Navy was abolished, these accomplished and useful men were retired upon pensions. The ships of the East India Company were replaced by those of H.M. Navy, which paid occasional visits to those regions, and whose officers were unacquainted with the languages and customs of the people with whom they were brought into contact. Much of the good which had been effected by their predecessors was destroyed, the influence of England, especially in the Persian Gulf, was greatly diminished, piracy and the slave trade revived, and frequent misunderstandings and quarrels with the native rulers and chiefs, arising from ignorance of their language and customs, and disregard of their religious opinions and prejudices, could not but arise.

In addition to the officers of the Indian Navy, there were three British merchants, two of them brothers of Captain Lynch, and a Mr Hector, who had established themselves at Baghdad with a view to opening up a trade between the south-eastern provinces of Turkey and England. They were enterprising men, sociable and hospitable, as English merchants in distant and uncivilised lands almost invariably are, and were the founders of that

commercial intercourse between the countries watered by the rivers of Mesopotamia, which is destined to attain a vast development, and at the same time the pioneers of that civilisation which follows in the wake of commerce.[1]

Attached to the Residency, as physician, was Dr Ross, a man of remarkable character and attainments, and of a most amiable and engaging nature. His admirable temper, his generosity and hospitality, and his readiness to employ his professional skill at all times and at all risks, for the relief and benefit of the poor as well as of the rich, had given him an immense popularity and influence amongst the people of Baghdad and the wandering tribes amongst whom he was in the habit of making frequent excursions, with the view of obtaining information as to their history and customs, and of exploring the numerous ruins which exist in the country they inhabit. His name was equally well known in the city and in the desert, and his reputation as a *hakim*, or physician, had spread not only through Arabia, but amongst the savage inhabitants of the mountains forming the boundaries between Turkey and Persia. His courtyard was always full of patients from all parts of the country, and of various faiths

[1] The Messrs Lynch subsequently formed a company for the navigation of the Tigris and Euphrates, and, through the British Embassy at Constantinople, obtained a Firman, authorising them to employ two steamers for commercial purposes on those rivers. If it had not been for the extreme stupidity and narrow-minded jealousy of the Porte, the enterprise might have led to the most important results in the interest of Turkey herself, by increasing her revenue, by civilising the Arabs, inducing them to give up their marauding and predatory life, and to engage in cultivating the land, and in trade. But the Turkish Government did its utmost to impede the success of the undertaking, which, however, proved successful as far as those who were engaged in it were concerned, and I in vain endeavoured, when Ambassador at Constantinople, to induce the Porte to authorise the Company to employ additional steamers on the rivers : one of the many instances of that fatuous short-sightedness which has brought the Turkish Empire to ruin.

and races. He was ready to help them all, and while he gave them his professional advice gratuitously, it was rare that an indigent man left his door without experiencing his charity. The extent to which the example of such a man could promote the influence, reputation, and, consequently, the interest of England in the East, at a time when some value was attached to these things, can scarcely be overrated.

France alone had then a Consul at Baghdad. The remainder of the European society there was composed of one or two foreign traders on a small scale, and of Italians and others employed as instructors and surgeons in the Turkish army. There was also an Austrian named Lederer who, disguised as a native of the country, and calling himself Zadig Effendi, had performed a difficult and perilous journey through Baluchistan to Cabul, with the intention of taking service with its celebrated ruler, Dost Mohammed Khan, an intention which he was unable to carry out, he told us, on account of the opposition of the British authorities. Amongst the Europeans was another Austrian subject of the name of Swaboda, who dealt in Bohemian glass. He was a man of good parts and of some education, and lived in a handsome house and in style which did not appear to be warranted by the profits of his trade. The following story was told of him to explain the source of his wealth. How far it might have been true I had no means of ascertaining, but it had an Eastern stamp, and the circumstances connected with it were so much in accordance with Eastern life that there was no reason to question its truth.

M. Swaboda had come to Baghdad to open a shop in the bazaar for the sale of glass. His means were small, but they were sufficient to enable him to buy a small half-ruined house in one of the Mussulman quarters of the city, where he established himself. One day a stranger knocked

at his door and asked to see him. The object of his visit, he said, was to claim a large sum in gold, which was concealed in the building, and to which he declared himself entitled. He then proceeded to explain that he was a native of Damascus, and that, whilst performing the pilgrimage to Mecca, he had fallen in with an old lady from Baghdad, who, overcome by the fatigues of the journey through the desert, had fallen very ill, and could no longer mount her camel and accompany the caravan proceeding to the Holy Cities. Her attendants, seeing that she was about to die, and being afraid to be left alone with her, as Arab robbers were known to be on the watch for stragglers, had deserted her, taking with them the little property she possessed. Touched with pity for her forlorn and miserable condition, he had remained behind with her, hoping that with care and rest she might recover strength to rejoin the caravan on his camel. He brought her water and attended her, but after some hours, finding that she was about to die, she called him to her, and blessing him for the compassion which he, a stranger, had shown her when her friends had left her to perish, she told him that she came from Baghdad, and was the widow of a rich merchant, who had died there during the great plague. She went on to say that her husband possessed a house in a street in that city, which she described, and that in the time of his prosperity he had buried in one of the *sordaubs*, or underground chambers, twelve earthen jars filled with gold coins, to conceal his wealth from the rapacious Turkish Governors. The house had passed, owing to his death, into the hands of strangers, and the buried treasure remained in it. She was its lawful possessor, and she bequeathed it to her benefactor as the only return she could make for the generous pity he had shown her. Soon after she had spoken these words she died. The man from Damascus having buried her, and performed the last Mussulman rites

over her, rejoined the caravan and completed his pilgrimage. He then returned to his native city, and made his way to Baghdad, where he had no difficulty in finding the house described to him by the dying lady whom he had succoured. It was the one which had been bought by the *belondje*, or glass-seller, the name by which M. Swaboda was known in the city.

He now presented himself to its owner to claim the buried treasure. M. Swaboda, having heard the story, professed his willingness to hand over the treasure if it really existed, but would not permit the man from Damascus to search for it, promising to do so himself, and to inform its claimant of the result, if he would call on the following day. The Damascene could not do otherwise than acquiesce in his proposal, as the house was the lawful property of the Frank merchant, and had he applied to the Turkish authorities, the only result would have been that, if the money were found, they would have taken possession of it, and have had him bastinadoed and thrown into prison into the bargain.

As soon as the man had left, M. Swaboda, having first sent his servants out on some excuse, set to work himself, with pick and shovel, to dig up the pavement of his *sordaubs*. It was not long before he found not twelve jars, but twenty-four, filled with gold coins. They had been buried in an old underground room which had not been used for many years, and was half filled with dust and rubbish. Overjoyed with the discovery, he carried the jars into his private apartment, and having emptied their contents upon the floor, was sitting in contemplation of the treasure, when an Italian doctor, who was a familiar visitor at the house, suddenly opened the door and unceremoniously entered.

M. Swaboda was under the necessity of making some explanation to his unwelcome guest, and, after pledging

him to secrecy, gave him a handful of coins to induce him to maintain it.

On the following day the Arab returned to learn the result of M. Swaboda's researches, and was as much delighted as surprised, when twelve jars filled with gold were shown to him. Of the remaining twelve jars nothing was, however, said to him. Astonished at this proof of the honesty of a European, and desirous to show his gratitude to M. Swaboda, and perhaps considering that it was advisable to purchase his silence in order that the discovery might not reach the ears of the authorities, he pressed him to accept half of the treasure. The offer was not refused, and the Arab, well satisfied with his share, departed with it for his home at Damascus, and was not again heard of.

The Italian doctor, who had discovered M. Swaboda contemplating his newly-acquired riches, was a man of bad character and dissolute habits, and soon spent the money he had received from him in riotous living. He then returned to ask for more, threatening to inform the Pasha of the discovery of money, which as treasure-trove belonged of right to the State, unless a further sum was given to him. He succeeded in extorting an additional bribe, and after spending it as speedily as he had done the sum he had previously received, returned for more. He repeated this proceeding so frequently, that at length M. Swaboda, finding that his treasure was in danger of disappearing altogether, refused to part with any more of it, and, disregarding his menaces, turned the Italian out of the house.

The doctor, to revenge himself, denounced M. Swaboda to the Governor, who at once claimed the money on behalf of the Sultan. Had the discoverer been one of his Majesty's subjects, his dwelling would have been speedily in the possession of the Turkish police, the contents trans-

ferred to the *Serai*, and himself in prison. He would probably have been heard of no more, as the Pasha, after boasting to the Porte of his zeal in his master's service and of his discovery, would have remitted half of the discovered treasure, or perhaps less, to Constantinople, and would have retained the remainder, taking care to put the original finder out of the way, and that the truth should not reach the Sultan's ear. But as M. Swaboda was an Austrian subject, his dwelling could not be entered by the Turkish authorities, and, in order to obtain possession of what was left of the money, it was necessary to take formal proceedings through the Austrian Embassy at the Porte. These proceedings, as was usual in such cases, could be prolonged to an indefinite period. They were pending whilst I was at Baghdad, and were never, I believe, brought to an end. In the meanwhile, M. Swaboda had purchased one of the best houses in the city, and was living as a man of wealth.

Concealed treasure was frequently found in those days in Baghdad and the neighbourhood. On one occasion a large number of early Turkish gold coins was discovered hidden in a wall in the Residency. It was sent to the Pasha, who, without showing himself sensible of the loyalty of an English gentleman, only suspected him of having kept a very much larger number of the coins for himself. On another occasion, some fishermen discovered some ingots of pure gold near the ruins of Ctesiphon, in a spot where the banks of the Tigris had been washed away by the swollen stream. Probably not knowing their value, they took them to the Pasha, who, to reward their honesty, threw them into prison on suspicion that they had retained a part of the treasure they had found, and kept them there in the expectation of obtaining a confession to that effect from them.

In addition to my countrymen at Baghdad there were

an Indian Prince, the Nawab Ekbal ed Dowleh, and three Persian princes, exiles from their native country, who mixed in the limited European society. The Nawab, who had recently returned from England, was, I believe, according to the laws of his country, the legitimate King of Oudh; but the Government of India, had, for political reasons, changed the order of the succession, and, after being a short time on the throne, he was deposed and compelled to leave India. Being of the Shiah sect of Islam, he had settled at Baghdad, to be near the shrines of Ali, Hassan, and Hussein at Kirbelah and Kausiman, to which all devout Mussulmans of his persuasion are expected to perform a pilgrimage. He received a pension from the East India Company, but had been to England to endeavour to obtain the restoration of his throne. He of course failed in his attempt, notwithstanding the justice of his claims. He was of noble and stately bearing, but kind, amiable, and engaging, and of very refined manners. His wit and humour were remarkable. He told a story admirably, and his descriptions of what he had seen in England and in his travels in Europe, which he accompanied by hearty laughter, were irresistibly comic and amusing. He was at the same time a man of keen observation, and his comments upon the manners and institutions of the countries which he had visited, the condition and future of the Ottoman Empire, and on the character of Turkish officials and of the Turkish populations in general, were singularly original, just, and interesting. He was charitable, and gave much to the poor of all creeds and classes; for although a devout Mohammedan, he was very liberal in his opinions, and had none of the fanaticism and intolerance which are usually found in the Shiah. He was profusely hospitable, and his house, one of the finest and best appointed in Baghdad, was open to natives and Europeans alike. He was on intimate terms with all the English residents, who had the highest respect for his

honourable and upright character. A warm friendship sprang up between us, which has lasted to this day. He had married in his youth a daughter of the celebrated Tipoo Saib, who had died, leaving him with an only son.[1] On her death-bed she had exacted a promise from him that he would not marry a lady of inferior rank to herself. As he had never found one of superior or equal rank whom he could make his wife, he had remained unmarried.

The three Persian Princes were Riza Kooli Mirza, Timour Mirza (?), Ali (or Allah) Wurdi Mirza, sons of Filh Ali Shah. They had been banished from Persia on account, I believe, of having been concerned in some conspiracy against their cousin or nephew, the reigning sovereign. They had also visited England, and had obtained pensions from the British Government, which enabled them to live in comfort and ease at Baghdad. An amusing account of their residence in that country has been written by Mr Bailie Fraser, a well-known writer of Eastern romances and travels, who had been appointed their *mehmander*, or official conductor, in English society. They were all three intelligent and well-bred men after the Eastern standard. They kept open house and entertained hospitably, seeing much of the English residents. Timour Mirza was an ardent and skilful sportsman, a renowned horseman, an expert swordsman, a good shot, and very daring and brave. He had distinguished himself in more than one encounter with the Bedouins in hunting expeditions in the most dangerous parts of the desert, in one of which he had been dangerously wounded. His hawks of

[1] Some years afterwards, when I was engaged in my explorations of the ruins of Nineveh, the Nawab, when my guest at Mosul, received the news of the death of his son from smallpox. His grief was uncontrollable and heart-rending. He never recovered from the blow. The youth showed great promise. He had been carefully educated, and taught the English language, by an English Missionary clergyman and his wife, and had remarkable abilities.

various species, Persian and Arab greyhounds, and Arab horses were celebrated in Arabia. On several occasions I accompanied him in search of game, and admired the admirable training of his falcons, and their unerring flight upon their quarry when thrown from his gloved hand, whether antelope, wild goose, partridge, francolin, or bustard. His brothers were men of letters, and not given to field sports. Allah Wurdi had a reputation as a poet, and his calligraphy, the highest accomplishment of a Persian nobleman, was renowned.

In the society of Englishmen and native gentlemen my time in Baghdad passed most agreeably and too quickly. I still look back to those days with pleasure and regret. Nor was it spent unprofitably. Upon the advice of Colonel Taylor I engaged a *moonshee* to give me lessons in Persian, and I was able to acquire sufficient of that language to be of great assistance in my subsequent wanderings in Persia. Colonel Taylor himself was a most accomplished and profound Eastern scholar, with a rare acquaintacne with Arabic literature, and abounding in general knowledge. He possessed a choice and valuable collection of Arabic and Persian manuscripts, and especially of the works of the early Arabian geographers, which threw light upon the ancient geography and history of Babylonia and Assyria and the regions subsequently ruled by the Caliphs. He had, in addition, an excellent library of European works on science, history, and general literature. Nothing could exceed his kindness and hospitality, and his readiness to impart to others his extensive and varied information. Amongst his linguistic studies he had turned his attention to the language of the ancient and interesting sect of the Sabeans, or Christians of St John, the name by which they were usually known. In order to acquire it, and ot record their sacred books, then only known through the translation of a part of the "Book of Adam," by

Worburg (?), the Danish Oriental scholar, he had invited to Baghdad one of their priests, who had spent several years in the Residency, and from whom he had acquired a complete knowledge of their tongue, their tenets, their religious customs, and their scriptures. Colonel Taylor was as modest and retiring as he was learned and accomplished. He published little or nothing, and when he died in England, having, on account of his age, been retired from active service, his great and rare knowledge died with him.

The Residency was a vast building, divided, as I have said, into two parts, the *Divan Khaneh*, and the *anderun* or harem. The Colonel entertained his guests in the *Divan Khaneh*, the rooms of which were handsome and spacious. His table was spread for every meal with the most profuse hospitality, and there were places for all the English in Baghdad, who were welcome to it whenever they thought fit to dine or breakfast with him and his family. The service was performed by a crowd of Arabian and Indian servants in their native costumes, moving noiselessly about with naked feet, and attending promptly and well to the wants of the guests. At breakfast, the Indian non-commissioned officer in command of the guard of Sepoys always appeared, and after drawing himself up in military fashion and giving the prescribed salute, announced in Hindustani that "all was well." When the meal was ended, an army of attendants brought in *kalleons*, the Persian hookah, or waterpipe, of silver and exquisite enamel, one for each person at the table, except, of course, the ladies.

The evening was spent in the harem, either on the flat roof of the house if the heat was great, or in a most beautiful domed chamber, decorated with the most exquisite designs in colour, and inlaid in ivory and precious woods, and with mirrors and innumerable pieces of glass

let into the walls and ceilings, which reflected the lights on every side and produced the most charming effect. The house had belonged, I believe, to one of the families of Mamelukes, who, as in Egypt, had in former times ruled Baghdad. It had been fitted up in the most luxurious and elegant fashion, with baths and fountains, nearly every room being painted with exquisite Eastern designs in rich but harmonious colours. The windows of the reception rooms overlooked the Tigris, whose rapid stream, sweeping beneath, cooled and refreshed the air. They were surrounded by two comfortable divans covered with silks of Baghdad and Damascus, and with much embroidery in gold. *Narguilés*, after the Aleppo fashion, smoked through long flexible tubes, coiled on the floor, were brought to each person, the ladies then included, and the somewhat monotonous bubbling of the air passing through the water, as the smoke of the tobacco, or *tumbaki*, was inhaled, accompanied the conversation.

The ladies of Colonel Taylor's family, and the other European ladies at Baghdad, lived very much at that time in the Eastern fashion. When they appeared in the streets they were draped from head to foot in ample drapery of a beautiful silk, either red or blue in colour, with a kind of checkered pattern relieved with gold thread. Their faces were completely concealed by the thick horse-hair veil worn by Arab women of the city, from whom they were only to be distinguished by their European shoes, the native ladies wearing the high boots of soft yellow leather and slippers of the same colour.

A European woman had never then been seen in the streets of Baghdad in her own costume. The first English lady who appeared in it, and wearing the capacious and ugly straw bonnet of the period, was hooted and assailed with loud cries of "yah! mother of the dirt basket!" an allusion to her head-dress, which much resembled the

basket in use amongst the Arabs to carry dirt and rubbish.

Much as I had been struck with the appearance of Baghdad as we had floated to it through groves of palms and orange and citron trees, with the gilded domes of Kausiman, and the many cupolas covered with bright enamelled tiles of the city itself rising above them and glittering in the sun, so much the more was I disappointed when I found myself in its narrow and dirty streets. More than one quarter was nothing but a heap of ruins without inhabitants. Even in the part occupied by the better class of the population, the houses, some of considerable size, were for the most part falling into decay. The exteriors, like those of the houses of Damascus, were of sun-dried mud bricks without ornament or window. It was only after passing through a long, tortuous, vaulted entrance that the extent of the interior and the beauty of its painted and sculptured decorations, fast falling into decay and perishing, were perceived. The streets had consequently a mean and poverty-stricken appearance, which was not altogether warranted by the condition of the inhabitants.

The mosques, with their beautiful domes and their elegant minarets, were falling to ruins. No attempts were made to repair and maintain them. The ample revenue which had once been applied to these purposes, and came from the bequests of pious persons, and from other sources, had now passed into the hands of the Turkish Government, and no part of them was applied to the object for which they had been intended. Of the great edifices, the palaces, the colleges, the *caravanserais*, the baths, and other public edifices which had adorned Baghdad in the time of the Caliphs, scarcely anything remained. In fact, with the exception of the tomb of Zobeide, the favourite wife of Haroun al Reshid, with its conical dome in the shape of

a pine-apple, there appeared to be no legend or tradition attaching to the remains of edifices which recalled the memory of those illustrious princes who had raised Baghdad to the height of glory and renown, and had rendered it the most splendid and cultivated city of the Eastern world. The "City of the Caliphs" had become a desolation and a waste.

The only part of Baghdad which retained any animation and life was the bazaar; long, gloomy, narrow streets, covered with awnings of matting to keep out the rays of the sun, and lined on either side with shops or booths, with raised platforms in front, on which were seated cross-legged their owners, patiently waiting, smoking their *narguilés* and sipping their coffee, until a customer might ask for their wares. At constant intervals were the coffee-shops, within and in front of which sat on low stools a mingled crowd of Mussulmans and Christians, inhabitants of the town and Arabs from the country, some playing at draughts or chess, or at a game in which beans were moved backwards and forwards in cups cut into a board, and passers-by occasionally stopping to offer advice and to suggest a move. These bazaars were always crowded from daybreak to nightfall, after which they were entirely deserted except by solitary watchmen and the usual street dog. I often passed through them in the night, and was always impressed by their gloomy, weird, and silent aspect after the busy and noisy scene that I had witnessed during the day, when Arabs, Kurds, Persians, Indians, and men of every colour and clime hustled each other, and the place resounded with their discordant cries. Then, a horseman could with difficulty make his way through the crowd; and the mounted officers of the Pasha, and the Bedouin on his mare, with his long spear tufted with ostrich feathers, were assailed with loud or muttered curses as they attempted to force their way through the dense mass of human beings.

Baghdad had in 1831 been almost depopulated by the plague. It was said that above one-half of its population had perished, and the ravages of the dire disease in the neighbourhood had been so terrible that the inhabitants of many of the villages had been almost exterminated. To add to the misfortunes of the province, the neglect of the Turkish authorities to maintain the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, and of the canals flowing from one river to the other, for the preservation of which there had been at one time officers specially appointed, had been the cause of great floods. The plain around Baghdad, once highly-cultivated, had been converted into a vast lake or marsh, which bred pernicious fevers, and further reduced the population. The city itself was even at one time under water, and a large number of houses had fallen in.

The new system of provincial government introduced by Sultan Mahmoud into the Empire had been extended to Baghdad shortly before our arrival. The last of the semi-independent Governors had been one Daoud Pasha, a man of energy, and of sufficient intelligence to take some interest in the prosperity of the province. He had introduced the cultivation of sugar, and had found other means of giving employment to the population. By measures of great severity and cruelty he maintained order in his Pashalic. In his time robbers were rare, the Bedouins were kept in check, and the roads were secure; he was the last who had inflicted upon evil-doers the horrible punishment of impalement. He was in the habit of placing them on the stakes at the two ends of the bridge of boats across the river, and on either side of it, as a warning to those who visited the city and had to pass between them. Dr Ross had recently seen four culprits thus exposed, one of whom was said to have lived for several days in excruciating agonies.

Daoud's successor, one Ali Pasha, was one of those

officials brought up at the Porte, who, after the abolition of the old system, were generally sent from Constantinople to govern the provinces. He was an ignorant, narrow-minded, idle, and corpulent Turk, with a thin varnish of civilisation, and an affectation of European manners which distinguished the new school of Turkish statesmen and public functionaries who were selected to introduce the reforms with which Sultan Mahmoud had endowed his Empire. He thought of little else than of making money wherewith to bribe persons of influence at Constantinople, in order to retain his Government for as long a period as possible. He took no interest whatever in the prosperity of the province which he was sent to govern, or in the welfare of its population. He had been accompanied from Constantinople by a *Defterdar*, or treasurer, a *Gumrukji*, or collector of the customs, a head of the police, and innumerable other functionaries, who were to administer the affairs of the Pashalic under the new order of things. Amongst them were Christians as well as Mussulmans. They were all corrupt and ignorant men, seeking, each in his own department, to squeeze as much money as possible out of the people, as they were liable to be dismissed, and to be replaced at any moment by others who had been able at Constantinople to buy their places. In this manner, one of the richest provinces of the Empire was being reduced to ruin. The population was diminishing rapidly. Vast tracts of the most fertile land, once under cultivation, had been converted into a desert or into a marsh. The roads were insecure, and caravans, exposed to attacks from the Bedouins on the one side and the Kurds on the other, could no longer venture to traverse the country in any direction, except when composed of a large number of armed travellers, or accompanied by a strong escort. Even the boats, which had once been employed in carrying on a considerable trade

on the rivers, were plundered by the Arabs. It was only by the two small steamers on the Tigris, belonging to the East India Company, that the voyage to and from Baghdad could be safely performed.

To add to the distress and sufferings of the inhabitants of the province and to the insecurity of the country, regular troops had been sent from Constantinople to replace the *Hytas*, or irregulars, who had formerly been raised and maintained by the Pasha, and the conscription was being rigorously enforced. The inhabitants of the villages were flying into the desert, abandoning their houses and their crops, to escape being taken as soldiers—the worst fate that could then befall an Arab and a good Mussulman.

The natural result of the state of things that I have described was, that the province of Baghdad, instead of adding to the revenues of the Empire, became a drain upon them. Any surplus that might have been remitted to Constantinople passed into the pocket of the Pasha and of the venal functionaries and favourites by whom he was surrounded. No stronger instance could be furnished of the misgovernment of the Porte, or clearer proof of the incapacity of the Turks to develop the magnificent resources of the Empire which they have acquired, and to deal justly and wisely with its varied populations, than the condition of the Pashalic of Baghdad, which has not improved, if it has not deteriorated, since my first visit to it in the spring of 1840. So capable was this province of becoming again a prosperous and flourishing state, with its fertile soil and its splendid rivers, that I was informed, apparently on good authority, that when Sultan Mahmoud threatened to deprive Mehemet Ali Pasha of his government of Egypt, in consequence of the progress made by him in that country, and the fear consequently entertained by the Porte that he was about to declare his independence,

the latter offered to accept the Pashalic of Baghdad, as then constituted, that is to say, including the whole of Mesopotamia and the district of Mosul, Mardin, and Bussorah, in exchange.

The unequalled position and resources of this region between the east and the west, with its great navigable rivers almost uniting the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean, must, in the course of time, again render it as rich and populous as it was when it formed the most important portion of the Babylonian, Assyrian, and Persian Empires, and of the dominions of the Caliphs. But a great change must take place, and a considerable period of time must elapse, before the havoc and devastation caused by oppression, misgovernment, and neglect can be repaired. I trust that it may be the destiny of England to bring about that change, of such vast importance and of such incalculable benefit to peace, commerce, and civilisation.

In company with Mitford, and Captain Edmunds and Dr Floyd, two Englishmen then passing through Baghdad, I called upon Ali Pasha. In those days the Resident of the East India Company kept up greater state than the Queen's Ambassador at Constantinople, and when English travellers were presented through him to the Governor, the ceremony was performed with becoming dignity and display. We were mounted on Arab horses with splendid trappings embroidered with gold, sent by the Pasha. The head dragoman of the Residency, an Armenian, in flowing silk robe and ample turban of cashmere shawl, accompanied us. We were preceded by several *cawasses* on horseback in picturesque costume, carrying silver-headed maces, and by runners with staves of the same metal. A guard of Sepoys and a number of attendants on foot completed the procession. We had to force our way through the crowded bazaar, scattering the buyers and sellers, the

Arabs with their vegetables and other produce of their fields, the women with their baskets of fruit and bowls of sour curds, to the right and to the left, producing an immense commotion and sensation, and provoking many deep but silent curses on the Giaours, until we reached the *Serai* or palace—a vast, straggling edifice, fast falling into ruin, like most other buildings in Baghdad. Passing through a spacious courtyard, full of guards, Arabs, and idle loungers of all descriptions, we were taken to a kiosk, built so as to overhang the river, and profusely gilt and painted without and within. We ascended a flight of steps, and were ushered into a beautiful apartment, the walls and ceilings of which were adorned with exquisite designs and carved trellis work in wood, and inlaid with ivory and small mirrors. It was a chamber quite worthy of Haroun al Reshid in his prime.

The Pasha was standing ready to receive us, and after the usual ceremonies and salutations, sank down again upon the low, luxurious divan, inviting us at the same time to sit upon the chairs which had been prepared for us. He was disgustingly obese, and his appearance was rendered even more repulsive than it would otherwise have been by his costume. Unaccustomed to the heat of Baghdad, and suffering, as he informed us, greatly from it, he wore nothing but a light jacket of white linen and a pair of *shalwars* or baggy trousers of wide dimensions, was without shoes or stockings, and his naked chest was fully exposed. Masses of fat hung about him. Such was the type of many Turkish functionaries, men who took no exercise, rarely left their divans and their long pipes, gorged themselves twice a day with the most fattening dishes, and thought of little but the delights of the harem. His head was small and close shaven; he constantly removed his fez to mop it with his handkerchief. His countenance was insipid, stupid, and sensual, and his small eyes and

the few straggling white hairs on his chin, which served for a beard, showed that he was of real Tartar descent.

Pipes—the cherry and jessamine sticks were then still in use—and coffee were brought to us. Our conversation was limited to the usual compliments and to the stereotyped questions and answers which passed on such occasions between Turkish Pashas and European travellers. Our audience was soon brought to a close, and we took our leave, returning to the Residency with the same state with which we had come to the *Serai*. When one saw the kind of men to whom the government and welfare of the Sultan's subjects were confided, the condition of his Empire, the signs of poverty, misery, and decay which surrounded one on all sides, could scarcely be a matter for surprise.

During the short time that I was at Baghdad I made two excursions, one to the ruins of the great Palace of the Sassanian Kings of Persia at Ctesiphon, the other to the site of Babylon. They have both been since so often visited, and have been so fully described, that it is unnecessary for me to do more here than to refer very briefly to my visit.

In my ride to Hillah I was accompanied part of the way by Prince Timour Mirza, who, with his hawks and his hounds, was going on a hunting expedition into the desert. We captured some *onbarah*, or middle-sized bustards, francolin, and water-fowl by the way; but, on account of the great heat of the sun, we travelled chiefly during the night. I shall never forget the effect produced upon me by the long lines and vast masses of mounds, which mark the site of ancient Babylon, as they appeared in the distance one morning as the day broke behind them. The desolation, the solitude, those shapeless heaps, all that remain of a great and renowned city, are well calculated to impress and excite the imagination. As when I first beheld the

mounds of Nineveh, a longing came over me to learn what was hidden within them, and a kind of presentiment that I should one day seek to clear up the mystery. I have still the most lively recollection of that morning dawn when I first saw them, and of my entrance amongst them as the sun rose in unclouded splendour above the sea-like horizon. I visited all the principal ruins, including the Birs Nimroud, believed by the old travellers to be the ruins of the Tower of Babel itself, and the vast mound which they had identified with the palace and hanging gardens of Semiramis. At that time no remains of antiquity were to be found above ground, except a rude sculpture in black basalt representing a lion standing over a prostrate man. These same old travellers had fancifully discovered in it some allusion to Daniel in the "Lions' Den." The inhabitants of Hillah, a small town which had risen on the site of the ancient city, were in the habit of digging into the great mounds of the Mujelibe and Kasr for bricks to build their houses. In this search, which had evidently continued for ages, a vast amount of solid masonry had been destroyed, and the remains of great buildings had been reduced to mere heaps of rubbish, leaving no trace of their original plan and structure. The bricks employed in the construction of these edifices were for the most part impressed with an inscription in the complicated signs of the cuneiform writing. It is now known to contain the name and titles of the great Babylon monarch, Nebuchadnezzar. At this time the characters had not been deciphered, and the meaning of the legend was unknown. I picked up many of these bricks with the remains upon them of the layer of bitumen and reeds which, according to Herodotus, was placed between their courses. The Arabs who were engaged in searching for bricks occasionally discovered small cylinders in some rare or precious material, covered with mystic figures and with

arrow-headed inscriptions, and various idols and other small objects in baked clay or bronze. They were sometimes brought by Jew pedlars and others to Baghdad, where they were eagerly bought as relics of great rarity and value by the European residents there. Colonel Taylor had an interesting and important collection of them, and Dr Ross had acquired some very choice and remarkable specimens. The cylinders, which were the best known Babylonian relics at that time, were then believed to have been amulets or charms; the decipherment of the inscriptions upon them, and their impression upon original documents, have now shown that they were the seals of the kings, priests, nobles, and others.

A few Arab tents of the Beni Assad, a small tributary tribe, were then pitched amongst the ruins, and their flocks were feeding upon the scanty grass, which during the spring months is found amongst the rubbish and fragments of pottery and brick which choke the soil.

In my ride to Babylon and back, what I think struck me most and gave me the most convincing proofs of the greatness, scientific knowledge, and civilisation of the ancient Babylonian Empire, were the innumerable lines of lofty and solid mounds, which traversed the plain in every direction; the remains of the great canals, now dry, which once formed a marvellous system of irrigation, converting this part of Mesopotamia into one great garden. In the dusk of morning and evening, and in the gloom of the night, they looked like ranges of natural hills.

I went to Ctesiphon on a hired mule. The *Nitocris*, one of the small steamers on the Tigris, was expected to pass by the place on the day that I was to reach there, and it was arranged that I should return to Baghdad in her. I should then be spared the fatigue of the long ride back, over the sultry plain. On reaching the ruins my muleteer left me, being anxious to return without loss of time, as

Bedouin horsemen were reported to have been seen in the neighbourhood. Keeping with me only an Arab in the service of Dr Ross, who had already been to the ruins and was well acquainted with them, I spent the greater part of an intensely hot day in examining them, ascending to the summit of the immense vault which covers the great hall forming the centre of the building, and which was then about 106 feet above the level of the soil covering the original pavement. The fine, massive, and compact brick-work of this celebrated edifice, which was once adorned with all the magnificence becoming the Persian kings of the Sassanian race, was in most parts well preserved. The Arab geographers have recorded a legend with regard to it, that one of the Caliphs wished to level the palace of the infidels with the ground, but the brickwork, from its amazing solidity, resisted every attempt to remove it. He thereupon consulted the Vizier, who was a wise and prudent statesman, as to what he should do. "Desist," was the reply, "or the world will say that the Caliph of Islam failed to destroy what the king of the infidels was able to build."

Whilst amongst the ruins in the afternoon, I perceived the smoke of the steamer in the distance. I hastened in the direction of the river to meet it, but to my horror and surprise I found that a broad and deep marsh, formed by the recent floods, separated me from the main stream. I was far away from Baghdad, and suffering from an attack of ague. I had sent away my mule, and to return on foot was out of the question. It only remained for me to wade as best I could through the marsh, so I took off the greater part of my clothing, and plunged into the morass. The water frequently reached to my armpits, and I had to struggle as well through deep mud, with the burning rays of the sun beating on my head. My progress was rendered slower by the weak condition to which

constant attacks of ague had reduced me, and I feared that I should not be seen by the Commander of the steamer, who was not aware that he would meet me at Ctesiphon, and, taking me in the distance for an Arab buffalo-keeper, might pass onward without stopping. Fortunately, he saw the handkerchief that I was waving frantically in my despair. He stopped his vessel and sent a boat to my assistance, in which I was taken to her. She was commanded by Captain Jones of the Indian Navy, whose acquaintance I thus made. He used in after years to speak of his surprise at seeing a man with his head above water, in a marsh far from all human habitation and in the desert, struggling and making the most desperate attempts to attract his notice, and at finding, when he sent to his rescue, that he was an English traveller.

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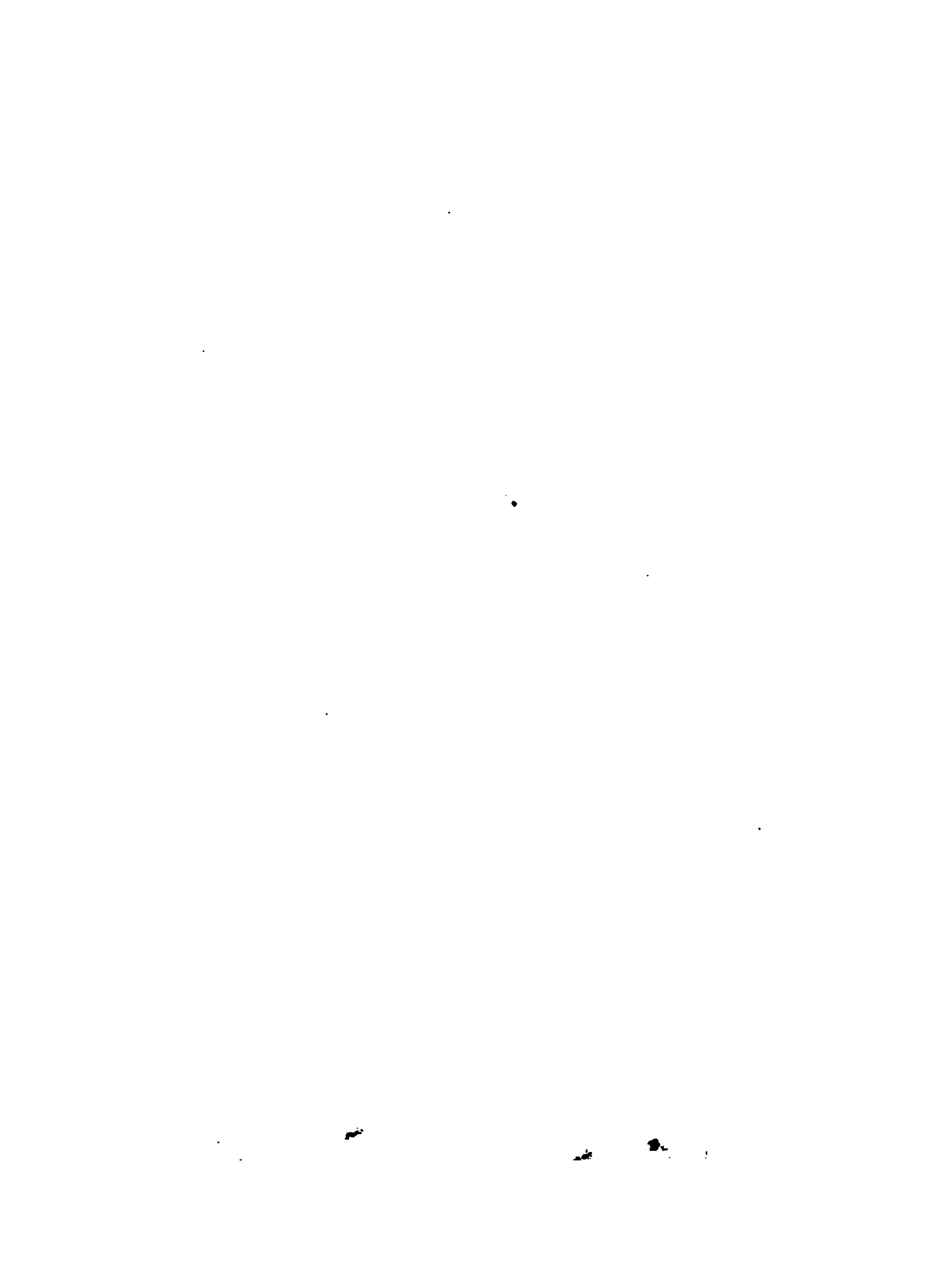

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